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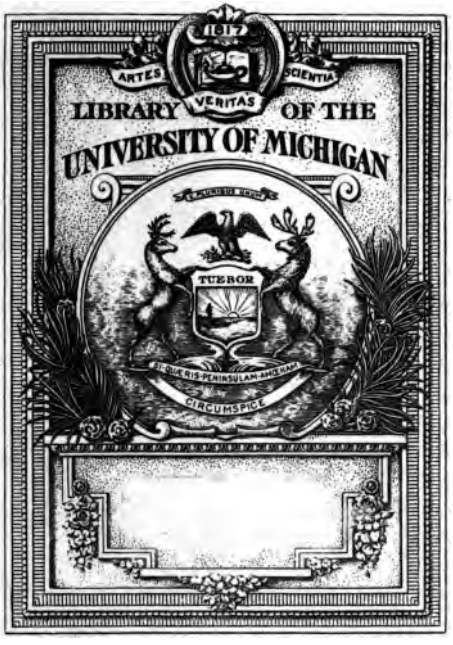
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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,

(Late Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness),

AND

THE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. I. NOVEMBER 18[illegible]

INTRODUCTORY.

—o—

In the circular issued, announcing the Celtic Magazine, we stated that it was to be a Monthly Periodical, written in English, devoted to the Literature, History, Antiquities, Traditions, Folklore, and the Social and Material Interests of the Celt at Home and Abroad; that it would be devoted to Celtic subjects generally, and not merely to questions affecting the Scottish Highlands: that it would afford Reviews of Books on subjects interesting to the Celtic Races—their Literature, questions affecting the Land—such as Hypothec, Entail, Tenant-Right, Sport, Emigration, Reclamation, and all questions affecting the Landlords, Tenants, and Commerce of the Highlands. We will also, from time to time, supply Biographical Sketches of eminent Celts at Home and Abroad, and all the Old Legends connected with the Highlands, as far as we can procure them, beginning with those of Inverness and Ross shires.

We believe that, under the wiser and more enlightened management now developing itself, there is room enough in the Highlands for more Men, more Land under cultivation, more Sheep and more Shepherds, without any diminution of Sport in Grouse or Deer: that there is room enough for all—for more gallant defenders of our country in time of need, for more produce, more comfort, and more intelligence. We shall afford a *medium* for giving expression to these views. When submitting the first number of the Magazine to the public, we think it proper to indicate our own opinion on these questions at greater length than we could possibly do in a circular; but, while doing this, we wish it to be understood that we shall at all times be ready to receive contributions on both sides, the only conditions being that they be well and temperately written, and that no side of a question will obtain undue prominence—facts and arguments alone allowed to work conviction. Thus, we hope to make the *Celtic Magazine* a mirror of the intelligent opinion of the Highlands, and of all those interested in its prosperity and progress.

In dealing with Celtic Literature, Antiquities, Traditions, and Folk-lore, we must necessarily be Conservative. It is impossible for a good Celt to be otherwise than conservative of the noble History of his Ancestors—in love and in war, in devotion and daring. If any should deem this feeling on our part a failing, we promise to have something to say for ourselves in future, and not only give a reason for our faith, but show that we have something in the Highlands worth conserving.

In dealing with the important question of Sport, we cannot help taking a common sense view of it. We cannot resist the glaring facts which, staring us in the face, conclusively prove that the enormous progress made in the Highlands during the last half century, and now rapidly going on, is mainly due to our Highland Sports. A great amount of nonsense has been said and written on this question, and an attempt made to hold grouse and deer responsible for the cruel evictions which have taken place in the North. Arguments, to be of any force, must be founded on facts; and the facts are, in this case, that it was not grouse or deer which caused the Highland evictions, but sheep and south country sheep farmers. The question must be argued as one not between men and deer, but between men and sheep, and sheep against deer. We believe there is room enough for all under proper restrictions, and, to make room for more men, these restrictions should be applied to sheep or deer.

We believe that it would be a wise and profitable policy for Landlords as well as for Tenants to abolish Hypothec and Entail, and to grant compensation for improvements made by the latter. We are quite satisfied from experience, that the small crofter is quite incapable of profitably reclaiming much of our Highland Wastes without capital, and at the same time bring up a family. If he is possessed of the necessary capital, he can employ it much more advantageously elsewhere. The landlord is the only one who can reclaim to advantage, and he can hardly be expected to do so on an entailed estate, for the benefit of his successors, at an enormous rate of interest, payable out of his life-rent. If we are to reclaim successfully and to any extent, Entail must go; and the estates will then be justly burdened with the money laid out in their permanent improvement. The proprietor in possession will have an interest in improving the estate for himself and for his successors, and the latter, who will reap the greatest benefit, will have to pay the largest share of the cost.

Regarding Emigration, we have a matured opinion that while it is a calamity for the country generally, and for employers of labour and farmers in particular that able-bodied men and women should be leaving the country in their thousands, we unhesitatingly assert that it is far wiser for *these men and women* to emigrate to countries where their labour is of

real value to them, and where they can spend it improving land which will not only be found profitable during their lives, but which will be *their own* and their descendants *freehold* for ever, than to continue starving themselves and their children on barren patches and crofts of four or five acres of unproductive land in the Highlands. We have experienced all the charms of a Highland croft, as one of a large family, and we unhesitatingly say, that we cannot recommend it to any able-bodied person who can leave it for a more promising outlet for himself and family. While we are of this opinion regarding *voluntary* emigration, we have no hesitation in designating *forced evictions* by landlords as a crime deserving the reprobation of all honest men.

We shall also have something to say regarding the Commercial Interests of the Highlands—its trade and manufactures, and the abominable system of long Credit which is, and has proved, so ruinous to the tradesman; and which, at the same time, necessarily enhances the price of all goods and provisions to the retail cash buyer and prompt payer. On all these questions, and many others, we shall from time to time give our views at further length, as well as the views of those who differ from us. We shall, at least, spare no effort to *deserve* success.

The HIGHLAND CEILIDH will be commenced in the next number, and continued from month to month. Under this heading will be given Highland Legends, Old Unpublished Gaelic Poetry, Riddles, Proverbs, Traditions, and Folk-Lore.

MACAULAY'S TREATMENT OF OSSIAN.

—o—

"It's an ill bird that befouls its own nest." And this is the first count of the indictment we bring against Lord Macaulay for his treatment of Ossian. Macpherson was a Highlandman, and Ossian's Poems were the glory of the Highlands; Macaulay was sprung from a Highland family, and as a Highlandman, even had his estimate of Ossian been lower than it was, he should have, in the name of patriotism, kept it to himself. But great as was Macaulay's enthusiasm, scarce a ray of it was ever permitted to rest on the Highland hills; and glowing as his eloquence, it had no colours and no favours to spare for the *natale solum* of his sires. Unlike Sir Walter Scott, it can never be said of him that he shall, after columns and statues have perished,—

> A mightier monument command—
> The mountains of his native land.

There are scattered sneers at Ossian's Poems throughout Macaulay's Essays, notably in his papers on Dryden and Dr Johnson. In the latter of these he says:—"The contempt he (Dr J.) felt for the trash of Macpherson was indeed just, but it was, we suspect, just by chance. He despised the Fingal for the very reason which led many men of genius to admire it. He despised it not because it was essentially common-place, but because it had a superficial air of originality." And in his History of England occur the following words:—"The Gaelic monuments, the Gaelic usages, the Gaelic superstitions, the Gaelic verses, disdainfully neglected during many ages, began to attract the attention of the learned from the moment when the peculiarities of the Gaelic race began to disappear. So strong was this impulse that where the Highlands were concerned men of sense gave ready credence to stories without evidence, and men of taste gave rapturous applause to compositions without merit. Epic poems, which any skilful and dispassionate critic would at a glance have perceived to be almost entirely modern, and which, if they had been published as modern, would have instantly found their proper place in company with Blackmore's Alfred and Wilkie's Epigomad, were pronounced to be fifteen hundred years old, and were gravely classed with the Iliad. Writers of a very different order from the impostor who fabricated these forgeries," &c., &c. Our first objection to these criticisms is their undue strength and decidedness of language, which proclaims prejudice and *animus* on the part of the writer. Macaulay here speaks like a heated haranguer or Parliamentary partizan, not like an historian or a critic. Hood says—"It is difficult to swear in a whisper"; and surely it is more difficult still to criticise in a bellow. This indeed points to what is Macaulay's main defect as a thinker and writer. He is essentially a dogmatist. He "does not allow for the wind." "Mark you his absolute *shall*," as was said of Coriolanus. No doubt his dogmatism, as was also that of Dr Johnson, is backed by immense knowledge and a powerful intellect, but it remains dogmatism still. In oratory excessive emphasis often carries all before it, but it is different in writing—there it is sure to provoke opposition and to

defeat its own object. Had he spoken of Macpherson's stilted style, or his imperfect taste, few would have contradicted him, but the word "trash" startles and exasperates, and it does so because it is unjust; it is too slump and too summary. Had he said that critics had exaggerated Macpherson's merits, this too had been permitted to pass, but when he declared them in his writings to be entirely "without merit," he insults the public which once read them so greedily, and those great men too who have enthusiastically admired and discriminatingly praised them. Macpherson's connection with these Poems has a mystery about it, and he was probably to blame, but every one feels the words, "the impostor who fabricated these forgeries," to be much too strong, and is disposed, in the resistance and reaction of feeling produced, to become so far Macpherson's friend and so far Macaulay's foe. We regret this seeming strength, but real infirmity, of Macaulay's mode of writing—not merely because it has hurt his credit as a critic of Ossian, but because it has injured materially his influence as an historian of England. The public are not disposed, with all their admiration of talents and eloquence, to pardon in an historian faults of boyish petulance, prejudice, and small personal or political prepossessions, which they would readily forgive in an orator. Macaulay himself, we think, somewhere speaking of Fox's history, says that many parts of it sound as if they were thundered from the Opposition Benches at one or two in the morning, and mentions this as a defect in the book. The same objection applies to many parts of his own history. His sweeping character of Macpherson is precisely such a hot hand-grenade as he might in an excited mood have hurled in Parliament against some Celtic M.P. from Aberdeen or Thurso whose zeal had outrun his discretion.

Macaulay, it will be noticed, admits that Ossian's Poems were admired by men of taste and of genius. But it never seems to have occured to him that this fact should have made him pause and reconsider his opinions ere he expressed them in such a broad and trenchant style. Hugh Miller speaks of a critic of the day from whose verdicts when he found himself to differ, he immediately began to re-examine the grounds of his own. This is a very high compliment to a single writer; but Macaulay on the Ossian question has a multitude of the first intellects of modern times against him. The author of the History of England is a great name, but not so great as Napoleon the First, Goethe, and Sir Walter Scott, nor is he greater than Professor Wilson and William Hazlitt; and yet all these great spirits were more or less devoted admirers of the blind Bard of Morven. Napoleon carried Ossian in his travelling carriage; he had it with him at Lodi and Marengo, and the style of his bulletins—full of faults, but full too of martial and poetic fire—is coloured more by Ossian than by Corneille or Voltaire. Goethe makes Homer and Ossian the two companions of Werter's solitude, and represents him as saying, "You should see how foolish I look in company when her name is mentioned, particularly when I am asked plainly how I like her. How I like her! I detest the phrase. What sort of creature must he be who merely liked Charlotte; whose whole heart and senses were not entirely absorbed by her. Like her! Some one lately asked me how I liked Ossian." This it may be said is the language of a young lover, but all men are at one time young lovers, and it is high praise and no more than the truth to

say that all young lovers love, or did love, Ossian's Poems. *This is true fame.* Sir Walter Scott says that Macpherson's rare powers were an honour to his country; and in his Legend of Montrose and Highland Widow, his own style is deeply dyed by the Ossianic element, and sounds here like the proud soft voice of the full-bloomed mountain heather in the breeze, and there like that of the evergreen pine raving in the tempest. Professor Wilson, in his "Cottages" and his "Glance at Selby's Ornithology," is still more decidedly Celtic in his mode of writing; and, in his paper in Blackwood for November 1839, "Have you read Ossian?" he has bestowed some generous, though measured praise, on his writings. He says, for instance—"Macpherson had a feeling of the beautiful, and this has infused the finest poetry into many of his descriptions of the wilderness. He also was born and bred among the mountains, and though he had neither the poetical nor the philosophical genius of Wordsworth, and was inferior far in the perceptive, the reflective, and the imaginative faculties, still he could *see*, and *feel*, and *paint* too, in water colours and on air canvass, and is one of the Masters." Hear next Wilson's great rival in criticism, Hazlitt. They were, on many points bitter enemies, on two they were always at one—Wordsworth and Ossian! "Ossian is a feeling and a name that can never be destroyed in the minds of his readers. As Homer is the first vigour and lustihood, Ossian is the decay and old age of poetry. He lives only in the recollection and regret of the past. There is one impression which he conveys more entirely than all other poets —namely, the sense of privation—the loss of all things, of friends, of good name, of country—he is even without God in the world. He converses only with the spirits of the departed, with the motionless and silent clouds. The cold moonlight sheds its faint lustre on his head, the fox peeps out of the ruined tower, the thistle waves its beard to the wandering gale, and the strings of his harp seem as the hand of age, as the tale of other times passes over them, to sigh and rustle like the dry reeds in the winter's wind! If it were indeed possible to shew that this writer was nothing, it would only be another instance of mutability, another blank made, another void left in the heart, another confirmation of that feeling which makes him so often complain—'Roll on, ye dark brown year, ye bring no joy in your wing to Ossian!'" "The poet Gray, too," says Wilson, "frequently in his Letters expresses his wonder and delight in the beautiful and glorious inspirations of the Son of the Mist." Even Malcolm Laing—Macpherson's most inveterate foe—who edited Ossian for the sole purpose of revenge, exposure, and posthumous dissection, is compelled to say that "Macpherson's genius is equal to that of any poet of his day, except perhaps Gray."

In another place (Bards of the Bible—'Jeremiah') we have thus spoken of Ossian:—"We are reminded [by Jeremiah] of the 'Harp of Selma,' and of blind Ossian sitting amid the evening sunshine of the Highland valley, and in tremulous, yet aspiring notes, telling to his small silent and weeping circle, the tale of—

> **Old, unhappy, far-off things,**
> **And battles long ago."**

It has become fashionable (through Macaulay chiefly) to abuse the Poems

of Ossian ; but, admitting their forgery as well as faultiness, they seem to us in their *better passages* to approach more nearly than any English prose to the force, vividness, and patriarchial simplicity and tenderness of the Old Testament style. Lifting up, like a curtain, the mist of the past, they show us a world, unique and intensely poetical, peopled by heroes, bards, maidens, and ghosts, who are separated by their mist and their mountains from all countries and ages but their own. It is a great picture, painted on clouds instead of canvass, and invested with colours as gorgeous as its shades are dark. Its pathos has a wild sobbing in it, an Æolean tremulousness of tone, like the wail of spirits. And than Ossian himself, the last of his race, answering the plaints of the wilderness, the plover's shriek, the hiss of the homeless stream, the bee in the heather bloom, the rustle of the birch above his head, the roar of the cataract behind, in a voice of kindred freedom and kindred melancholy, conversing less with the little men around him than with the giant spirits of his fathers, we have few finer figures in the whole compass of poetry. Ossian is a ruder "Robber," a more meretricious "Seasons," like them a work of prodigal beauties and more prodigal faults, and partly through both, has impressed the world."

Dr Johnson's opposition to Ossian is easily explained by his aversion to Scotland, by his detestation of what he deemed a fraud, by his dislike for what he heard was Macpherson's private character, and by his prejudice against all unrhymed poetry, whether it was blank verse or rhythmical prose. And yet, his own prose was rhythmical, and often as tumid as the worst bombast in Macpherson. He was too, on the whole, an artificial writer, while the best parts of Ossian are natural. He allowed himself therefore to see distinctly and to charaeterise severely the bad things in the book—where it sunk into the bathos or soared into the falsetto,—but ignored its beauties, and was obstinately blind to those passages where it rose into real sublimity or melted into melodious pathos.

Macaulay has, in various of his papers, shewn a fine sympathy with original genius. He has done so notably in his always able and always generous estimate of Edmund Burke, and still more in what he says of Shelley and of John Bunyan. It was his noble panegyric on the former that first awakened the "late remorse of love" and admiration for that abused and outraged Shade. And it was his article on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress which gave it—popular as it had been among religionists—a classical place in our literature, and that dared to compare the genius of its author with that of Shakespere and of Milton. But he has failed to do justice to Ossian, partly from some early prejudice at its author and his country, and partly from want of a proper early Ossianic training. To appreciate Ossian's poetry, the best way is to live for years under the shadow of the Grampians, to wander through lonely moors, amidst drenching mist and rain, to hold *trystes* with thunderstorms on the summit of savage hills, to bathe in sullen tarns after nightfall, to lean over the ledge and dip one's naked feet in the spray of cataracts, to plough a solitary path into the heart of forests, and to sleep and dream for hours amidst the sunless glades, on twilight hills to meet the apparition of the winter moon rising over snowy wastes, to descend by her ghastly light precipices where the eagles are sleeping, and returning home to be haunted by night visions

of mightier mountains, wider desolations, and giddier descents. A portion of this experience is necessary to constitute a true "Child of the Mist"; and he that has had most of it—and that was Christopher North—was best fitted to appreciate the shadowy, solitary, and pensively sublime spirit which tabernacles in Ossian's poetry. Of this Macaulay had little or nothing, and, therefore, although no man knew the Highlands in their manners, customs, and history better, he has utterly failed as a critic on Highland Poetry.

We might add to the names of those authors who appreciated Ossian, Lord Byron, who imitates him in his "Hours of Idleness"; and are forced to include among his detractors, Lord Brougham, who, in his review of these early efforts, says clumsily, that he won't criticise it lest he should be attacking Macpherson himself, with whose own "stuff" he was but imperfectly acquainted, to which Lord Byron rejoins, that (alluding to Lord Byron being a minor) he would have said a much cleverer and severer thing had he quoted Dr Johnson's sarcasm, that "many men, many women, and many *children* could write as well as Ossian."

We venture, in fine, to predict that dear to every Scottish heart shall for ever remain these beautiful fragments of Celtic verse—verse, we scruple not to say, containing in the Combat of Fingal with the Spirit of Loda, and in the Address to the Sun—two of the loftiest strains of poetic genius, vieing with, surpassing "all Greek, all Roman fame." And in spite of Brougham's sneer, and Johnson's criticisms, and the more insolent attacks of Macaulay, Scotchmen both Highland and Lowland will continue to hear in the monotony of the strain, the voice of the tempest, and the roar of the mountain torrent, in its abruptness they will see the beetling crag and the shaggy summit of the bleak Highland hill, in its obscurity and loud and tumid sounds, they will recognize the hollows of the deep glens and the mists which shroud the cataracts, in its happier and nobler measures, they will welcome notes of poetry worthy of the murmur of their lochs and the waving of their solemn forests, and never will they see Ben-Nevis looking down over his clouds or Loch Lomond basking amidst her sunny braes, or in grim Glencoe listen to the Cona singing her lonely and everlasting dirge beneath Ossian's Cave, which gashes the breast of the cliff above it, without remembering the glorious Shade from whose evanishing lips Macpherson has extracted the wild music of his mountain song.

GEO. GILFILLAN.

ALASTAIR BUIDHE MACIAMHAIR, the Gairloch Bard, always wore a "*Cota Gearr*" of home-spun cloth, which received only a slight dip of indigo—the colour being between a pale blue and a dirty white. As he was wading the river Achtercairn, going to a sister's wedding, William Ross, the bard, accosted him, on the other side, and addressing him said,

'S ann than aoibheal air bard an Rugha
'Sa phiuthar a do! a phosadh
B-fhearr dhuit fuireach aig a bhaile
Mo nach d' rinn thu malairt cota.

To which *Alastair Buidhe* immediately replied—

Hud a dhuine! tha'n cota co'lach rium fhein
Tha e min 'us tha e blath
'S air cho mor 's gha 'm beil do ruic-sa
Faodaidh tusa leigeal da.

MARY LAGHACH.

FROM THE GAELIC, BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary,
My dainty love, my queen,
The fairest, rarest Mary
On earth was ever seen !
Ho ! my queenly Mary,
Who made me king of men,
To call thee mine own Mary,
Born in the bonnie glen.

Young was I and Mary,
In the windings of Glensmoil,
When came that imp of Venus
And caught us with his wile ;
And pierced us with his arrows,
That we thrilled in every pore,
And loved as mortals never loved
On this green earth before.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

Oft times myself and Mary
Strayed up the bonnie glen,
Our hearts as pure and innocent
As little children then ;
Boy Cupid finely taught us
To dally and to toy,
When the shade fell from the green tree,
And the sun was in the sky.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

If all the wealth of Albyn
Were mine, and treasures rare,
What boots all gold and silver
If sweet love be not there ?
More dear to me than rubies
In deepest veins that shine,
Is one kiss from the lovely lips
That rightly I call mine.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

Thy bosom's heaving whiteness
With beauty overbrims,
Like swan upon the waters
When gentliest it swims ;
Like cotton on the moorland
Thy skin is soft and fine,
Thy neck is like the sea-gul
When dipping in the brine.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

The locks about thy dainty ears
Do richly curl and twine ;
Dame Nature rarely grew a wealth
Of ringlets like to thine :
There needs no hand of hireling
To twist and plait thy hair,
But where it grew it winds and falls
In wavy beauty there.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

Like snow upon the mountains
Thy teeth are pure and white ;
Thy breath is like the cinnamon,
Thy mouth buds with delight.
Thy cheeks are like the cherries,
Thine eyelids soft and fair,
And smooth thy brow, untaught to frown,
Beneath thy golden hair.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

The pomp of mighty kaisers
Our state doth far surpass,
When 'neath the leafy coppice
We lie upon the grass ;
The purple flowers around us
Outspread their rich array,
Where the lusty mountain streamlet
Is leaping from the brae.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

Nor harp, nor pipe, nor organ,
From touch of cunning men,
Made music half so eloquent
As our hearts thrilled with then.
When the blythe lark lightly soaring,
And the mavis on the spray,
And the cuckoo in the greenwood,
Sang hymns to greet the May.

Ho ! my bonnie Mary, &c.

PROFESSOR MORLEY, EDITOR OF "EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE," ON CELTIC LITERATURE AND THE CELTIC PROFESSORSHIP.

—o—

PROFESSOR MORLEY, at a meeting called by the Gaelic Society of London, in Willis' Room, spoke as follows, and we think his remarks, being those of a great and unprejudiced Englishman of letters, well worth reproducing in the *Celtic Magazine*:—

He said that the resolution, which had a fit proposer in a distinguished representative of the north, was seconded by one [himself] who had no other fitness for the office than that he was altogether of the south, and had been taught by a long study of our literature to believe that north and south had a like interest in the promotion of a right study of Celtic. We were a mixed race, and the chief elements of the mixture were the Celtic and Teutonic. The Teutonic element gave us our strength for pulling together, the power of working in association under influence of a religious sense of duty; but had we been Teutons only, we should have been somewhat like the Dutch. He did not say that in depreciation of the Dutch. They are popularly associated with Mynheer Vandunck, but are to be associated rather with grand struggles of the past for civil and religious liberty, for they fought before us and with us in the wars of which we had most reason to be proud, and gave the battle-field upon which our Sidney fell at Zutphen. Nevertheless, full as Dutch literature is of worthy, earnest thought, it is not in man to conceive a Dutch Shakspere. This was not his first time of saying, that, but for the Celtic element in our nation, there would never have been an English Shakspere; there would never have been that union of bold originality, of lively audacity, with practical good sense and steady labour towards highest aims that gave England the first literature in the world, and the first place among the nations in the race of life. The Gael and Cymry, who represented among us that Celtic element, differed in characteristics, but they had in common an artistic feeling, a happy audacity, inventive power that made them, as it were, the oxygen of any combination of race into which they entered. He had often quoted the statement made by Mr Fergusson in his "History of Architecture," that, but for the Celts, there would hardly have been a church worth looking at in Europe. That might be over expressive of the truth, but it did point to the truth; and the more we recognise the truth thus indicated the sooner there would be an end of ignorant class feeling that delayed such union as was yet to be made of Celt with Saxon—each an essential part of England, each with a strength to give, a strength to take. We had remains of ancient Celtic literature; some representing—with such variation as oral traditions would produce—a life as old as that of the third century in songs of the battle of Gabhra, and the bards and warriors of that time, some recalling the first days of enforced fusion between Celt and Teuton in the sixth century. There were old manuscripts, enshrining records, ancient when written, of which any nation civilised enough to know the worth of its own literature must be justly proud. Our story began with the Celt, and as it

advanced it was most noticeable that among the voices of good men representing early English literature, whenever the voice came from a man who advanced himself beyond his fellows by originality of thought, by happy audacity as poet or philosopher, it was (until the times of Chaucer) always the voice of a man who was known to have, or might reasonably be supposed to have, Celtic blood in his veins; always from a man born where the two races had lived together and blended, or were living side by side and blending. Before the Conquest it was always in the north of England, afterwards always along the line of the west, until in the latter part of the fourteenth century, London was large and busy enough to receive within itself men from all parts, and became a sort of mixing-tub for the ingredients of England. From that time the blending has been general, though it might even now be said that we are strongest where it has been most complete. With such opinions then, derived by an Englishman who might almost call himself most south of the south, from an unbiassed study of the past life of his country, he could not do other than support most heartily the resolution—"That a complete view of the character and origin of society, as it exists in these countries, cannot be given without a knowledge of the language, literature, and traditions of the Celts." He welcomed heartily the design of founding a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh as a thing fit and necessary to be done, proposed to be done in a fit place, and by a most fit proposer. The scheme could not be better recommended than by the active advocacy of a scholar like Professor Blackie, frank, cheery, natural; who caused Mr Brown and Mr Jones often to shake their heads over him, but who was so resolved always to speak his true thought frankly, so generous in pursuit of worthy aims, with a genial courage, that concealed no part of his individuality, that he could afford to look on at the shaking of the heads of Mr Brown and Mr Jones, while there could be no shaking of the public faith in his high-minded sincerity. As to the details of the establishment of the chair there might be difficulties. The two Celtic languages had to be recognised. The ideal Professor whom one wished to put in the new chair should have, with scholarly breadth of mind, a sound critical knowledge of the ancient forms of both, and of their ancient records, and he would be expected to combine with this a thorough mastery of at least Gaelic, which he would have to teach also as a spoken tongue. Whatever difficulty there might be in this was only so much the more evidence of the need of putting an end to the undue neglect that had made Celtic Scholarship so scarce. Nothing would ever be done by man or nation if we stayed beginning till our first act should achieve perfection. He could only say that it was full time to begin, and that the need of a right study of Celtic must be fully recognised if the study of English literature itself was to make proper advance in usefulness, and serve England in days to come, after its own way, with all its powers.

A PLEA FOR PLANTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.—No. I.

—o—

As this Magazine is devoted to subjects of interest and importance to Highlanders and the Highlands, no more fitting subject could be dealt with in its pages than that of Forestry.

Whatever conduces to the wealth of a district, to the amelioration of its climate, and beauty of its scenery, is most praiseworthy. It is undeniable that planting extensively and widely will effect these objects, and of this subject it is proposed now to treat.

That great part of Scotland was at one time forest is universally admitted. The remains of magnificent trees are to be constantly met with in the reclamation of land, many of the peat bogs being the formation of decayed vegetation.

It is frequently asked by the inexperienced, how it is, that while great trees are found in bogs, planted trees will not now grow except in a dwarfish degree, but the answer is obvious. These peat bogs are themselves the product of vegetation as before noted, and it is an ascertained fact that the tendency of these peat bogs and formations is to increase both by absorbing the surrounding soil, and by exercising an upward pressure. Many theories and allegations have been put forth as to the period or periods when the original forests of Caledonia were burnt. It may be generally admitted in the absence of any authentic contemporaneous record, that three particular periods are commonly pointed at, first in the time of the Roman occupation, second in the reign of Edward the First, and third in the time of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The three principal native trees in the Highlands, as now understood, which grow to any size, are the fir, oak, and ash; and it may be said roundly, that few standing trees exist in Scotland of a greater age than 300 years. No doubt there may be exceptions, but the rise of the plantations of beech, sycamore, plane, chestnut, &c., cannot be put further back than the accession of James VI. to the English throne. That Scotland was, in the early part of the 17th century, very bare may be inferred from the numerous Acts passed to encourage planting, and the penalties imposed upon the cutters of green wood. A great part of the Highlands must ever lie entirely waste, or be utilized by plantations. The expense of carriage to market was till lately in the inland and midland districts so great, that no inducement was held out to proprietors to plant systematically and continuously. The opening up of the Highlands by the Caledonian Canal at first, and now more especially by railways, has, however, developed facilities for market which should be largely taken advantage of. The market for soft woods, such as fir, larch, and birch, is ever widening; and great as is the consumption now, it cannot be doubted it will still greatly increase.

What greater inducement can there be to any exertion whatever, than that of pleasure combined with profit? We undertake to show that on this point both co-exist. To an idle man it is pleasant to saunter about and observe the growing of his plants, contrasting their progress from month to month, and year after year. The child of tender years, the most

ignorant peasant, have alike their faculties of interest and observation aroused and excited by the contemplation of the gradual rise and change in the progress of the plant, We have heard from those unable to speak the English language, and in the poorest circumstances, poetic description and the liveliest manifestion of admiration at a thriving growing wood. Again, to the man who is engrossed with harassing mental occupations, what pleasure and satisfaction is this contemplation; and, as in the case of our immortal novelist, not only giving immediate consolation and happiness, but powerfully incentive to intellectual effort.

Let us turn, however, to the practical bearings of our subject; and we shall take the case, say, of an estate of 20,000 acres. Let us suppose 500 acres to be arable, and 4,500 acres, either from the nature of the soil or its altitude, to be unfit for any improvement whatever. 1000 acres would be probably required for ordinary pasture lands, and 10,000 acres for hill pasture. It is far from our wish that any plantations should diminish the already scanty population, or unduly press upon the pastoral agricultural occupants. We therefore have given roughly what may be held as full soŭming for stocks upon such an estate. It must be always recollected it is not acres alone that will sustain sheep or cattle, or maintain a first-class stock; on the contrary, it is the quality of the ground, and whether enclosed and drained. The matter of enclosure is one that has long been recognised as most essential in the case of sheep grounds, but the cost until the introduction of wire-fencing, was so great, as to be almost prohibitory. Hill pastures should be enclosed just as in the case of arable lands, and with efficient drainage and judicious heather burning, it is not too much to say that at least one-third more in number could be pastured on the same ground, and the stock would be of a higher class than on lands unfenced and undrained.

We have now left 4000 acres or so for plantation. If the proprietor be in a position to do so, and do not object to lay out some money unproductively, he will cause trees to be planted along all the roads through the estate, putting clumps and beltings near the farm steadings. This is a matter that is sometimes entirely neglected, rendering the buildings conspicuous, bare and ugly, a blot on the landscape. In other cases, the plantations are too near the buildings, making them uncomfortable and unhealthy. Two things, viz., shelter and beauty, are required, which a judicious eye should easily combine. The proprietor, when there is appearance of a natural growth should select such for enclosure, and on such an estate we place this at 500 acres. Only those who have practical knowledge and experience in the matter, can realise the extraordinary vitality of the seeds of birch, fir, oak, and others, over a great part of the Highlands. Nothing is required over thousands upon thousands of acres, but simple enclosure. These natural trees are both beautiful and valuable, and therefore their encouragement does not admit of question. No tree is more beautiful than the birch, which is found all over the Highlands, makes great annual progress, and commands a steady price. Blank spaces, &c., may be filled in with other woods for the purposes of adornment.

There now remains the plantation, properly so called, upon our estate of 3,500 acres. The selection of this ground is a matter requiring careful

consideration, because the land best adapted for planting is generally the best pasture, and every proprietor will, of course, endeavour to do his tenant as little injury as possible. At the same time, he will require to bear in mind that the too common idea that any ground will do for planting is a serious error. It is not often that the person who plants lives to reap the full benefit of his labours, and it would therefore be doubly hard, if these labours were thrown away.

Forestry, however, is now so generally understood, that with reasonable precaution no mistake ought to occur in the selection of the ground, or the tree best suited to the soil. Hard wood is of course out of the question in a great Highland plantation. Time occupied in reaching maturity, and carriage to market unconsidered, iron has entirely superseded this class of wood. Therefore fir and larch form the staple for Highland plantations. On the other hand, for beltings, roadsides, and in the vicinity of houses, hard wood should be planted. Two hundred years ago people generally were wise in this respect, for they planted ash trees and the like, each of which could stand by itself and bid defiance to the elements. These now form beautiful and picturesque objects round old *duchuses*, where hardly one stone stands on another, and thus alas! in many cases alone denoting where respectable families once had their homes; under whose spreading branches stout lads and bonnie lasses interchanged love tokens, and went over that old, old story, which will never die.

With the introduction of larch about the end of last century, which soon became, and deservedly, a favourite in the Highlands, it unhappily was used as a single belting in exposed places near farm houses and steadings. The consequence, as every one who travels through the Highlands must be painfully conscious of, has been trees shapeless and crooked, giving no shelter, and unpleasing in view. A ludicrous illustration of this may be seen from the Highland Railway between Forres and Dunphail, the larches having grown up zig-zag, according as the several winds happened to prevail. It is well known that no regular plantation can in beauty equal a natural one. There is too much stiffness and form, but the man of taste will avoid straight lines, and utilize the undulations of the land, blending the landscape as it were into one harmonious whole.

Let us now in the last place look at the pecuniary results. The enclosure, drainage, and planting will of course vary according to locality and the nearness to sources of supply and labour, but it may be said that £3 sterling per acre is a very ample sum for all costs. If there were one great block of plantation, it would not amount to one-half. Returns, again, must also vary, depending on proximity to railway or sea-board, but we have heard it stated by those well qualified to give an opinion, that from 30s to £2 per acre per annum will be an ultimate probable return. When it is considered that the lands we have referred to, putting both pastoral and shooting rents together, will not approach six shillings per acre per annum, the pecuniary advantages are seen to be enormous.*

No life insurance policy is equal to a large and judicious plantation

* According to present and approved modes of valuation, no great time need elapse after planting before the wood becomes of admitted value. Ten years after, the valuation will, if the wood be thriving, equal three times the original cost, including interest and rent.

by a proprietor, as a provision for his younger children. The premium in this case will not need to run longer than twenty-five years, and he has not only beautified his estate and made it more valuable, but also transmitted it to his heir without incumbrance.

No wonder then that in the county of Inverness large proprietors, such as the Earl of Seafield, Mackintosh, Sir John Ramsden, and others, have taken this matter up on a great scale. To them large plantations ought to be in the same category as minerals are in England; and, unlike their English brethren, this source of wealth is not exhaustive but re-current.

To the public these plantations are not only objects of beauty and an amelioration of climate, but the thereby greatly increased wealth of the country ensures diminished taxation.

These remarks are purposely made in the simplest language, because chiefly intended to attract the intelligent attention of the commonality of the people resident in, or connected with, the Highlands, and the subject will be again brought up. C. F.-M.

MONTROSE AT INVERLOCHY.

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[We consider ourselves and our readers very fortunate indeed in having procured the following as the first of a series of contributions from Mr William Allan, Sunderland, whose recent publication—"Heather Bells, or Poems and Songs"—has been so favourably received by the Reviewers. A prior publication—"Hame-spun Lilts"—was also well received. Of the author, the *Inverness Courier* of 19th August, says- "You will fail, if you try, to find from first to last the slightest imitation of a single one of the many that, within the last hundred years, have so deftly handled the Doric lyre. Before the appearance of this volume, Mr Allan was already favourably known to us as the author of 'Hame-spun Lilts,' 'Rough Castings,' and by many lively lilts besides in the poets' column of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. There is about everything he has written a sturdy, honest, matter-of-fact ring, that convinces you that, whether you rank it high or low, his song—like the wild warblings of the song-thrush in early spring—is from the very heart. All he says and sings he really means; and it is something in these days of so many artificial, lack-a-daisical, 'spasmodic' utterances, to meet with anybody so manifestly honest and thoroughly in earnest as Mr William Allan." The *Dundee Advertiser* of August 17th concludes a long and very favourable review of "Heather Bells, &c."—"The 'Harp of the North,' so beautifully invoked by Sir Walter in his 'Lady of the Lake,' has been long asleep—her mountains are silent—and what if our Laureate of Calydon—our Modern Ossian—were destined to hail from Bonnie Dundee?" The *Scotsman* of Oct. 1st, says—"There is true pathos in many of the poems. Such a piece as 'Jessie's Leavin'' must find its way to the hearts in many a cottage home. Indeed, 'Heather Bells,' both deserves, and bids fair to acquire, popularity."]

Dark Winter's white shroud on the mountains was lying,
And deep lay the drifts in each corrie and vale,
Snow-clouds in their anger o'er heaven were flying,
Far-flinging their wrath on the frost-breathing gale ;—
Undaunted by tempests in majesty roaring,
Unawed by the gloom of each path-covered glen,
As swift as the rush of a cataract pouring,
The mighty Montrose led his brave Highlandmen :—
Over each trackless waste,
Trooping in glory's haste,
Dark-rolling and silent as mist on the heath,
Resting not night nor day,
Fast on their snowy way
They dauntlessly sped on the pinions of death.

As loud as the wrath of the deep Corryvreckan,
Far-booming o'er Scarba's lone wave-circled isle,
As mountain rocks crash to the vale, thunder-stricken,
Their slogan arose in Glen Spean's defile ;—
As clouds shake their locks to the whispers of Heaven ;
As quakes the hushed earth 'neath the ire of the blast ;
As quivers the heart of the craven, fear-riven,
So trembled Argyle at the sound as it passed ;—
Over the startled snows,
Swept the dread word "Montrose,"
Deep-filling his soul with the gloom of dismay,
Marked he the wave of men,
Wild-rushing thro' the glen,
Then sank his proud crest to the coward's vile sway.

To Arms! rung afar on the winds of the morning,
Yon dread pennon streams as a lurid bale-star :
Hark! shrill from his trumpets an ominous warning
Is blown with the breath of the demon of war ;—
Then bright flashed his steel as the eye of an eagle,
Then spread he his wings to the terror-struck foe ;
Then on! with the swoop of a conqueror regal,
He rushed, and his talons struck victory's blow :—
Wild then their shouts arose,
Fled then their shivered foes,
And snowy Ben-Nevis re-echoed their wail ;
Far from the field of dread,
Scattered, they singly fled,
As hound-startled deer, to the depths of each vale.

Where, where is Argyle now, his kinsmen to rally?
Where, where is the chieftain with timorous soul?
On Linnhe's grey waters he crouched in his galley,
And saw as a traitor the battle blast roll :—
Ungrasped was the hilt of his broadsword, still sleeping,
Unheard was his voice in the moment of need ;
Secure from the rage of fierce foemen, death-sweeping,
He sought not by valour, his clansmen to lead.
Linnhe, in scornful shame,
Hissed out his humbled name,
As fast sped his boat on its flight-seeking course ;
Sunk was his pride and flown,
Doomed then his breast to own
A coward-scarred heart, ever lashed with remorse.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

Correspondence.

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[Open to all parties, influenced by none, except on religious discussions, which will not be allowed in these columns under any circumstances.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

67 Rue de Richelieu, Paris, September 19, 1875.

DEAR SIRS,—I am glad to hear that you contemplate the foundation of a Celtic Magazine at Inverness. It is very gratifying for the Celtic scholars on the Continent to see that the old spirit of Celtic nationality has not died out in all the Celtic countries, and especially that a country like the Highlands of Scotland—that may boast equally of the beauty of her mountains and glens, and of the gallantry of her sons—will keep her language, literature, and nationality in honour. The Gaelic Society of Inverness is doing much good already, but a Magazine can do even more, by its *regularly* bringing news and instruction.

A wide field is open to you. The Gaelic literature, the history—political, military, religious, social, economic, &c.—of the Scottish Gaels at home; the collecting of popular tunes, songs, proverbs, sayings, and even games; the history and the development of Gaelic colonies and settlements abroad; the history of Highland worthies, and also of Foreign worthies who are of Scotch descent (I think, for instance, of Macdonald, one of the best *marechaux* of Napoleon I.), &c. Although the other branches of the Celtic family be separated from the Scotch Gaels—the Irish by their religion, the Welsh by their dialect, the French Bretons by their religion and their dialect at the same time,—yet the moral, social, and literary state of these cousins of yours may form, from time to time, interesting topics to patriotic Highland readers. The field of Celtic literature extends far and wide, and awaits yet many reapers. You will not fail to make a rich harvest in your poetic and patriotic Scotland; and at Inverness, in the middle of the Gaelic country, you have the best opportunity of success.—I am, Dear Sirs, yours very faithfully,

H. GAIDOZ, *Editor of the Revue Celtique.*

THE OSSIANIC QUESTION.

Altnacraig, Oban, September 20, 1875.

SIR,—In the last number of *The Gaedheal*, a Gaelic periodical which may be known to some of your readers, I inserted a translation from the German of an essay on the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian, appended to a poetical translation of Fingal by Dr August Ebrard, Leipsic, 1868. My object in doing this was to give Highlanders ignorant of German, as most of them unhappily are, an opportunity of hearing what a learned German had to say on the character of the most famous, though in my opinion far from the best, book in their language. I did not in the slightest degree mean to indicate my own views as to this vexed question. I know too well the philological conditions on which the solution of such a question depends to hazard any opinion at all upon the subject in the present condition of my Celtic studies. I am happy, however, to find that one good result has followed from the publication of this translation—a translation which, by the way, only revised by me, but made by a young lady of great intellectual promise—viz., the receipt of a letter from the greatest living authority on the Ossianic question, I mean John Campbell of Islay, traveller, geologist, and good fellow of the first quality. This letter, which I enclose, the learned writer authorises me to print, with your permission, in your columns; and I feel convinced you have seldom had a more valuable literary communication.—I am, &c.,

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

Conan House, Dingwall, September, 1875.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR BLACKIE,—In the last number of *The Gael* I find a translation by you from a German essay, and a quotation from a German writer who calls Macpherson's Ossian "the most magnificent mystification of modern times." The mists which surround this question need the light of knowledge to shine from the sitter on that rising Gaelic chair which you have done so much to uplift. In the meantime let me tell you three facts. On the 9th December 1872, I found out that Jerome Stone's Gaelic collection had been purchased by Mr Laing of the Signet Library, and that he had lent the manuscript to Mr Clerk of Kilmallie. On the 25th November 1872, I found a list of contents and three of the songs in the Advocates' Library, but too late to print them. The learned German relied on Stone's missing manuscript as proof of the antiquity of Macpherson's Ossian, because it was of older date. It contains versions of ten heroic ballads, of which I had printed many versions in "Leabhar na Feinne." There is not one line of the Gaelic printed in 1807 in those

songs which I found. I presume that Mr Clerk would have quoted Stone's collection made in 1755 if he had found anything there to support his view, which is that Ossian's poems are authentic. Stone's translation is a florid English composition, founded upon the simple old Gaelic ballad which still survives traditionally. I got the old music from Mrs Mactavish at Knock, in Mull, last month. She learned it from a servant in Lorn, who sung to her when she was a girl.

2d, The essayist relied upon a lost manuscript which was named "A Bolg Solair" (the great treasure.) That designation seems to be a version of a name commonly given by collectors of Scotch and Irish popular lore to their manuscripts. The name seems rather to mean "rubbish bag." The idea was probably taken from the wallet of the wandering minstrel of the last century who sang for his supper. A very great number of paper manuscripts of this kind are in Dublin and in the British Museum. I own two; but not one of these, so far as I have been able to discover, contains a line of the Gaelic Ossian printed in 1807, which one learned German believed to be old and the other a mystification.

3d, The essayist relies upon the "Red Book." In 1873 Admiral Macdonald sent me the book, which he had recovered. Mr Standish O'Grady helped me to read it, and translated a great part of it in June and July 1874 in my house. It is a paper manuscript which does not contain one line of Macpherson's Ossian. It does contain Gaelic poems by known authors, of which copies are in other manuscripts preserved in Ireland. I do not question the merits of Ossian's poems. Readers can judge. They are Scotch compositions, for the English is Macpherson's, and the Gaelic is Scotch vernacular. A glance at old Gaelic, of which many samples are printed in late numbers of the Parisian *Revue Celtique*, ought to convince any reader of Ossian that modern Scotch vernacular Gaelic cannot possibly represent the language of St Patrick's time. I have hunted popular lore for many years, and I have published five volumes. I have gathered twenty-one thick foolscap volumes of manuscript. I have had able collectors at work in Scotland; I had the willing aid of Stokes, Hennessy, Standish O'Grady, Crowe, and other excellent Irish scholars in ransacking piles of Gaelic manuscripts in Dublin, London, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. I could never find an uneducated Highlander who could repeat any notable part of the Gaelic poems which were circulated gratis soon after 1807. Nobody ever has found one line of these poems in any known writing older than James Macpherson. I agree with many speakers of Scotch Gaelic who have studied this question. We hold that the Gaelic Ossian of 1807 is, on the face of it, a manifest translation from English; and that the English was founded upon an imperfect acquaintance with genuine old Scotch Gaelic ballads. These are still commonly sung. They are founded upon the mythical history which still is traditionally known all over Scotland and Ireland. It was old when Keating wrote; it was old when the Book of Leinster was written about 1130. It really is a strange thing that so little should be known in Great Britain about this curious branch of British literature. I suppose that no other country in Europe can produce uneducated peasants, fishers, and paupers, who sing heroic ballads as old as 1130 and 1520, which have been orally preserved. Some fragments about Cuchullin, which I have gathered can be traced in

the Book of Leinster. Many ballads which I have heard sung in the Scotch Isles were written by the Dean of Lismore in 1520. By travelling to Tobermory, you may still hear Wm. Robertson, a weaver there, tell the story of Cuchullin, and sing the song of "Diarmaid," the "Burning of the Fenian Women," and many other heroic ballads. I heard him sing them in 1872, when he said that he was eighty-seven.—I am, yours very truly,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

Kilmallie Manse, September 25, 1875.

SIR,—There is no man living who has done so much for Gaelic literature as Mr Campbell, and, just in proportion to my sense of the greatness of his services, is my reluctance to put myself, even for a moment, in opposition to him. But his opinion on the Ossianic question, expressed in his letter, constrains me to oppose him.

One word as to what he says about Jerome Stone's MS. Dr Laing kindly lent it to me, and it is now in my possession. I referred to it frequently in my edition of Ossian, 1870. Had I known that Mr Campbell wished to see it, I would gladly place it at his service. There is no mystification about this MS.; and I am sorry to say that it will not turn the scale either way in the present controversy.

But to the main point. Mr Campbell holds "that the Gaelic Ossian of 1807 is a manifest translation from English." Dr Johnson expressed the same opinion more than a hundred years ago; but while Mr Campbell can speak with a thousandfold the authority of the great moralist, who knew nothing of Gaelic, yet even Mr Campbell submits no positive proofs to support his decision—no new fact of any kind. As far as external evidence goes, he founds his opinion entirely on what is negative. Now, I submit that the history of the case presents many undoubted *facts* all going to prove the priority of the Gaelic to the English Ossian, and these facts must be disposed of before Mr Campbell's conclusions can be adopted.

Let me say in one word that I do not for a moment pretend to solve the Ossianic mystery. Any theory which has yet been proposed presents serious difficulties, but I maintain that Mr Campbell's presents the greatest of all, and in the present state of our knowledge cannot be adopted.

For proof, I must submit a brief outline of facts certified in the report of the Highland Society on the subject, and which, though they are undeniable, are often unaccountably overlooked in the controversy.

1. It is the case that Macpherson, before publishing in English, got several Gaelic MSS., which he acknowledged in his letters still extant, and which he showed to his friends; further, that he asked and obtained the assistance of some of these friends—Captain Morison, Rev. Mr Gallie, and, above all, Strathmashie—to translate them into English.

2. It is a most important fact that when challenged to produce his Gaelic MSS., he advertised that they were deposited at his booksellers—Beckett & De Hondt, Strand, London—and offered to publish them if a sufficient number of subscribers came forward. The booksellers certify that his MSS. had lain for twelve months at their place of business.

3. It is a fact that several persons, well able to judge of the matter, and of unimpeachable character, such as the Rev. Dr Macpherson, of Sleat; Rev. Mr Macleod, of Glenelg; Rev. Mr Macneill, &c., &c., did, in 1763—that is, 44 years before the publication of the Gaelic Ossian—compare Macpherson's English with Gaelic recited by various persons in their respective neighbourhoods. They give the names of these persons, and they certify that they found the Gaelic poetry recited by these, who never had any correspondence with Macpherson, to correspond in many instances—to the extent of hundreds of lines—with his English. One very significant fact is brought out in these certifications, that Gaelic was found to agree with Macpherson's English in cases where he never gave Gaelic. The English Ossian contains various poems for which he never gave Gaelic; but here Gaelic, corresponding to his English, is found in the mouths of people with whom he never held any communication.

Now, what are we to say to all these things? Shall we believe that Macpherson advertised his MSS. when he had none? The belief implies that he was insane, which we know was not the case. And are we further to believe that such men as the above deliberately attested what they knew to be false, and what, if false, might easily be proved to be so? It is impossible for a moment to receive such a supposition.

But it is said these, though good men, were prejudiced, spoke loosely, and therefore are not to be relied on in this enlightened and critical age. This, however, is assuming a great deal, and in so doing is *un*critical. Prejudice is at work in the nineteenth century even as it was in the eighteenth. These men had far better opportunities of judging the matter than we have. They give their judgment distinctly and decidedly, and I never yet saw any good reason for setting that judgment aside.

I must add further, on the historic evidence, that several Gaelic pieces, and these among the gems of Ossianic poetry, were published by Gillies in 1786; that some of these are found in the Irvine MS. about 1800; that there is no proof of Macpherson having furnished any of these; and that the genuineness of one of them, "The Sun Hymn," given seem to be beyond the possibility of cavil.

From all this it appears to me undoubted that Macpherson began his work with Gaelic MSS., that he founded his English on them, and that various portions of his work were known in several quarters of the country forty years before he published his Gaelic. The subsequent disappearance of all MSS. containing his Gaelic is very remarkable, and is much founded on by Mr Campbell. But the history of literature affords various instances of the preservation of a book depending on one solitary MS. The case of the great Niebelungen-Lied—unknown for centuries, and brought to light through the accidental discovery of a MS.—is quite in point; and to come nearer home, two years ago, only one perfect copy of the first Gaelic book ever printed, Bishop Carewell's translation of John Knox's

liturgy, was in existence. It may be, then, that when Macpherson destroyed his Gaelic MSS. he destroyed all in which his poetry was to be found. Again, it is asked, when Highlanders in the present day recite so many heroic ballads, why do they not recite Macpherson's? I answer that there being now forgotten is no proof that they were never remembered. A hundred years may obliterate many things among a people. The last hundred years have wrought such obliterations in the Highlands of Scotland as to make it no cause of wonder that heroic poetry then remembered should now be forgotten.

I must restrict myself to a very few words on the internal evidence—though it is on this the question must be finally decided, if it ever is to be decided. As to the inference from comparing the Gaelic and English, I am sorry to say that I am entirely at variance with Mr Campbell. The more I examine the subject, the deeper is my conviction that the freeness of the Gaelic, the fulness of its similes, and its general freshness incontestably prove it to be the original. I would refer especially to the sea-pieces (*e.g.*, Carhon, ll. 48-52.) In Gaelic they are vivid and graphic—in English tame, and almost meaningless—a fact such as might naturally be expected from the words of a true mariner being translated by a thoroughly "inland bred man" like Macpherson, but absolutely irreconcilable with his having written the Gaelic. Mr Campbell himself in his admirable work of the "West Highland Tales," vol. 4, p. 142, *et seq.*, has some striking and conclusive remarks on the internal evidence of the priority of the Gaelic to the English; and I sincerely hope, when he considers them again, they will induce him to return to his first faith.

Much might be said on the structure of the Gaelic—especially the Gaelic of the 7th Book of Temora, published by Macpherson in 1763, which differs widely from any other Gaelic that I have met with; and much of the whole character of Ossian, whether Gaelic or English, being so absolutely unlike all Macpherson's other compositions—many and well known; but I must conclude by repeating that Mr Campbell's theory "makes confusion worse confounded"—in asking us to set at nought the various facts which I have stated, demands a moral impossibility; and that whatever light may be thrown on the subject from the new Celtic Chair, we must in the present state of our knowledge admit Gaelic to be the original, and Macpherson to be the translator of the Ossianic poems. —I am, &c.,

ARCHIBALD CLERK, LL.D.

REMNANTS OF GAELIC POETRY.

—o—

THE name of Lachlan Macpherson, Esq. of Strathmashie, is well known to those who are conversant with the dissertations on the poems of Ossian. About the year 1760 he accompanied his neighbour and namesake, James Macpherson, Esq. of Belville, in his journey through the Highlands in search of those poems, he assisted him in collecting them, and in taking them down from oral tradition, and he transcribed by far the greater part of them from ancient manuscripts to prepare them for the press, as stated by himself in a letter to Dr Hugh Blair of Edinburgh. He was beyond all doubt a man of great powers of mind, and a Celtic poet of no mean order. He died at the comparatively early age of forty years, greatly lamented by his contemporaries, leaving behind him no written literary production.

Fragments of Mr Lachlan Macpherson's poetry, hitherto unpublished, will be acceptable to those who have done so much of late to promote the interests of Celtic literature. In some of his poems, composed in the sportive exercise of his poetic genius, he makes the same objects the subjects of his praise and censure alternately. We give the following specimens :—

On the occasion of a marriage contract in his neighbourhood, the poet honoured the company with his presence. The important business of the occasion having been brought to a close, the bridegroom departed, but remembering that he had left on the table a bottle not quite empty, he returned and took it with him. The poet, viewing this as an act of extreme meanness, addressed the bridegroom as follows :—

CAINEADH AN DOMHNULLAICH.

'S toigh leam Dòmhnullach neo-chosdail
O nach coltach e ri càch.
'N uair bhios iadsan ag iarraidh fortain
Bidh esan 'n a phrop aig fear càis
Ma bha do mhàthair 'n a mnaoi chòir
Cha do ghleidh i 'n leabaidh phòsda glan,
Cha 'n 'eil cuid agad do Chloinn Dòmhnuill,
'S Rothach no Ròsach am fear.
'N uair a bhuail thu aig an uinneig
Cha b' ann a bhuinnigeadh cliù,
Dh' iarraidh na druaip bha 's a' bhotul,
Mallachd fir focail a' d' ghiùr.

We give a free translation of the above into English, far inferior, however, to the Gaelic original :—

MACDONALD SATIRISED.

I like to see a niggard man,
One of the great Macdonald clan ;
When others are in quest of gain
This man the needy will sustain.
Your mother, if an honest dame,
Has not retained her wedlock fame ;
No part is Mac from top to toe,
You're either Rose or else Munro.
When to the house you turned your face,
Let it be told to your disgrace,
'Twas for the dregs you had forgot,
The Poet's curse be in your throat.

The bridegroom, as we may well believe, smarted under the chastisement administered to him. He took an early opportunity of putting himself in the poet's way. Seeing Mr Macpherson riding past his place one day, he went to meet him with a bottle and glass, and importunately begged of him that he would have the goodness to say something now in his favour. Mr Macpherson complied with the request. Sitting on horseback, and taking the glass in his hand, he pronounced the ensuing eulogy on the bridegroom :—

MOLADH AN DOMHNULLAICH.

Bha na bàird riamh breugach, bòsdail,
Beular sinn, gòrach, gun seadh,
Lasgair gasd e Chloinn Dòmhnuill,
Mac Ailein Mhòir as a Mhagh.
Chuir e botul neo-ghortach a' m' dhorn,
A chur iotadh mo sgòrnain air chùl,
'S bàrd gun tùr a bh' air a' chòrdadh
Nach do sheinn gu mòr a chliù.
Ach tha 'n seòrs' ud uile cho caillteach,
Cho mi-thaingeil, 's cho beag ciall,
'S ma thig a' chuach idir o 'n ceann,
Nach fiach e taing na fhuair iad riamh.

The above may be thus translated :—

MACDONALD EULOGISED.

The bards, as we have ever seen,
Liars and flatterers have been ;
Boasting, with little cause to glory,
So empty is their upper storey.
Of Clan Macdonald this is one,
Of Allan Mor of Moy the son ;
He brought to me a sonsy vessel
To satiate my thirsty whistle.
The poet proved himself unwise
When him he did not eulogise.
The bards—I own it with regret—
Are a pernicious sorry set,
Whate'er they get is soon forgot,
Unless you always wet their throat.

Mr Macpherson had a dairymaid of the name of Flora, whom he described in abusive language in a poem beginning,—

Flòiri mhùgach, bhòtach, ghlùn-dubh.

He afterwards made amends for the offence he had given her by commending her in very flattering terms. He represents her as a most useful dairymaid, and as a young woman of surpassing beauty, who had many admirers, and, according to his description of her, such were her good qualities, and her personal attractions, that certain persons whom he names, among others the clergyman of the parish, expressed their desire to engage her in their own service. The poet rejects their solicitations, and informs them how unlikely a thing it is that Flora should engage with them, as she was intended for the King:—

EULOGY ON FLORA.

Flòiri shùgach, bhòidheach, shùil-ghorm,
A pòg mar ùbhlan as a' ghàradh,
'N òg bhean, chliùiteach 's còmhnaird' giùlan,
Dh' òlainn dùbailt a deoch-slàinte,
Ge do shiubhail sibh 'n Roinn Eòrpa,
'S na dùthchan mor' an taobh thall dith,
Cha 'n fhaiceadh sibh leithid Flòiri,
Cùl bachlach, glan, òr-bhuidhe na ban-righ.

Maighdean bheul-dearg, foill cha leir dh' i,
'S geal a deud o 'n ceutaich' gàire,
Caoimhneil, beusach, trod neo-bheumach,
'S ro mhaith leigeadh spréidh air àiridh,
Clach-dhatha na h-Alba 's na h-Eirinn,
Nach saltair air feur a h-àicheadh,
Mar dhealt na maidne 'n a h-éirigh,
'S mar aiteal na gréin a dealradh.

A leadan dualach sìos m' a cluasaibh
Chuir gu buaireadh fir a' bhràighe,
Fleasgaich uaisl' a' srì mu 'n ghruagaich,
'N ti tha 'gruaim ris 's truagh a chàramh,
Ach b' annsa leath' cuman 'us buarach,
'S dol do 'n bhuaile mar chaidh h-àrach,
Langanaich cruidh-laoigh m' an cuairt di,
'S binne sud na uaisle chràiteach.

'S gnìomhach, càirdeil, b' fhearr dhomh ràdhainn,
'S glan a h-àbhaist, 's tearc a leithid,
Muime shàr-mhaith nan laogh àluinn,
Im 'us càise théid sud leatha,
Banarach fhortain ghàbhaidh
Nam miosairean làn 's a' chèithe,
Dheanadh i tuilleadh air càraid
'S a phàidheadh dhomh màl Aonghuis *Shaw*.

An t-àit' am faic sibh 'm bi gibht àraidh
Sùilean chàich bidh 'n sin 'n an luidhe,
Dòmhnull Bàn o 'm mìne Gailig
Bhuin rium làidir as an athar;
Thuirt e, thoir dhomhs' i gu bealltuinn,
Seall an t-earlas tha thu faighinn
Uam-sa, buannachd nan damh Gallda,
No ma 's fearr leat na sin faidhir.

Thuirt Dòmhnull Mac Bheathain 's e 's an éisdeachd,
Nàile, 's fheudar dhomh-sa labhairt,
'S mise 'n t-amadan thar cheud,
A bheireadh cead dh' i 'n déigh a gabhail,
Ach thoir-se nise dhomh féin i,
'S théid nì 'us feudail a' d' lamhaibh,
Gu 'n ruig a 's na tha tilgeadh réigh dhomh
Ann am Banc Dhun-éidinn fathast.

'N uair chual am Ministeir an t-srì
A bha mu 'n rìomhainn thall an amhainn,
Chuir e pìor-bhuic 'us ad shìod' air,
'S chaidh e dìreach orm a dh' fheitheamh,
'S thuirt e, thoir dhomh-s' an ath thìom dhìth,
'S ni mi trì-fillte cho maith thu,
'S ma shearmonaicheas tu féin do 'n sgìreachd
Gheibh thu 'n stìpean 's bean-an-tighe.

Ge pròiseil sibh le 'r n-òr, 's le 'r nì,
Le 'r mòran stìpein, 's le 'r cuid mhnathaibh,
'S fearr leam Flòiri agam fhéin
Na ge do chìt 'iad leis an amhainn,
Dheanainn an còrdadh cho simplidh
'S i dhol cinnteach feadh nan tighean,
Cia mar tha i coltach ribh-se?
'S gur h-e 'n righ tha dol g' a faighinn.

The Mashie, a tributary of the Spey, in the parish of Laggan, runs close by Strathmashie house. It is a small river, but in harvest time, when in flood, it causes considerable damage. The poet takes occasion to censure the Mashie on this account; but he has his pleasant associations in connection with the charming banks of this mountain stream, as expressed in the following stanzas:—

MATHAISITH CENSURED.

Mhathaisith fhròdach dhubh,
Fhròdach dhubh, fhròdach dhubh,
Mhathaisith fhròdach dhubh,
'S mòr rinn thu chall domh.

Rinn thu m' eòrna a mhilleadh,
'S mo chuid ghòrag air sileadh,
'Us cha d' fhàg thu sguab tioram
Do na chinnich do bhàrr dhomh.
Mhathaisith, &c.

Cha robh lochan no caochan,
A bha ruith leis an aonach,
Nach do chruinnich an t-aon lan
A thoirt aon uair do shàth dhuit.
Mhathaisith, &c.

Rinn thu òl an tigh Bheathain
Air leann 's uisge-bɛatha,
'S garbh an tuilm sin a sgeith thu
'S a' ghabhail-rathaid Di-màirt oirnn
Mhaithaisith, &c.

EULOGY ON MATHAISITH.

Mhathaisith bhòidheach gheal,
Bhòidheach gheal, bhòidheach gheal,
Mhathaisith bhòidheach gheal,
B' ait leam bhi làimh riut.

'N uair a rachainn a' m' shiubhal
B' e sud mo cheann uidhe
Na bh' air bràigh Choire-bhuidhe
Agus ruigh Alt-na-ceàrdaich.
Mhathaisith, &c.

Gu 'm bu phailt bha mo bhuaile
Do chrodh druim-fhion 'us guaill-fhionn,
Mar sud 's mo chuid chuachag
Dol mu 'n cuairt dhoibh 's an t-samhradh.
Mhathaisith, &c.

SEANCHAIDH.

HIGHLAND NOTES AND COMMENTS.

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[IN this Column we shall, from month to month, notice the most important business coming before our Highland Representative Institutions—such as the local Parliament of the Highland Capital, Gaelic and other Celtic Societies, and passing incidents likely to prove interesting to our Celtic readers. We make no pretence to give news; simply comments on incidents, information regarding which will be obtained through the usual channels.]

WE make no apology for referring to the doings of the Town Council of the Capital of the Highlands, Anything calculated to interest the Highlander is included in our published programme; and surely the composition, conduct, dignity, and patriotism of the local Parliament of the HIGHLAND CAPITAL, and the general ability, eloquence, intelligence, and independence of spirit displayed by its members is of more than mere local interest. We take it that the Scottish Gael, wherever located, is interested in the Capital of his native Highlands, and will naturally concern himself with the history and conduct of those whose duty it is as its leading men to shine forth as an example to places of lesser importance.

Last year a Gas and Water Bill was carried through Parliament, involving an expenditure of something like £80,000, and at least double taxation. We have no doubt whatever very good and satisfactory reasons will be given for this large expenditure, but hitherto not the slightest explanation has been vouchsafed to the public, and we are, in common with five-sixths of the community, at present quite ignorant of the reasons given for this enormous expenditure: that there must be unanswerable reasons we have no doubt whatever, for have not the Council been unanimous to a man throughout. Not a single protest was entered. Not a single speech was publicly made against it. But more wonderful still, not a single speech was made publicly in the Council in its favour. This did not arise from want of debating power on the part of the members. It must have arisen from the unanswerable nature of the arguments delivered in private committees, where, practically, no one heard them, or of them, except the members themselves. The only objection which can be raised to this theory is, that if the matter is so very clear and simple, and the expenditure so imperatively called for, it is most wonderful that some ingenuous simple-minded member had not thought of making himself popular at one bound, by giving a little information to the public as the matter proceeded, and so silence all the grumbling and general dissatisfaction felt outside.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness entered on its fifth session last month. The Society has of late shown considerable signs of popularity and progress; for close upon fifty members have been added to the roll during the first eight months of the Society's year, while only eighteen were added during the whole of the previous one. In 1873, seventy new members were elected. The following five Clans are the best represented—Mackenzies, 23 members; Frasers, 22; Mackays, 19; Macdonalds, 18; Mackintoshes, 14. This is not as it should be; for while the Mackays only occupy a little over a page of the Inverness Directory, the Mackintoshes two, and the Mackenzies about three and a-half; the Macdonalds occupy over four, and the Frasers seven pages. We would like to see the Clans taking their proper places, by the "levelling-up" process of course.

WE regret to announce the sudden death, on the 19th of August, of Dr Kermann Ebel, Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Berlin. He superintended the new edition of Zeuss's *Grammatica Celtica*, and was one of the four or five leading Celtic scholars of the age.

IT will be seen that Logan's "Scottish Gael"—a book now getting very scarce, and which was never, in consequence of its high price, within the reach of a wide circle of readers—is to be issued by Mr Hugh Mackenzie, Bank Lane, in 12 monthly parts at 2s each, Edited, with Memoir and Notes, by the Rev. Mr Stewart, "Nether-Lochaber." In this way the work will be much easier to get. It only requires to be known to secure the demand such an authority on the Celt—his language, literature, music, and ancient costume—deserves.

We take the following from the late Dr Norman Macleod's "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish" on Highlanders ashamed of their country. We believe the number to whom the paragraph is now applicable is more limited than when it first saw the light, but we could yet point to a few of this contemptible tribe, of whom better things might be expected. We wish the reader to emphasize every line and accept it as our own views regarding these treacle-beer would-be-genteel excrescences of our noble race. A wart or tumour sometimes disfigures the finest oak of the forest, and these so-called Highlanders are just the warts and tumours of the Celtic races—they have their uses, no doubt:—"One class sometimes found in society we would especially beseech to depart; we mean Highlanders ashamed of their country. Cockneys are bad enough, but they are sincere and honest in their idolatry of the Great Babylon. Young Oxonians or young barristers, even when they become slashing London critics, are more harmless than they themselves imagine, and after all inspire less awe than Ben-Nevis, or than the celebrated agriculturist who proposed to decompose that mountain with acids, and to scatter the debris as a fertiliser over the Lochaber moss. But a Highlander born, who has been nurtured on oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes; who in his youth wore home-spun cloth, and was innocent of shoes and stockings; who blushed in his attempts to speak the English language; who never saw a nobler building for years than the little kirk in the glen, and who owes all that makes him tolerable in society to the Celtic blood which flows in spite of him through his veins;—for this man to be proud of his English accent, to sneer at the everlasting hills, the old kirk and its simple worship, and despise the race which has never disgraced him—faugh! Peat reek is frankincense in comparison with him; let him not be distracted by any of our reminiscences of the old country; leave us, we beseech of thee!"

THE SUNSET OF THE YEAR.

(OCTOBER.)

Sweet Summer's scowling foe impatient stands
On the horizon near of Nature's view.
At the sad sight the sweetly-coloured lands
Filled with the glowing woodlands' dying hue,
For Winter's darkening reign prepare the way.
In the green garden the tall Autumn flowers,
Filling with fragrant breath the beauteous bowers,
With resignation wait their dying day;
Bending their heads submissive to the will
Of Him, at whose command the sun stands still,
Nor dares to send to earth his gladd'ning ray.
Filled with the feeling of the coming doom
Of Nature's beauteous deeds, the heavenly hill
Hides its sad, shuddering face in cloudy gloom.
A whispering silence overhangs the scene,
As if awaiting the dark Winter storm
That fills with fear Hope's slowly-withering form.
Sinking to wintry death—till, pure and green,
Spring shall descend in song from sunny skies,
Smiling her into life. The sad wind sighs
Through flowerless woods, glowing towards their death,
In Winter's cruel, poison-breathing breath.
Fierce grows the murmur of the woodland rill,
Foaming in fury thro' the pensive trees,
Down the steep glen of the mist-mantled hill;
Deeper the roar of death-presageful seas;
While in the changeful woods the rivers seem
Wandering for ever in a Winter dream!

MAIDENKIRK, 1875. DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

LITERATURE.

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TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS. Vols. III. and IV., 1873-74 and 1874-75 (Bound in one).

THIS is the third publication issued by the Gaelic Society since its establishment in 1871. The previous volumes were very creditable, especially the first, but the one now before us is out of sight superior not only in size, but in the quality of its contents. First we have an Introduction of eight pages giving the history of the movement in favour of establishing a Celtic Chair in one of our Scottish Universities, and the steps taken by the Gaelic Society of London, who appear to have worked single-handed to promote this object since 1835, when they presented their first petition to the House of Commons, down to 1870, when the Council of the Edinburgh University took the matter in hand. In December 1869 the Gaelic Society of London sent out circulars addressed to ministers of all denominations in Scotland asking for information as to the number of churches in which Gaelic was preached. The circulars were returned, the result being "that out of 3395 places of worship of all denominations in Scotland, 461 had Gaelic services once-a-day in the following proportions —Established Church, 235; Free Church, 166; Catholic Chapels, 36; Baptists, 12; Episcopalians, 9; Congregationalists, 3."

The first paper in the volume is a very interesting account, by Dr Charles Mackay, the poet, of "The Scotch in America." We give the following extract:—

I was invited to dine with a wealthy gentleman of my own name. There were present on that occasion 120 other Scotchmen, and most of them wore the Highland dress. My host had a piper behind the chair playing the old familiar strains of the pipes. The gentleman told me, in the course of the evening, that his father was a poor cottar in Sutherlandshire. "My mother," said he, "was turned out upon the moor on a dark cold night, and upon that moor I was born." My friend's family afterwards went to America, and my friend became a "dry" merchant, or as you would say in Scotland, a draper. I said to him, seeing that his position had so improved, "Well, I suppose you do not bear any grudge against the people by whose agency your family were turned upon the moor." "No," he replied, "I cannot say that I bear them any grudge, but at the same time I cannot say that I forgive them. If my position has improved, it is by my own perseverance, and not by their good deeds or through their agency." In every great city of Canada—Toronto, Kingstown, Montreal, New Brunswick, St John's, Nova Scotia, and in almost every town and village, you will find many Scotchmen; in fact, in the large towns they are almost as numerous as in Edinburgh and Inverness. You will see a Highland name staring you in the face in any or every direction. If you ask for the principal merchant or principal banker, you will be almost sure to find that he's a Scotchman; and no matter in what part of the world your fellow-countrymen may be cast, they keep up the old manners and customs of their mother country. They never forget the good old times of "Auld lang syne;" they never forget the old songs they sung, the old tunes they played, nor the old reels and dances of Scotland.

The Scotch, especially in Canada, take the Gaelic with them. They have Gaelic newspapers, which have a large circulation—larger, perhaps, than any Gaelic newspaper at home. They have Gaelic preachers. In fact, there is one part of Canada which might be called the new Scotland; and it is a Scotchman who is now at the head of the Canadian Government—John Macdonald.*

* Since the paper was written, the Hon. John Macdonald gave place to another Scottish Highlander, the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, as Prime Minister of Canada.

The next is a paper by Archibald Farquharson, Tiree, headed "The Scotch at Home and Abroad," but really a thrilling appeal in favour of teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools. It is impossible to give an idea of this excellent paper by quoting extracts. We, however, give the following on the teaching of Gaelic in the schools:—

Reading a language they do not understand has a very bad effect upon children. It leaves the mind indolent and lazy; they do not put themselves to any trouble to endeavour to ascertain the meaning of what they read; whereas, were they taught to translate as they went along, whenever a word they did not understand presented itself to their minds, they would have no rest until they would master it by finding out its meaning. And I am pretty certain that were the Gaelic-speaking children thus to be taught, that by the time they would reach the age of fourteen years, they would be as far advanced, if not farther, than those who have no Gaelic at all; so that, instead of the Gaelic being their misfortune, it would be the very reverse. It would, with the exception of Welshmen (were they aware of it), place them on an eminence above any in Great Britain, not only as scholars, but as having the best languages for the soul and for the understanding. And should they enter college, they would actually leave others behind them, because, in the first place, they acquired the habit of translating in their youth, which would make translating from dead languages comparatively easy; and in the second place, they would derive great aid from their knowledge of the Gaelic. If Professor Blackie has found 500 Greek roots in the Gaelic, what aid would they derive from it in studying that language? and they would find equally as much aid in studying Latin, and even Hebrew.

Comparing the melody of the English with that of the Gaelic, Mr Farquharson says—

Certainly, compared with Gaelic and Broad Scotch, it [English] has no melody. It is true that it may be set off and adorned with artificial melody. What is the difference between natural and artificial melody? Natural melody is the appropriate melody with which a piece is sung which has true melody inherent in itself, and artificial melody is that with which a piece is sung that is destitute of real melody. In the former case the mind is influenced by what is sung, the music giving additional force and power to it; but in the latter case the mind is more influenced by the sound of the music than by what is sung. I may explain this by two young females; the one has, I do not call it a bonny face, but a very agreeable expression of countenance; the other has not. Were the former to be neatly and plainly dressed, her dress would give additional charms to her, but in looking at her you would not think of the dress at all, but of the charms of the young woman. But although the other were adorned in the highest style of fashion, with flowers and brocades, and chains of gold, and glittering jewels, in looking at her you would not think of the charms of the young woman, for charms she had none, your mind would be altogether occupied with what was artificial about her, with what did not belong to her, and not with what she was in herself. Both the natural and artificial melody elevate the mind, the one by what is sung, and the other by the grand sound of the music. There is real melody in "Scots wha hae," which is natural and appropriate, which gives additional power and force to the sentiment of the piece. In singing it the mind is not occupied with the sound, but with proud Edward, his chains and slavery—Scotia's King and law—the horrors of slavery—the blessing of liberty, and a fixed determination to act.

Dr Masson's description of "The Gael in the Far West" is a very readable paper, and gives an interesting account of his tour among the Canadian Gael, where he says, "the very names of places were redolent of the heather—in the land where, alas! the tenderest care has never yet been able to make the heather grow—Fingal, Glencoe, Lochiel, Glengarry, Inverness, Tobermory, St Kilda, Iona, Lochaber, and the rest!" We part with this paper perfectly satisfied that whether or not the Gael and his language are to be extirpated among his own native hills neither the race nor the language will yet become extinct in our British Colonies.

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, makes the following remarks on "The Church in the Highlands." He said that if they wished to improve the Highlands—

There was no way in which it could be done better than by raising the class from which ministers were drawn. He remembered saying at the opening meeting of this Society, that one of its objects should be to excite the interest of the upper classes in the language of their forefathers, inducing them to retain that language, or acquire it if lost. Because, when the cultivated classes lost their interest in it, the leaven which leavens society ceased to influence the mass of the people; and it was one of the most unfortunate things in regard to a dying language, when the upper classes lost the use of it, and the uneducated classes came to be in a worse condition than in an earlier state of civilisation, when there was an element of refinement among them. It was an understood fact, that the clergy at this moment had a great influence in the Highlands; and although there were persons present of different persuasions, he thought they would all admit that the Free Church was the Church that influenced the great mass of Highlanders. There were Catholics in Mar, Lochaber, the Long Island, and Strathglass, and Episcopalians in Appin; but the people generally belonged to the Free Church, and if they wanted to influence the mass, it was through the clergy of the Free Church they could do it. Now, it was an unfortunate thing, and generally admitted, that the clergy of the Free Church—he believed it was the same in the Established Church—were not rising in intellect and social rank—that there was rather a falling off in that—that the clergy were drawn not so much from the manse as from the cottar's house; and though he knew a number of clergy, very excellent, godly men, and very superior, considering the station from which they had risen, he thought it was not advantageous, as a rule, to draw the clergy from the lower, uneducated classes. They did not start with that advantage in life which their sons would start with. There had been a talk of instituting bursaries for the advancement of Gaelic-speaking students. He did not see why they should not start a bursary or have a special subscription—he would himself contribute to it—a bursary for theological students sprung from parents of education—whose parents had been ministers, or who themselves had taken a degree in arts. That would tend to encourage the introduction of a superior class of clergymen. He wished to say nothing against the present ministers. He knew they were excellent men, but he thought their sons would be, in many cases, superior to themselves if they took to the ministry. He was sorry they did not take to it more frequently, and he would be glad if this Society offered them some encouragement.

Two learned papers appear from the Rev. John Macpherson, Lairg, and Dr M'Lauchlan, Edinburgh—the one on "The Origin of the Indo-European Languages," and the other—"Notices of Brittany." Space will not now allow us to give extracts long enough to give any idea of the value and interest of these papers, or of the one immediately following—a metrical translation into English of "Dan an Deirg"—by Lachlan Macbean, Inverness. We shall return to them in a future number.

The Rev. A. C. Sutherland gives one of the best written and most interesting papers in the volume on the "Poetry of Dugald Buchanan, the Rannach Bard." The following is a specimen of Mr Sutherland's treatment of the poet, and of his own agreeable style:—

At the time when the great English critic was oracularly declaring that the verities of religion were incapable of poetic treatment, there was a simple Highlander, quietly composing poems, which, of themselves, would have upset the strange view, otherwise sufficiently absurd. But in all justice, we must say that many, very many, both of Gaelic and English poets, who have attempted to embody religious sentiments in poetic forms, have, by their weak efforts, exposed themselves, unarmed, to the attacks of those who would exclude religion from the sphere of the imagination. All good poetry, in the highest sense, deals with, and appeals to, what is universal and common to all men. . .

It is frequently charged upon the Celt, that in religion as in other matters, emotion, inward feeling in the shape of awe, adoration, undefined reverence, are more eagerly sought, and consequently more honoured, than the practice of the simple external virtues, of which feeling should be the ministers and fountains. Whether this accusation holds good generally, or whether it applies more particularly to the more recent manifestations of the religious life among us, this is not the time to inquire. One thing we are sure of, that a representative religious teacher like Buchanan never allows that any fulness of inward life can dispense with the duties of every-day life, with mercy, truth, industry, generosity, self-control. The unworthy man who is excluded from the kingdom is not the man of blunt, homely feeling, incapable of ecstatic rapture and exalted emotion, but the man who locks up for himself the gold God gave him for the general good, who shuts his ear to the cry of the poor, who entrenches his heart behind a cold inhu-

manity, who permits the naked to shiver unclothed, who lessens not his increasing flock by a single kid to satisfy the orphan's want. Indeed, one who reads carefully Buchanan's *Day of Judgment*, with his mind full of the prejudices or truths regarding the place of honour given by the Celt to inward experience and minute self-analysis, cannot fail to be astonished how small a place these occupy in that great poem. There, at least, mental experience is of no value, except in so far as it blossoms into truth, purity, and love. We cannot, however, pause to illustrate these statements in detail. We shall merely refer to the indignation into which the muse of Buchanan is stirred in the presence of pride and oppression. The lowest deep is reserved for these. The poet's charity for men in general becomes the sublime growl of a lion as it confronts the chief who fleeces but tends not his people.

" An robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuàth,
'S a' tanach an gruaidh le màl;
Le h-agartas geur,
A glacadh an spréidh,
'S am bochdainn ag eigheach dail ?

Gun chridhe aig na daoine,
Bha air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigeannan maola truagh;
Bhi seasamh a' d' chòir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dòrn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reota an cluas.

Thu nise do thràill,
Gun urram a' d' dhàil,
Gun ghearsonn, gun mhàl, gun mhod :
Mor mholadh do'n bhàs,
A chasgair thu trà,
'S nach d' fhuiling do straic fo'n fhòid."

We part with this paper with an interest in Buchanan's Poems which we never before felt, although we repeatedly read them.

A well written paper, in Gaelic, by John Macdonald, Inland Revenue, Lanark, brings the session of 1873-74 to an end. Mr Macdonald advocates the adoption of one recognised system of orthography in writing Gaelic, and concludes in favour of that of the Gaelic Bible, as being not only the best and purest, but also the best known.

In the second part of the volume 1874-75 are Professor Blackie's famous address, under the auspices of the Society, his first in favour of a Celtic Professor; "The Black Watch Deserters" by Alex. Mackintosh Shaw, London; "History of the Gaelic Church of Inverness, by Alex. Fraser, accountant; "Ancient Unpublished Gaelic Poetry," "The Prophecies of *Coinneach Odar Fiosaiche*, the Brahan Seer," by Alex. Mackenzie, Secretary to the Society; and other interesting matter. We shall notice these in our next number. This valuable volume is given free to all Members of the Society, besides free Admission to all Lectures and Meetings, while the Annual Subscription for Ordinary Membership is only 5s.

SONGS AND POEMS IN THE GAELIC LANGUAGE. By DUNCAN MACKENZIE, *" The Kenlochewe Bard." Written* verbatim *from the Bard's own Recitation, and Edited, with an Introduction in English, by Alexander Mackenzie, Secretary to the Gaelic Society of Inverness.*

WE have before us part first of the above Songs and Poems, containing thirteen pieces, and consisting of 36 pp., crown 8vo, with an Introduction. We have not met with anything to equal them in our language for pith, spirit, and poetic genius, since the days of *Rob Donn;* and we trust

the bard will receive the encouragement he so well deserves with the first part, so as to enable him to give us the second on an early date. There is a short introduction to each piece, which gives them an additional interest. We notice a few unimportant editorial errors which we know Mr Mackenzie would be the first to admit and correct. The following three verses are from "Moladh na Gailig"—air fonn *Cabar-feidh*,—and is a fair specimen, although by no means the best in the book:—

Si Ghailig cainnt as aosda
Th' aig daoine air an talamh so,
Tha buaidh aic' air an t-saoghal
Nach fhaodar a bhreithneachadh,
Cha teid i chaoidh air dhi-chuimhn',
Cha chaochail 's cha chaidil i,
'S cha teid srian na taod innt'
A dh' aindeon taobh dha 'n tachair i,
Tha miltean feairt, le cliu, 's le tlachd,
Dha cumail ceart neo-mhearachdach,
'S i treun a neart, le briathran pailt,
Cha chriòn, 's cha chaith, 's cha theirig i,
Tha cuimhne 'us beachd na lorg, 's na taic,
'S cha n-iarr i facal leasaichidh.
An am sinn na sailm gur binn a toirm
Seach ceol a dhealbh na h-Eidailtich.

Tha fianaisean na Gailig
Cho laidir 's cho maireannach
'S nach urrainn daoine a h-aicheadh,
Tha seann ghnas a leantuinn ri.
Tha ciall 'us tuigse nadur,
Gach la deanamh soilleir dhuinn,
Gur i bu chainnt aig Adhamh
Sa gharadh, 's an deighe sin.
Gur i bh' aig Noah, an duine coir,
A ghleidh, nuair dhoirt an tuil, dhuinn i,
'S mhair i fos troimh iomadh seors',
'S gun deach a seoladh thugainne,
Do thir nam beann, nan stra, 's nan gleann,
Nan loch, 's na'n allt, 's na'n struthanan,
'S ge lionmhor fine fuidh na ghrein,
Se fir an fheilidh thuigeadh i.

Tha 'n t'urram aig an fheileadh
Seach eideadh as aithne dhuinn,
'S na daoine tha toir speis dha
Gur h-eudmhor na ceatharnaich.
A' cumail cuimhn air euchdan,
As treuntas an aithrichean,
A ghleidh troimh iomadh teimheil,
A suainteas fhein, gun dealachadh.
Oh! 's iomadh cruadal, cath, 'us tuasaid,
'S baiteal cruaidh a choinnich iad;
'S bu trice bhuaidh aca na ruaig,
Tha sgeula bhuan ud comharricht.
'S bu chaomh leo fuaim piob-mhor ri 'n cluais
Dha 'n cuir air ghluasad togarrach,
Sa dh-aindeon claidheamh, sleagh, na tuadh,
Cha chuireadh uamhas eagal orr.

The Celtic Magazine.

THE Promoters of this Magazine will spare no effort to make it worthy of the support of the Celt throughout the World. It will be devoted to Celtic subjects generally, and not merely to questions affecting the Scottish Highlands. It will afford Biographies of Eminent Highlanders at home and abroad—Reviews of all Books on subjects interesting to the Celtic Races—their Literature, questions affecting the Land—Hypothec, Entail, Tenant-right, Sport, Reclamation—Emigration, and all questions affecting Landlords, Tenants, and Commerce of the Highlands. On all these questions both sides will be allowed to present their case, the only conditions being that the articles be well and temperately written. Care will always be taken that no one side of a question will obtain undue prominence—facts and arguments on both sides being allowed to work conviction.

The Promoters believe that, under the wiser and more enlightened management now developing itself, there is room enough in the Highlands for more Men, more Land under cultivation, and more Sheep, without any diminution of Sport in Grouse or Deer. That there is room enough for all—for more gallant defenders of our country in time of need, more produce, more comfort, and more intelligence; and the Conductors will afford a *medium* for giving expression to these views. In order the more successfully to interest the general reader in Celtic questions, the Magazine will be written in English, with the exception of contributions concerning Antiquities and Folk-lore, which may require the native language, It is intended, as soon as arrangements can be made, to have a Serial Highland Story appearing from month to month.

The following have among others already forwarded or promised contributions:—The Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN on "Macaulay's Treatment of Ossian"; The Very Rev. ULICK J. CANON BOURKE, M.R.I.A., President of St Jarlath's College, Tuam, on "The Relationship of the Keltic and Latin Races"; CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, Esq., M.P., on "Forestry or Tree-planting in the Highlands"; The "NETHER-LOCHABER" CORRESPONDENT of the *Inverness Courier*, on "Highland Folk-lore"; The Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, Lairg, "Old Unpublished Gaelic Songs, with Notes"; Professor BLACKIE, a Translation of "Mairidh Laghach"; Principal SHAIRP, St Andrews, on "Subjects connected with Highland Poetry, and the Poetic Aspects of the Highlands"; ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Secretary of the Gaelic Society, "Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche—the Brahan Seer's Prophecies"; "The Traditional History of how the Mackenzies came into possession of Gairloch, and drove out the Macleods"; "Latha na Luinge"; "Freiceadan a Choire Dhuibh"; "Latha Lochan Neatha," and other West Highland Folk-lore and Unpublished Gaelic Poetry; ALEX. FRASER, Accountant, Inverness, "Curiosities from the Old Burgh Records of Inverness; The Rev. A. SINCLAIR, Kenmore, on "The Authenticity of Ossian"; WM. ALLAN, Sunderland, author of "Heather Bells," "Hame-Spun Lilts," and other Poems; Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness, "Old Highland Reminiscenses"; The KENLOCHEWE BARD, an Original Gaelic Poem every month. Contributions are also promised from Dr CHARLES MACKAY, the poet; Dr THOMAS M'LAUCHLAN, Sheriff NICOLSON, WM. JOLLY, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools; ARCHIBALD FARQUHARSON, Tiree, on "The Songs and Music of the Highlands"; H. GAIDOZ, editor of the *Revue Celtique*, Paris; The Rev. WALTER M'GILLIVRAY, D.D., Aberdeen; The Rev. A. C. SUTHERLAND, Strathbraan; KENNETH MURRAY, Esq. of Geanies; JOHN CAMERON MACPHEE, President of the Gaelic Society of London; Rev. J. W. WRIGHT, Inverness; and other well-known writers on Celtic subjects, Traditions, and Folk-lore.

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ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. II. DECEMBER 1875.

THE STATE OF THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

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In controversy about Ossian, the man on the affirmative side has an immeasurable advantage over all others; and, with an average practical acquaintance with the subject, may exhaust any antagonist. The contents, the connection, and the details; the origin, the tradition, the translation; the poetry, the sentiment, the style; the history, the characters, the *dramatis personæ;* the aspects of nature represented, the customs and manners of the people; the conflicting nationalities introduced, the eventful issues, the romantic incidents; the probable scenes, the subsequent changes; the philosophy and the facts, and multiplied revelations of humanity—all these, and many more such themes inseparably connected with Ossian, if a man rightly understands and believes in them, would enable him to maintain his position in actual controversy, with integrity and ease, for a twelvemonth. The man, on the other hand, who does not believe in the authenticity of Ossian must forego all these advantages in succession, and will reduce himself to straits in an hour. He dare not expatiate or admire, or love, or eulogise, or trust, or credit, or contemplate, or sympathise with anything; or admit a fact, or listen to a word, or look at an argument, on the peril of immediate discomfiture. He must simply shut the book. His only stronghold is denial; his sole logic is assertion; his best rhetoric is abuse; his *ultima ratio* is to create distrust, and to involve both himself and everybody else in confusion. Genius, for example, he declares without hesitation to be trickery; poetry to be bombast; pathos, monotonous moaning; the tenderest human love to be sham; the most interesting natural incidents, contemptible inventions; the plainest statistical information, a deliberate act of theft; the sublimest conceptions of human character, a fudge; the details of human history for three hundred years, a melodramatic, incredible fiction; and what cannot now be found anywhere else recorded, a dream; accidental coincidence he speaks of as detected dishonesty; imaginary resemblance, as guilty adaptation; a style suitable to the subject, as plagiarism; occasional inspiration he calls a lie; translation, a forgery; and the whole, if not a "magnificent mystification," then, in Procurator-Fiscal phrase, a "wilful falsehood, fraud, and imposition." But all this, without proof—and nothing like proof is ever advanced—may be said in an hour, and the argument would remain as it is. Such, in point of fact, has been the

sum total of assault, reiterated by every new antagonist with increasing boldness for a century, till reasonable readers have become callous to it, and only ignorant or prejudiced listeners are impressed. To be "hopelessly convinced" by it, is perhaps the latest phase of incredulity; to be edified or enlightened by it is impossible.

But, besides the advantage of being able to speak with freedom of an author like Ossian, from any natural point of view, an almost infinitely higher advantage still is to be obtained by actually verifying his text; by realising his descriptions, ascertaining his alleged facts, and localising the scenes of his narrative. Whatever is truly grand in Ossian may thus be identified with nature, if it has a counterpart there; and what seems only an imaginary outline at first may be filled up and fixed for ever as among her own still extant properties. A new sense, coherent and intelligible, may thus be imparted to the most familiar figures; and not an allusion to earth or sky, to rock or river, will be lost after such a process. Nay, a certain philosophic significance, amounting to scientific revelation, may be honestly associated with some of his loftiest figures; and what the translator himself apologises for as extravagant, may be thus converted into dreamful intuitions of hidden fact and poetic forecasting of future discoveries. Mr Arnold, in his *Celtic Literature*, seems to glance at such a capacity in Celtic man—"His sensibility gives him a peculiarly near and intimate feeling of nature, and the life of nature; here, too, he seems in a special way attracted by the secret before him, the secret of natural beauty and natural magic, and to be close to it, to half-divine it," p. 108. But Mr Arnold does not seem to include in this capacity the intuitions of natural science, at least not for Ossian; yet nothing can be more certain than that Ossian and his fellow-countrymen enjoyed them.

That verification to such an extent, however, both of facts and localities, and ideas—philosophic or imaginative, in the text of Ossian, was possible, has scarcely hitherto been believed by any one; it has certainly never been attempted. A sort of vagueness in many of his descriptions ill-understood, and a similarity in poetic figures that might be indiscriminately applied; and an occasional apparent conflict or confusion of details seem to have deterred almost all readers from the study we now recommend. But all these difficulties, of verification and interpretation alike, are only on the surface; and not even there, if it has been looked at attentively. Let any intelligent reader, with the poems which refer to Scotland in his hand, survey the Clyde, the Kelvin, and the Carron, and trace the still remaining footsteps of nature and of civilization through distant centuries on their banks, and he will see that Ossian has been there. Let him look steadily even at the cloud-drifts from the Atlantic, as they troop or roll along in a thousand fantastic forms, converging all to a certain inland range, and he will understand that the author of these poems must have seen and studied them so. Let him proceed then to Arran, and he will discover there, if he looks and listens, not only scenes and traditions, and monuments of sepulture, still associated with the names of Oscar and Malvina, Fingal and Ossian—in literal confirmation of what has been stated in the text concerning them; but the only reliable account, by survey and tradition also, of the Fingalian

expeditions from Morven to Ireland. Let him then, by direct communication, which is occasionally possible from Arran; or by any circuit he pleases, disembark in the Bay of Larne "with its bosom of echoing woods," as Fingal himself must have done; and there, with *Fingal* and *Temora* in hand, let him survey the entire region between Larne and Belfast. Let him march with his eyes open by the pass of Glenoe, and try to ascend it on the old track—by the "narrow way at the stream of the battle of thousands," round the double-headed rock there by moonlight, or in the misty dawn; and before attempting this, let him look carefully around among the limestone cliffs for any other reasonable opening; and if he does not begin to suspect, at least, that it was here Cuchullin stood, and Calmar fell, against the invading Norse, he must be "hopelessly convinced" to the contrary, indeed. Onwards let him prosecute his journey, looking backwards occasionally to the sea, where the ships of Fingal should be appearing—onwards among marshy Lenas, open Straths, half cultivated Heaths—with an occasional monolith among the enclosures, testifying to what has once been done there; onwards, with his eye now to the ridges on the left—on one of which, below Carneal or thereabouts, the head-quarters of Fingal must have been before the campaigns began—onwards until he touches the source of the Six-Mile-Water above Balynure; and there, looking steadily westward down the strath where the river winds, let him recall the very words of the text in his hand—"Nor settled from the storm is Erin's sea of war; they glitter beneath the moon, and, low-humming, still roll on the field. Alone are the steps of Cathmor, before them on the heath; he hangs forward with all his arms on Morven's flying host. . . . They who were terrible were removed: Lubar winds again in their host":—and then ask himself deliberately if the whole scene, with the relative changes of position in the contending armies, the retreat of the one that had been advancing, the pursuit of the other that had been retreating, the recrossing of the stream by both over some of its hundred links, and the temporary pause of battle in that valley, with hosts on either side of the river which now flowed through the ranks of one of them, whilst the other was in retreat up the ridge—could have been more truly described by poet or geographer than it has been in these few words of Ossian? Onward let him proceed, if he pleases, by Ballynure and Ballyclare to Lough Neagh; or let him return again across the valley to the north, in a line at right angles to the road between Larne and Connor. But before he moves from the spot let him glance round for a moment to the south, in the direction of Carrickfergus —"where a valley spreads green behind the hill [literally spreads] with its three blue streams. The sun is there in silence; [that touch is wonderful—no war, as yet, is there] and the dun mountain roes come down." Let him search there at leisure, if he pleases, and he will find the stream of the Noisy Vale, where poor Sulmalla saw the vision of Cathmor's ghost, and "the lake of roes," where Lady Morna died, still Loch Mourne, a little farther east on the mountain. But if this should be inconvenient, then by a step or two forward to the top of the ridge on the right he will come in view of the northern branch of the Six-Mile-Water; and now let him steadily consider what he sees. From east to west before him, lies the Drumadarragh range; between himself and which

lies the valley of the Deer Park, intersected by the river, whereabouts, in all probability, the assassination of Oscar took place. Beyond the ridge and through the pass just visible, rises the Glenwherry Water; near the head of which, as has been fully explained, both in "Ossian and the Clyde" and elsewhere, should be found a cave in some rocky cliff, with oaks, or the remains of oaks, before it; whilst the river, in its sheltered course or *Cluna*, glides below. "Crommal, with woody rocks and misty top, the field of winds, pours forth to the light blue Lubar's streamy roar. Behind it rolls clear-winding Lavath, in the still vale of deer. A cave is dark in a rock; above it strong-winged eagles dwell; broad-headed oaks before it, sound in Cluna's wind. Within, in his locks of youth, is Ferad-Artho, blue-eyed king, the son of broad-shielded Cairbar, from Ullin of the roes. He listens to the voice of Condan, as grey he bends in feeble light. He listens, for his foes dwell in the echoing halls of Temora. He comes at times abroad, in the skirts of mist, to pierce the bounding roes. When the sun looks on the field, nor by the rock nor stream is he! He shuns the race of Bolga, who dwell in his father's hall." Let him march then to Ferad-Artho's hiding place, across the intervening valley—taking leisurely note, as he goes, of every monolith or cairn on his track; and either up the face of the hill, or through the pass on his right, where the high road now runs, and so on to the hamlet of Maghgerabane; above which, on the Skerry—a gloomy, low-browed, basaltic precipice before him—like a dark porch or portico, in the very face of the rock, halfway up, he will descry the cave in question. He should now cross the Glenwherry at the village, in its grassy gorge, and draw nearer to the portico on the hillside beyond it, keeping a steady look-out for the roots of oaks, for they are still to be discovered there, as he ascends the cliff. Three of them in a row, about twenty feet below the cave, but directly in front of it, although now overwhelmed with ruins, still send up shoots; and two more, a little farther up to the west of it, are equally conspicuous. He will find the cave itself half-ruined already, by the continual fall of basaltic masses from the mountain; and in attempting to scale the rock at the door of the cave, he should be as circumspect as possible, lest a worst thing than the breaking of a bone befals him. He need not, however, be afraid of "strong-winged eagles," for they are gone; nor need he look for "bounding roes" in the valley, for they are probably exterminated; but he may still look westward on one of the sweetest and stillest vales in the bounds of the Island; and when he remembers that he is now within a few miles of Connor, which is the Temora of Ossian, he will have no difficulty in understanding how Ferad-Artho was brought for shelter and for safety to the cave just above him; or how easily the boy-king could be discovered there by his friends in Fingal's camp to the south, who knew exactly where to find him. Such explorations are but the one-half of what may still be made from the text of Ossian, in this very region; but these will occupy at least three days of a week in summer, and are long enough for present detail in the columns of the *Celtic*. There are other regions however, far beyond Ireland, not so accessible to ordinary tourists, which may be examined nevertheless, with equal certainty by geological survey and geographical report; and to these, on some future occasion, we may take an opportunity of directing the reader's attention.

In the meantime, by way of bringing our present argument to a point, would the reader believe that Macpherson, by whose text alone hitherto we have been guided, was himself more ignorant of these very scenes than a school boy; that he never, in fact, saw them, and did not know where, in Scotland or in Ireland, they were to be found? Yet such is the case. Of the Clyde, of which he could not help knowing something, he knew nevertheless very little—yet not much less than some of our modern geologists; but of localities on the Clyde, or between the Forth and the Clyde, as described in Ossian, he knew nothing. The Kelvin, in like manner, as an Ossianic river, was utterly unknown to him; he does not even attempt to translate its name. All that pertains to Arran, and still so distinctly traceable there by the help of his own text in *Berrathon*—for which Gaelic no longer exists—he transfers in his ignorance to the wilds of Morven. As for Ireland, all that he knows, or seems to know, is that Ullin is Ulster; but the very scenes which are most conspicuous in Ulster he transfers to Leinster—from Antrim, for example, to Meath; and the rest to some undistinguishable point between Londonderry and Armagh. He brings Sulmalla and her forefathers from Wales instead of Wigtonshire, into Wicklow instead of Ardglass; and he lands both Swaran and Cuchullin and Fingal in Lough Foyle apparently, instead of in the Bay of Larne or Belfast? In such circumstances, of what use is it for critics any longer to go on squabbling over Gaelic editions, collecting and collating mediæval Gaelic ballads, and asserting with hopeless fatuity that he was the author of these poems, or that he stole them from the Irish? The Irish themselves are as ignorant of the subject as he is; and yet in spite of all this ignorance on his part and theirs, the text of his translation has received on every page of it the unequivocal countersign of Nature, which can neither be forged nor forfeited. Taking all which into account, does it not now begin to be plain to unprejudiced readers that the whole of this Ossianic controversy has been hitherto on wrong ground; and that if the truth of it is to be arrived at, at all, it must be removed to other ground—from questionable MSS. and mediæval ballads, to the region of facts and the domain of reality? We do not assert that the sort of facts now adduced by us, and elsewhere systematised and elaborated, are the only facts, or the only kind of facts to be considered in such a controversy; but we do assert that their importance is supreme, and that they have never hitherto been admitted in the controversy. It is to facts however, and to facts like these, that the attention of Ossianic students ought now to be directed; and at every step, if we are not greatly deceived, they will multiply and reiterate their testimony in so decided a fashion, that it will be impossible for any critic, or for any collector in the world, to disregard or dispose of them. All farther serious controversy on the subject, in short, is destined to be of this character—common-sense and practical; and the sooner we prepare ourselves, as honest enquirers, to engage in it after this fashion and in this spirit, the better.

P. HATELY WADDELL.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

We are in a west coast village or township, cut off from all communication with the outer world, without Steamers, Railways, or even Roads. We grow our own corn, and produce our beef, our mutton, our butter, our cheese, and our wool. We do our own carding, our spining, and our weaving. We marry and are taken in marriage by, and among, our own kith and kin. In short, we are almost entirely independent of the more civilized and more favoured south. The few articles we do not produce—tobacco and tea,—our local merchant, the only one in a district about forty square miles in extent, carries on his back, once a month or so, from the Capital of the Highlands. We occasionally indulge in a little whisky at Christmas and the New Year, at our weddings and our balls. We make it too, and we make it well. The Salmon Fishery Acts are, as yet, not strictly enforced, and we can occasionally shoot—sometimes even in our gardens—and carry home, without fear of serious molestation, the monarch of the forest. We are not overworked. We live plainly but well, on fresh fish, potatoes and herring, porridge and milk, beef and mutton, eggs, butter, and cheese. Modern pickles and spices are as unknown as they are unnecessary. True, our houses are built not according to the most modern principles of architecture. They are, in most cases, built of undressed stone and moss *(coinneach)*, thatched with turf or divots, generally covered over with straw or ferns held on by a covering of old herring nets, straw, and rope, or *siaman.*

The houses are usually divided into three apartments—one door in the byre end leading to the whole. Immediately we enter we find ourselves among the cattle. A stone wall, or sometimes a partition of clay and straw separates the byre from the kitchen. Another partition, usually of a more elegant description, separates the latter from the *Culaist* or sleeping apartment. In the centre of the kitchen a pavement of three or four feet in diameter is laid, slightly raised towards the middle, on which is placed the peat fire. The smoke, by a kind of instinct peculiar to peat smoke, finds its way to a hole in the roof called the *falas,* and makes its escape. The fire in the centre of the room was almost a necessity of the good old *Ceilidh* days. When the people congregated in the evening, the circle could be extended to the full capacity of the room, and occasionally it became necessary to have a circle within a circle. A few extra peats on the fire would, at any time, by the additional heat produced, cause an extension of the circle, and at the same time send its warming influences to the utmost recesses of the apartment. The circle became extended by merely pushing back the seats, and this arrangement became absolutely necessary in the houses which were most celebrated as the great *Ceilidh* centres of the district.

The *Ceilidh* rendezvous is the house in which all the Folk-lore of the country, all the old *sgeulachdan* or stories, the ancient poetry known

to the bards or *Seanachaidhean*, and old riddles and proverbs are recited from night to night by old and young. All who took an interest in such questions congregated in the evening in these centres of song and story. They were also great centres of local industry. Net-making was the staple occupation, at which the younger members of the circle had to take a spell in turn. Five or six nets were attached in different corners of the apartment to a chair, a bedstead or post set up for the purpose, and an equal number of young gossippers nimbly plied their fingers at the rate of a pound of yarn a day. Thus, a large number of nets were turned out during the winter months, the proceeds of which, when the nets were not made for the members of the household, went to pay for tobacco and other luxuries for the older and most necessitous members of the circle.

With these preliminary remarks we shall now introduce the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* to the most famous *Ceilidh* house in the district, and ask them to follow us from month to month while we introduce the principal members of the celebrated circle. We shall make each re-appear in these pages to repeat their old stories, recite old poems, never published elsewhere, propound riddles, and in this way we shall be able to lay before our readers a vast amount of the legends, clan feuds, and traditional family history, connected with the Highlands, a large amount of unpublished poetry, *duans*, riddles, proverbs, and Highland customs. It will be necessary to give a great part in the original Gaelic, especially the poetry; but translations of the legends, riddles, and proverbs, will be given when convenient.

The house is such as we have above described. The good-man is bordering upon five-score. He is a bard of no mean order, often delighting his circle of admiring friends with his own compositions, as well as with those of Ossian and other ancient bards. He holds a responsible office in the church, is ground-officer for the laird as well as family bard. He possesses the only Gaelic New Testament in the district. He lives in the old house with three sons whose ages range from 75 to 68, all full of Highland song and story, especially the youngest two—John and Donald. When in the district, drovers from Lochaber, Badenoch, and all parts of the Highlands find their way to this noted *Ceilidh* house. Bards, itinerants of all sorts, travelling tinkers, pipers, fiddlers, and mendicants, who loved to hear or tell a good story, recite an old poem or compose a modern one—all come and are well received among the regular visitors in the famous establishment. As we proceed, each of the strangers and local celebrities will recite their own tales, not only those of their own districts but also those picked up in their wanderings throughout the various parts of the country.

It was a condition never deviated from, that every one in the house took some part in the evening's performance, with a story, a poem, a riddle, or a proverb. This rule was not only wholesome, but one which became almost a necessity to keep the company select, and the house from becoming overcrowded. A large oak chair was placed in a particular spot—"where the sun rose"—the occupant of which had to commence the evening's entertainment when the company assembled, the con-

sequence being that this seat, although one of the best in the house, was usually the last occupied; and in some cases, when the house was not overcrowded, it was never taken up at all. In the latter case the one who sat next to it on the left, had to commence the evening's proceedings.

It was no uncommon thing to see one of the company obliged to coin something for the occasion when otherwise unprepared. On one occasion the bard's grandson happened to find himself in the oak chair, and was called upon to start the night's entertainment. Being in his own house he was not quite prepared for the unanimous and imperative demand made upon him to carry out the usual rule, or leave the room. After some hesitation, and a little private humming in an undertone, he commenced, however, a rythmical description of his grandfather's house, which is so faithful that, we think, we cannot do better than give it here, although chronologically it should be given further on. The picture was complete, and brought down the plaudits of the house upon the "young bard" as he was henceforth designated.

TIGH MO SHEANAIR.

An cuala sibh riamh mu'n tigh aig I——r
'S ann air tha'n deanamh tha ciallach ceart
'S iomadh bliadhna o'n chaidh a dheanamh
Ach 's mor as fhiach e ged tha e sean
Se duine ciallach chuir ceanna-crioch air
'S gur mor am pianadh a fhuair a phears
Le clachan mora ga'n cuir an ordugh,
'S *Sament* da choinutich ga'n cumail ceart.

Tha dorus mor air ma choinneamh 'n-otraich
'Us cloidhean oir air ga chumail glaist
Tha uinneag chinn air ma choinneamh 'n teintean
'Us *screen* aide oirre 'dh-fhodar glas;
Tha'n ceann a bhan deth o bheul an fhalais
A deanamh baithach air son a chruidh
S gur cubhraidh am faladh a thig gu laidir
O leid, na batha 'sa ghamhuinn duibh.

Tha cathe 's culaist ga dheanamh dubailt
'S gur mor an urnais tha anns an tigh
Tha seidhir-ghairdean da dharach laidir
'Us siaman bàn air ga chumail ceart,
Tha lota lair ann, da ghrèbhail cathair
'S cha chaith 's cha chnamh e gu brath n' am feasd
Tha carpad mor air da luath na moine
'S *upstairs* ceo ann le cion na *vent*.

Tha sparan suithe o thaobh gu taobh ann
'Us ceangail luibte gan cumail ceart
Tha tuthain chaltuinn o cheann gu ceann deth
'Us maide slabhraidh 's gur mor a neart,
Tha lathais laidir o bheul an fhail air,
Gu ruig am falas sgur mor am fad,
Tha ropan siamain 'us pailteas lion air
'S mar eil e dionach cha 'n eil mi ceart.

On one occasion, on a dark and stormy winter's night, the lightning flashing through the heavens, the thunder clap loud and long, the wind blowing furiously, and heavy dark ominous clouds gathering in the north-west, the circle had already gathered, and almost every seat was occupied. It was the evening of the day of one of the local cattle markets. Three men came in, two of them well-known drovers or cattle buyers who had visited the house on previous occasions, the other a gentleman

who had, some time previously, arrived and taken up his quarters in the district. No one knew who he was, where he came from, or what his name was. There were all sorts of rumours floating amongst the inhabitants regarding him; that he had committed some crime, and escaped from justice; that he was a gentleman of high estate, who had fallen in love with a lowly maiden and run away to spite his family for objecting to the alliance; and various other surmises. He was discovered to be a gentleman and a scholar, and particularly frank and free in his conversation with the people about everything except his own history and antecedents, and was a walking encyclopædia of all kinds of legendary lore connected with the southern parts of the country. His appearance caused quite a flutter among the assembled rustics. He was, however, heartily welcomed by the old bard and members of the circle, and was offered a seat a little to the left of the oak arm chair. It was soon found that he was a perfect master of Gaelic as well as English. It was also found on further acquaintance, during many subsequent visits, that he never told a story or legend without a preliminary introduction of his own, told in such a manner as to add immensely to the interest of the tale.

"*Coinnichidh na daoine ri cheile ach cha choinnich na cnuic*"—(Men will meet each other, but hills will never meet), said *Ruairidh Mor a Chnuic*, who, on this occasion, found himself in the Oak Chair. "Very true," said the next man to the left. "*Cuiridh an teanga snaim nach t-fhuasgail an fhiacaill*"—(The tongue will tie a knot which the tooth cannot loosen). "Let some one give us a story." "*Cha robh sgialach nach robh briagach*"—(He who is a good story-teller is also a good retailer of lies), says Callum a Ghlinne, or Malcolm of the Glen, an excellent story-teller when he liked. "I'll give you a riddle though, and perhaps we may get a *sgeulachd* from the stranger, the gentleman, on my left," "*An rud nach eil 's nach robh, 's nach bi' sin do laimh 'us chi thu e*"—(What is not, never was, and never will be, stretch forth your hand and you'll see it). This was soon answered by the younger members—"*Bar na meur uileadh an aon fhad*"—(The points of the fingers the same length). It now comes the turn of the romantic stranger, who shall in these pages be known as "Norman of the Yacht." He was in no way put out, consented; and immediately began the Legend, of which, and his introductory remarks, the following is a translation :—

THE SPELL OF CADBOLL.

In olden days the east coast of Scotland was studded with fortresses, which, like a cresent chain of sentinels, watched carefully for the protection of their owners and their dependents. The ruins remain and raise their hoary heads over valley and stream, river bank and sea shore, along which nobles, and knights, and followers "boden in effeyre-weir" went gallantly to their fates; and where in the Highlands many a weary drove followed from the foray, in which they had been driven far from Lowland pastures or distant glens, with whose inhabitants a feud existed. Could the bearded warriors, who once thronged these halls awake, they would witness many a wonderful change since the half-forgotten days when they lived and loved, revelled, and fought, conquered, or sustained defeat. Where the bearer of the Crann-tara or fiery cross once rushed

along on his hasty errand, the lightning of heaven now flashes by telegraphic wires to the farthest corners of the land. Through the craggie passes, and along the level plains, marked centuries ago with scarce a bridle path, the mighty steam horse now thunders over its iron road; and where seaward once swam the skin *curach*, or the crazy fleets of diminutive war galleys, and tiny merchant vessels with their fantastic prows and sterns, and carved mast-heads, the huge hull of the steam propelled ship now breasts the waves that dash against the rugged headlands, or floats like a miniature volcano, with its attendant clouds of smoke obscuring the horizon.

The Parish of Fearn in Easter Ross contains several antiquities of very distant date. One of these shattered relics, Castle Cadboll, deserves notice on account of a singular tradition regarding it, once implicitly credited by the people—namely, that although inhabited for ages no person ever died within its walls. Its magical quality did not, however, prevent its dwellers from the suffering of disease, or the still more grievous evils attending on debility and old age. Hence many of the denizens of the castle became weary of life, particularly the Lady May, who lived there centuries ago, and who being long ailing, and longing for death, requested to be carried out of the building to die.

Her importunity at length prevailed; and according to the tradition, no sooner did she leave it than she expired.

Castle Cadboll is situated on the sea shore, looking over the broad ocean towards Norway. From that country, in the early ages of Scottish history, came many a powerful Jarl, or daring Vikingr, to the coasts, which, in comparison with their own land, seemed fertile and wealthy. There is a tradition of a Highland clan having sprung from one of those adventurers, who with his brother agreed that whoever should first touch the land would possess it by right.

The foremost was the ultimate ancestor of the tribe; his boat was almost on shore, when the other, by a vigorous stroke, shot a-head of him; but ere he could disembark, the disappointed competitor, with an exclamation of rage, cut off his left hand with his hatchet, and flinging the bloody trophy on the rocks, became, by thus "first touching Scottish ground," the owner of the country and founder of the clan. The perfect accuracy of this story cannot now be vouched for; but it is an undeniable fact that the clan MacLeod have successfully traced their origin to a Norwegian source; and there is a probability that the claim is correct from the manifestly Norwegian names borne by the founders of the Clan *Tormod* and *Torquil*, hence the *Siol Tormod*—the race of Tormod—the MacLeods of Harris; and the *Siol Torquil*, the race of *Torquil*—MacLeods of Lewis—of whom came the MacLeods of Assynt, one of whom betrayed Montrose in 1650, and from whom the estates passed away in the end of the seventeenth century to the Mackenzies.

The MacLeods of Cadboll are cadets of the house of Assynt. But to what branch the Lady May of the legend belonged it is difficult to decide, so many changes having occurred among Highland proprietors.

The cliffs of this part of Ross-shire are wild and precipitous, sinking with a sheer descent of two hundred feet to the ocean. The scenery is

more rugged than beautiful—little verdure and less foliage. Trees are stunted by the bitter eastern blast, and the soil is poor. Alders are, however, plentiful, and from them the parish has derived its name of Fearn. There is a number of caves in the cliffs along the shore towards Tarbet, where the promontory is bold, and crowned with a lighthouse, whose flickering rays are now the only substitute for the wonderful gem which was said of yore to sparkle on the brow of one of these eastern cliffs,—a bountiful provision of nature for the succour of the wave-tossed mariner.

During the reign of one of the early Stuart kings, *which* is of little moment, Roderick MacLeod ruled with a high and lordly hand within the feudal stronghold of Cadboll. He was a stout and stern knight, whose life had been spent amidst the turmoil of national warfare and clan strife.

Many a battle had he fought, and many a wound received since first he buckled on his father's sword for deadly combat. Amid the conflicting interests which actuated each neighbouring clan—disagreement on any one of which rendered an immediate appeal to arms, the readiest mode of solving the difficulty—it is not to be wondered at that Cadboll, as a matter of prudence, endeavoured to attach to himself, by every means in his power, those who were most likely to be serviceable and true. MacLeod had married late in life, and his wife dying soon after, while on a visit to her mother, left behind her an only daughter, who was dear as the apple of his eye to the old warrior, but, at the same time, he had no idea of any one connected with him having any freedom of will or exercise of opinion—save what he allowed—nor did he believe women's hearts were less elastic than his own, which he could bend to any needful expedient. About the period our story commences the Lady May was nearly eighteen years of age, a beautiful and gentle girl, whose hand was sought by many a young chief of the neighbouring clans; but all unsuccessfully, for the truth was she already loved, and was beloved, in secret, by young Hugh Munro from the side of Ben Wyvis.

The favoured of the daughter was not the choice of her father, simply because he was desirous to secure the aid of the Macraes, a tribe occupying Glenshiel, remarkable for great size and courage, and known in history as "the wild Macraes." The chief—Macrae of Inverinate, readily fell in with the views of MacLeod, and as the time fixed for his marriage with the lovely Lady May drew nigh, gratified triumph over his rival Munro, and hate intense as a being of such fierce passions could feel, glowed like a gleaming light in his fierce grey eyes.

"Once more," he said, "I will to the mountains to find him before the bridal. There shall be no chance of a leman crossing my married life, and none to divide the love Inverinate shall possess entire. By my father's soul, but the boy shall rue the hour he dared to cross my designs. Yes, rue it, for I swear to bring him bound to witness my marriage, and then hang him like a skulking wild cat on Inverinate green."

It was nightfall as he spoke thus. Little he knew that at the same moment Hugh Munro was sitting beneath the dark shadows of the alder trees, which grew under the window of the little chamber where May

MacLeod was weeping bitterly over the sad fate from which she could see no way of escape. As she sat thus the soft cry of the cushat fell upon her ears. Intently she listened for a few moments, and when it was repeated stepped to the window and opened it cautiously, leaning forth upon the sill. Again the sound stole from among the foliage, and May peered down into the gloom, but nothing met her gaze save the shadows of the waving branches upon the tower wall.

"It is his signal," she whispered to herself as the sound was repeated once more. "Ah me! I fear he will get himself into danger on account of these visits, and yet I cannot—I cannot bid him stay away."

She muffled herself in a dark plaid, moved towards the door, opened it cautiously, and listening with dread, timidly ventured down to meet her lover.

"I must and will beg him to-night to stay away in future" continued she, as she tripped cautiously down the narrow winding stair—"and yet to stay away? Ah me, it is to leave me to my misery; but it must be done, unkind as it may be, otherwise he will assuredly be captured and slain, for I fear Macrae suspects our meetings are not confined to the day and my father's presence."

After stealing through many dark passages, corridors, and staircases, in out-of-the-way nooks, she emerged into the open air, through a neglected postern shadowed by a large alder, opposite the spot from which the sound proceeded.

Again she gazed into the shadow, and there leaning against a tree growing on the edge of the crag she saw a tall slender figure. Well she knew the outlines of that form, and fondly her heart throbbed at the sound of the voice which now addressed her.

"Dearest," said the young Munro in a low tone, "I thought thou wouldst never come. I have been standing here like a statue against the trunk of this tree for the last half-hour watching for one blink of light from thy casement. But it seems thou preferrest darkness. Ah May, dear May, cease to indulge in gloomy forebodings."

"Would that I could, Hugh," she answered sadly. "What thoughts but gloomy ones can fill my mind when I am ever thinking of the danger you incur by coming here so often, and thinking too of the woeful fate to which we are both destined."

"Think no more of it" said her lover in a cheerful tone. "We have hope yet."

"Alas, there is no hope. Even this day my father hath fixed the time for—to me—this dreaded wedding? And thou Hugh, let this be our last meeting—*Mar tha mi!* our last in the world. Wert thou caught by Inverinate, he so hates thee, he would have thy life by the foulest means."

"Fear not for that dearest. And this bridal! Listen May, before that happen the eagle will swoop down and bear thee away to his free mountains, amid their sunny glens and bosky woods, to love thee darling as no other mortal, and certainly none of the Clan-'ic-Rathmhearlaich has heart to do."

"Ah me!" sighed May, "would that it could be so. I cannot leave my father until all other hope is gone, and yet I fear if I do not we are fated to be parted. Even this may be the last time we may meet. I warn thee, Hugh, I am well watched, and I beg you will be careful. Hush! was that a footfall in the grove below the crag?" and she pointed to a clump of trees at some distance under where they were standing, and on the path by which he would return.

"By my troth it may be so," said he. "Better, dear May, retire to your chamber and I shall remain here till you bid me good night from your window."

Again they listened, and again the rustling met their ears distinctly. It ceased, and the maiden bidding her mountain lover a fond good night, ascended to her chamber, while he disdaining to be frightened away by sound, moved to his former position below the alder tree. Seating himself at its root, with his eyes fixed on the window, in a voice low but distinct, he sang to one of the sweet sad lays of long ago, a ditty to his mistress, of which the following paraphrase will convey an idea:—

"Oh darling May, my promised bride,
List to my love—come fly with me,
Where down the dark Ben Wyvis side
The torrent dashes wild and free.
O'er sunny glen and forest brake;
O'er meadow green and mountain grand;
O'er rocky gorge and gleaming lake—
Come,—reign, the lady of the land.

Come cheer my lonely mountain home,
Where gleams the lake, where rills dance bright;
Where flowers bloom fair—come dearest come
And light my dark and starless night.
One witching gleam from thy bright eye
Can change to halls of joy my home!
One song, one softly uttered sigh,
Can cheer my lone heart—dearest come."

The moment the song ceased the fair form of May MacLeod appeared at the casement overhead, she waved a fond farewell to her mountain minstrel and closed the window; but the light deprived of her fair face had no charm for him—he gazed once more at the pane through which it beamed like a solitary star, amid the masses of foliage, and was turning away when he found a heavy hand laid on his shoulder.

"Stay," exclaimed the intruder in a deep stern voice, whose tone the young chief knew but too well. "Thou hast a small reckoning to discharge ere thou go, my good boy. I am Macrae."

"And I," answered the other, "am Hugh Munro, what seek'st thou from me?"

"That thou shalt soon know, thou skulking hill cat," answered Macrae throwing his unbuckled sword belt and scabbard on the ground and advancing with extended weapon.

"Indeed! then beware of the wild cat's spring," Munro promptly replied, giving a sudden bound which placed him inside the guard of his antagonist, whose waist he instantly encircled within his sinewy arms with the design of hurling him over the crag on which they stood. The

struggle was momentary. Munro, struck to the heart with Macrae's dagger, fell with May's loved name on his lips, while Macrae, staggering over the height in the act of falling, so wounded himself by his own weapon as to render his future life one of helpless manhood and bitter mental regret.

MacLeod was soon after slain in one of the many quarrels of the time, while his daughter May, the sorrowing heiress of the broad lands of Cadboll, lived on for fifty years one long unrelieved day of suffering.

Fifty years! Alas for the mourner—spring succeeded winter, and summer spring, but no change of season lightened May MacLeod's burden! Fifty years! year by year passing away only brought changes to those who lived under her gentle sway, and among the dependents of her home; youth passed into age, young men and maidens filled the places of the valued attendants of her girlhood; but the Lady—solitary—still a mourner, in her feudal tower grew old and bent, thin and wan, and still in her heart the love of her youth bloomed fresh for her betrothed.

And then disease laid hold of her limbs—paralyzed—unable to move, she would fain have died, but the spell of Cadboll was on her—death could not enter within its walls.

Sickness and pain, care and grief, disappointment, trust betrayed, treachery and all the ills which life is heir to, all might and did enter there. Death alone was barred without.

Sadly her maidens listened to her heart breaking appeals, to the spirit of Munro, her unwed husband, the murdered bridegroom of her young life, to come to her aid from the land of shadows and of silence. They knew her story of the fifty years of long ago, and they pitied and grieved with her, wondering at the constancy of her woman's heart.

Still more sadly did they listen to her appeals to be carried out from the castle to the edge of the precipice where the power of the spell ceased, there to look for, meet and welcome death; but they knew not the story of the spell, and they deemed her mad with grief.

Terrified at last by her appeals to the dead, with whom she seemed to hold continual conversation, and who seemed to be present in the chamber with them, though unseen, and partly, at length, worn out with her unceasing importunities, and partly to gratify the whim, as they considered it, of the sufferer, tremblingly they agreed to obey her requests and to carry her forth to the edge of the cliff. A frightened band, they bore the Lady May, lying on her couch, smiling with hope and blessing them for thus consenting. Over the threshold, over the drawbridge, her eyes fixed on the heavens, brightened as they proceeded. Hope flushed with hectic glow upon her pale suffering face, grateful thanks broke from her lips. Hastening their steps they passed through the gate, wound along the hill side, and as the broad expanse of ocean with the fresh wind curling it into wavelets burst upon the sight, a flash of rapture beamed on her countenance; a cry of joy rushed from her pallid lips—their feeble burden grew heavier. A murmur of welcoming delight was uttered to some glorious presence, unseen by the maidens, and all became hushed eternally. The Lady May

lay on her couch a stiffening corpse. The spell of Cadboll had been broken at last. A MacLeod inhabited it no more, and decay and ruin seized on the hoary pile of which now scarcely a vestige remains to tell of the former extent and feudal strength of Castle Cadboll.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD CLAYMORE.

—o—

This is the claymore that my ancestors wielded,
  This is the old blade that oft smote the proud foe;
Beneath its bright gleam all of home hath been shielded,
  And oft were our title-deeds signed with its blow.
Its hilt hath been circled by valorous fingers;
  Oft, oft hath it flashed like a mountaineer's ire,
Around it a halo of beauty still lingers
  That lights up the tale which can ever inspire.

The Highland Claymore! The old Highland Claymore,
  Gleams still like the fire of a warrior's eye,
Tho' hands of the dauntless will grasp it no more—
  Disturb it not now, let it peacefully lie.

It twinkled its love for the bold chieftain leading,
  It shone like a star on the moon-lighted heath;
As lightning in anger triumphantly speeding
  Its keen edge hath swept on the pinions of death:
Wild-breathing revenge o'er the corse of a kinsman,
  Dark-vowing their ancient renown to maintain;
Its sheen hath been dimmed by the lips of brave clansmen,
  Unwiped till the foe was exultingly slain.

The Highland Claymore! The old Highland Claymore, &c.

It baffled the Norseman and vanquished the Roman,
  'Twas drawn for the Bruce and the old Scottish throne,
It victory bore over tyrannous foemen,
  For Freedom had long made the weapon her own.
It swung for the braw Chevalier and Prince Charlie,
  'Twas stained at Drummossie with Sassenach gore:
It sleeps now in peace, a dark history's ferlie,
  Oh! ne'er may be wakened the Highland Claymore.

The Highland Claymore! The old Highland Claymore, &c.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

CURIOSITIES FROM THE BURGH COURT RECORDS OF INVERNESS.

—o—

1ST OCTOBER 1621 TO 17TH APRIL 1637.

The volume examined ranges over the above period, and contains a great variety of matter, some of little or no interest now; and, of course, in such Records there is, as might be expected, a great deal of sameness; we have, therefore, as set forth above, made some extracts of what we considered the most interesting and curious.

QUARRELSOME NEIGHBOURS.

Our first extract is one of common occurrence, and similar ones might be picked out of almost every second page. Alexander Cumming and James Cumming, both burgesses of Inverness, quarrel. Mutual friends became security for each that they shall keep the peace and do one another no harm, under the penalty of 300 merks. In some instances the penalty is larger, and in others smaller, just according to the circumstances of the individuals:—

"The Head Burgh Court of Inverness after Michaelmas, held within the Tolbooth of the same by James Cuthbert of Easter Drakies, Provost, Andrew Fraser, Wm. Paterson, elder, Bailies, conjunctly and severally, the 1st day of October, the year of 1621 years, the suits called, the Court fenced and affirmed as use is: That day, Wm. Gray in Inverness is become acted surety, cautioner and lawburrows for Alexander Cumming, burgess there, that James Cumming, burgess of the said burgh, shall be harmless and skaithless of the said Alexander, in his body, goods and gear, in all time coming, otherwise than by order of Law and Justice, under the pain of 300 merks money, and the said Alexander is become acted for his said cautioner's relief, whereupon took Act of Court."

(Signed) JAMES DUFF. Clerk.

"That day William Robertson, elder, burgess of Inverness, is become acted surety, cautioner and lawburrows for James Cumming, that Alexander Cumming shall be harmless and skaithless of him, in all time coming otherwise than by order of Law and Justice in his body, goods and gear, under the pain of 300 merks money, and the said James is become acted for his cautioner's relief, whereupon," &c.

"The Justice and Burgh Court of the Burgh of Inverness, held [as above] the 25th day of October the year of God 1621 years, the suits called, the Court lawfully fenced and affirmed as use is."

RESULTS OF DRUNKEN ROW.

We have here rather a curious mode of challenge. The parties cut a quantity of straw, each taking a half, and then retire to the Dempster

Gardens to test their strength. Forms of challenge vary much. There is the gentlemanly way of throwing down one's glove or gauntlet, the biting of one's thumb as in Romeo and Juliet, and boys have their modes as well as their elders. We remember a common one in Inverness some twenty-five years ago, was to count an opponent's buttons, those of his waistcoat, and then slap him in the face. Another mode was, if any two were egged on to try their strength, the one gave the other what was called *fuge*. This was done in the following way:—A friend or second of one of the opponents said, 'Will you fight him?' The answer, of course, was 'Yes.' The friend then stretched out his right arm and said 'Spit over that.' This being done, he was requested to follow up this procedure by giving his antagonist *fuge*, or a blow. The combatants, after either of the above formalities, retired with their respective friends to some unfrequented spot as the Barnhill or Longman, and there had a fair open set-to. No unfair advantage was permitted, and after a few rounds the affair was over, and the parties became friends again, or the trial of strength was adjourned to be renewed at some future period. Unfortunately, however, for some of us boys if our then teacher got a hint of what was going on, which, somehow or other, he invariably did, then all concerned, both onlookers and combatants, got a good flogging right round.

It will be observed that the Magistrates of those days, who then had far more extensive powers than now, dealt in a very summary manner with the murderer. The Heading-hill was the elevated part of Muirfield. Burt, a century later, gives a graphic account of an execution he once witnessed there:—

"Thou, John Williamson Skinner, art indicted for the cruel slaughter and murder of the late Murdo M'Ay vic David Robe in Culloden, which you committed yester-night, being the 24th of October instant, upon the fields of Easter Dempster within this Burgh, after you being drinking in William M'Andrew Roy, his house, boasted, and gave evil speeches to the said late Murdo appealled (*i.e.*, challenged) him to the singular combat, and cut a quantity of straw and delivered the one-half thereof to him, and put the other part thereof in your purse, which was found with thee, whereupon you passed forth immediately out of the said house and took thy sword and targe with thee and followed the said late Murdo to the said field, where thou onbeset (set on) him, and with thy drawn sword sticked and struck him in the belly, whereof he departed this present life immediately thereafter, you being taken with red hand, remain yet incarcerated therefor: Wherethrough you have not only committed cruel murder and slaughter, but also been offering of singular combat, express against his Majesty's Laws and Acts of Parliament, which you cannot deny, and therefore you ought to die.

"That day the said John Williamson being accused on the said dittay in judgment, by Finlay M'Ay vic David Robe and James M'Ay vic David Robe, brothers to the said late Murdo, denied the same, therefore desired the same to be remitted to the trial and cognition of an assize, as he who was panelled, whereupon, &c.

"Names of the Assize—John Cuthbert of Auld Castle-hill, Chancellor;

James Waus; James Cuthbert, elder; William Robertson, elder; Alexander Paterson; James Cuthbert in Merkinch; Andrew Fraser, merchant; Thomas Robertson, David Watson, Alexander Taylor, James Cuthbert Jamesson, Patrick Anderson, Jasper Cuthbert, Robert Neilson, Thomas M'Noyiar, William Gray, Robert Moncreiff, William M'Conchie, merchant; William Stevenson, Francis Bishop, James Stewart:

"That day the foresaid haill persons of assize being all sworn in judgment and admitted, and after trial and cognition taken by them of the said crime, have all in one voice convicted and filed the said John Williamson to be the doer thereof; pronounced by the mouth of John Cuthbert of Auld Castle-hill, Chancellor of the Assize, whereupon, &c."

"That day the judges ordain the said John Williamson to be taken to the Heading-hill and there to be headed, and to sunder the head from the shoulders, for the said slaughter committed by him. Dôom given thereon and ordain his haill goods and gear to be escheated. Whereupon, &c.

"That day, thou William Reid M'Andrew Roy in Inverness, art indicted for the art and part, and counsel, of the cruel slaughter or murder of the late Murdo M'Ay vic David Robe in Culloden, upon the 24th day of October instant, where thou with John Williamson Skinner, thy accomplice, drinking with him in your own house in Inverness, first boistit (boasted) the said late Murdo, and thereafter appealled him to the singular combat, and cut straw to that effect, thou thereafter, with the said John Williamson, passed immediately furth and followed the said late Murdo to the field called Easter Dempster, where thou and the said John Williamson beset the said late Murdo, and thou took and held him while the said John Williamson struck him, like as thou also with a knife you struck him in the womb, of the which strikes (blows) the said late Murdo immediately deceased, which you cannot deny, and therefore thou ought to die.

"That day the said William Reid M'Andrew Roy, being accused on the said dittay in judgment by Finlay M'Ay vic David Robe and James M'Ay vic David Robe, brothers to the said late Murdo, denied the same, therefore desired to be remitted to the trial and cognition of an assize. Whereupon, &c. [Names of the Assize as above set forth.]

"That day the foresaid haill persons of Assize being all sworn in judgment, and admitted, and after trial and cognition taken by them of the said crime, have all in one voice absolved and made free the said William Reid M'Andrew Roy, pronounced by the mouth of John Cuthbert of Auld Castlehill, Chancellor of the Assize in judgment. Whereupon, &c.

"That day the judges absolve the said William Reid M'Andrew Roy from the said crime. Whereupon took Act of Court and instruments.

(Signed) "James Duff, Clerk."

Solemnities connected with the Admission of Burgesses.

Burgesses, two hundred years ago, had great privileges within Burgh and had likewise proportionate duties to perform. Many cases like the

following have come under notice. In some instances the sums paid are larger, and in some much smaller. Sometimes, however, a person is admitted a burgess without fee, because of the usefulness of his trade or profession, and occasionally as now the honour was conferred on some one of high rank or reputation.

It will be noticed that the newly admitted burgess is to maintain and defend the true religion *presently preached* within this kingdom. Almost every newly elected burgess had to treat the Magistrates and Town Council to cake and wine, and sometimes to something more substantial, and also to give certain fees to the burgh officers.

"The Burgh Court of the Burgh of Inverness, holden within the Tolbooth of the same by James Cuthbert of Easter Drakies, Provost; Duncan Forbes, Andrew Fraser, notary; and William Paterson, elder; bailies of the said burgh, the last day of October, the year of God 1621 years, the suits called, the Court lawfully fenced and affirmed, as use is:—

"That day John Paterson, merchant, gave in his petition desiring him to be admitted free burgess and guild brother of this burgh, and having tried his conversation have thought him meet to be in their society, and for the sum of ten merks money paid by him to James Duff, clerk, in their names, and as collector thereof, therefore have admitted, nominated, and created the said John Paterson free burgess and guild brother of this burgh of Inverness, with power to him to use, haunt and exercise all manner of liberty and freedom as becometh a free burgess and guild brother of this burgh use to do, in all time coming, who has given the great solemn oath, the holy evangelist touched, that he shall maintain and defend the true religion presently preached within this kingdom, and that he shall be faithful and true to the Crown and his Majesty's Acts and Statutes, and that he shall be obedient to the Provost, Bailies, and Council of Inverness, keep their Acts and Statutes, and that he shall defend them and the liberty of the said burgh with his person, goods and gear, and that he shall scot and lot, watch and ward with them and the neighbours thereof, and that he shall not hail nor conceal their hurt nor harm, and that he shall not purchase no Lordships in their contrar (in opposition to them), wherein if he does in the contrar, these presents to be null, as if they had never been granted, upon the which the Provost in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, put the guild ring on his five fingers of his right hand, and created the said John free burgess and guild brother, with all ceremonies requisite. Whereupon, &c."

The buying of Lordships or lands without the knowledge of, or in opposition to the wish and interest of the community was a heinous sin, and the guilty party was always disburgessed, which then meant ruin.

The Stamping of Leather.

Inverness, from an early period, was noted for trade in hides and leather. Before the opening up of the ready facilities now afforded twixt the West Coast and the south by steamboats and railways, the Highland Capital was the chief outlet for all the produce of the Western Isles and North Highlands, and consequently dealt largely in an export

and import trade. The export consisted chiefly of fish, tanned hides, leather, and gloves; while the imports were wines, groceries, iron, ammunition, &c. This trade was, as a rule, with foreign parts, and principally with the Netherlands. Indeed, in early times because of the feuds twixt England and Scotland, the latter was on a much more friendly footing with Spain, France, the low countries, and Denmark than she was with the sister country, and hence probably the old song—

Oh, have you any broken pots,
Or any broken branders?
For I'm a tinker to my trade,
I'm newly come from Flanders!

Leather and tanned hides were exciseable, and hence the following appointments:—

"At Inverness the 2d day of the month of November, A.D. 1621, in presence of James Cuthbert, Provost; William Paterson and Duncan Forbes, bailies—That day Mr Samuel Falconer of Kingcorth, and Alex. Forbes, servitor to my Lord Duke of Lennox, commissioners appointed by a noble Lord, John Lord Erskine, for establishing keepers of the seal for sealing and stamping of leather and tanning of hides; by these presents have nominated and appointed Andrew Fraser, notary, burgess of Inverness, keeper of the said stamp and seal, within the burgh of Inverness and bounds thereabout following, to wit—from the shire of Nairn at the east, to the height of Strathglass at the west, including the priory of Beauly therein, with the lands and bounds of Urquhart, Glenmoriston, and Badenoch, Abertarff, Stratherrick, Strathdearn, Strathnairn; who has accepted the same and given his oath *pro fideli administratione*, and to be accountable to the said noble Lord or his deputes for the same as law will, and this present commission to stand to the Feast of Whitsunday next to come 1622 years allenarly. Whereupon took Act of Court.

(Signed) "James Duff, Clerk."

"That day the said Mr Samuel Falconer of Kingcorth, and the said Alex. Forbes, servitor to my Lord Duke of Lennox, commissioners appointed by a noble Lord, John Lord Erskine, for establishing keepers of the seal for sealing and stamping of leather and tanned hides, by these presents have nominated Robert Dunbar, Tutor of Avoch, keeper of the said stamp and seal within the haill bounds, lands and parishes of the diocese and commissariat of Ross (the priory of Beauly only excepted), who has accepted the same and given his oath *pro fideli administratione*, and to be accountable to the said noble Lord or his deputes for the same as law will, and this present commission to stand to the Feast and Term of Whitsunday next to come, 1622 years allenarly. Whereupon the said Alex. Forbes asked and took Act of Court.

(Signed) "James Duff, Clerk."

An Illegal Proceeding and its Punishment.

"10th April 1622.—In presence of James Cuthbert, Provost; Andrew Fraser and Duncan Forbes, bailies of said burgh—

"That day John Cuthbert Johnson being accused by Catherine Dunbar, spouse to Francis Brodie, for the riot committed by him this day,

—viz., she being in her own booth, opposite the cross, in the morning doing her lawful business, the said John came to the booth door, closed and locked the door and enclosed her and her servants therein, and carried the keys thereof with him, and thereafter immediately he passed to the dwelling-house of the said Catherine, and there closed four doors, and took away the keys with him, whereby she was constrained to cause break up the booth door, and to let her and her servants forth, to her great prejudice.

"That day compeared the said John Cuthbert and confessed the premises, alleging he did the same upon presumption and information, that she was taking some goods, gear, and plenishing furth of the said booth privily, which pertained to the late William Cuthbert his brother, which he remits to the Judge's Interlocutor.

"That day the foresaid judges ordain the said John Cuthbert to remain in ward, aye and until they take order with him, and decern him, in like manner, to come to the booth and deliver the keys to the said Catherine Dunbar; and, in like manner, to come to her house, and there to deliver the other four keys, and to confess his offence, and ordain him to pay for his riot, committed by him, to the Town's Treasurer, fifty pounds money, and to remain in ward until he pay the same. Whereupon took Act of Court.

(Signed) "JAMES DUFF, Clerk."

A DRUNKEN, PUGNACIOUS, AND DISORDERLY TAILOR.

It will be observed that he is not held responsible for his conduct *during* drunkenness. The punishment is certainly severe, and he must have been an incorrigible individual if the "thief's hole" did not suffice, as from later accounts it was such a nuisance that on more than one occasion a cart load of peats had to be burnt therein to make the place *sweet*:—

"9th July, A.D. 1622.—In presence of William Paterson, senior, one of the bailies of the burgh of Inverness:—That day Thomas Paterson, tailor in Inverness, is become acted, in the Burgh Court books thereof, voluntarily, of his own free motive and will, that if ever he offend any person or persons within this burgh, either by word, work, or deed, before or after drunkenness, that he shall be taken to the thief's hole within the Tolbooth of Inverness, and there to remain for the space of twenty days, and thereafter to be taken to the Cross, and there to be punished as a public offender, and to be banished out of the said burgh for ever; and if ever he be found in the said burgh after his banishment, in that case to be taken to the Water of Ness, and to duck him there, and thereafter to put him in ward until he die. Whereupon Robert Sinclair asked and took Act.

(Signed) "JAMES DUFF, Clerk."

CURIOUS PUNISHMENT FOR THE ABUSE OF THE CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES.

"At Inverness the 2d day of the month of September, A.D. 1622, in presence of James Cuthbert, Provost; Andrew Fraser, William Robertson, senior, and William Paterson, senior, bailies of said burgh:—

That day the foresaid judges decern and ordain Anton Anderson for the back-biting and slandering of Andrew Fraser, bailie; and Alexander Logan, notary, for saying to them that the saids persons have sold him to his contrar (opposite) party by seeking out of his decreet; and also for boasting (threatening) and menacing of the said persons, is decerned in twenty merks money; and likewise shall come to the Cross by ten hours on Saturday, in presence of the magistrates, conveyed by the officers from his own house, and there shall confess in presence of the haill people his offence, as likewise shall come two several Sundays in white suits; and last thereof, shall come down in presence of the haill congregation and confess his fault, and to remain in ward until he obtain pardon for the same, under the pain of two hundred pounds.

(Signed) "James Duff, Clerk."

An Unfortunate and Ill-Matched Couple.

It would seem that the heinousness of the misdemeanour was increased because of the presence of strangers. The probable punishment of the female would be the ducking-stool, which, to the terror of all beholders, occupied a prominent position about the centre of the Bridge Street, on the right hand going towards the bridge from the Cross :—

"That day John Christie and Janet Robertson, his spouse, for their riots committed by them on one another, these divers years bygone in backbiting, slandering, and abusing of one another with vile speeches, and in dinging (hitting), hurting, and bleeding of one another, and specially upon the last day of August last by passed, ye both enterit (attacked) one another, on the High King's Causey in presence of divers strangers, and there the said John Christie dang (hit) his said spouse, torrit (tore) her head, and kust (cast) her churge (cap) in the mire, and cast herself in the mire and tramped her with his feet; and likewise she in the meantime took her said spouse by the gorgit (throat), and in the craig (neck), most odious to be seen; therefore the said John, for his fault, is decerned in twenty pounds money, and to amit (lose) his liberty for one year, and in case he be found to commit the like fault in any time coming, to pay forty pounds money *toties quoties*, and in like manner remit the punishment of the said Janet Robertson for drunkenness and misbehaviour to the censure of the kirk. Whereupon, &c."

ALEX. FRASER.

(To be Continued).

Mr H. L. Rolfe, the celebrated Irish painter, has just finished a large natural history picture, entitled "A Border Feud." The scene is laid on a Scotch loch. An otter has succeeded in taking a salmon, which it has just commenced to devour; an eagle is flying away, having been disappointed of its prey. This last effort of Mr Rolfe's is the most successful which has yet appeared from his studio.

The Christian Knowledge Society is bringing out a revised edition of their Gaelic translation of the Book of Common Prayer.

ON THE DRUIDICAL CHANTS PRESERVED IN THE CHORUSES OF POPULAR SONGS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE.

By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., F.S.A., *Author of the Gaelic Etymology of the English and Lowland Scotch, and the Languages of Western Europe.*

—o—

THE learned Godfrey Higgins informs us in his Anacalypsis that "every word in every language has originally had a meaning, whether a nation has it by inheritance, by importation, or by composition." He adds that it is evident if we can find out the original meaning of the words which stand for the names of objects, great discoveries may be expected. The Duke of Somerset, in our day, expresses the same truth more tersely when he says that "every word in every language has its pedigree."

All who are acquainted with the early lyrical literature of England and Scotland, preserved in the songs and ballads of the days immediately before and after Shakspere, must sometimes have asked themselves the meaning of such old choruses as "*Down, down, derry down,*" "*With a fal, lal, la*" "*Tooral, looral,*" "*Hey, nonnie, nonnie,*" and many others. These choruses are by no means obsolete, though not so frequently heard in our day as they used to be a hundred years ago. "*Down, down, derry down,*" still flourishes in immortal youth in every village alehouse and beershop where the farm labourers and mechanics are accustomed to assemble. One of the greatest living authorities on the subject of English song and music—Mr William Chappell—the editor of the Popular Music of the Olden Time, is of opinion that these choruses, or burdens, were "mere nonsense words that went glibly off the tongue." He adds (vol. i., page 223), "I am aware that '*Hey down, down, derry down,*' has been said to be a modern version of '*Ha, down, ir, deri danno,*' the burden of an old song of the Druids, signifying, Come let us haste to the oaken grove (Jones, Welsh Bards, vol. i., page 128), but this I believe to be mere conjecture, and that it would now be impossible to prove that the Druids had such a song." That Mr Chappell's opinion is not correct, will, I think, appear from the etymological proofs of the antiquity of this and other choruses afforded by the venerable language which was spoken throughout the British Isles by the aboriginal people for centuries before the Roman invasion, and which is not yet extinct in Wales, in Ireland, in the Isle of Man, and in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul and Britain, has left a description of the Druids and their religion, which is of the highest historical interest. That system and religion came originally from Assyria, Egypt, and Phœnicia, and spread over all Europe at a period long anterior to the building of Rome, or the existence of the Roman people. The Druids were known by name, but scarcely more than by name, to the Greeks, who derived the appellation erroneously from *drus*, an oak, under the supposition that the Druids preferred to perform their religious rites under the shadows of oaken groves. The Greeks also

called the Druids Saronides, from two Celtic words *sar* and *dhuine*, signifying "excellent or superior men." The Celtic meaning of the word "Druid" is to enclose within a circle, and a Druid meant a prophet, a divine, a bard, a magician; one who was admitted to the mysteries of the inner circle. The Druidic religion was astronomical, and purely deistical, and rendered reverence to the sun, moon, and stars as the visible representatives of the otherwise unseen Divinity who created man and nature. "The Druids used no images," says the Reverend Doctor Alexander in his excellent little volume on the Island of Iona, published by the Religious Tract Society, "to represent the object of their worship, nor did they meet in temples or buildings of any kind for the performance of their sacred rites. A circle of stones, generally of vast size, and surrounding an area of from twenty feet to thirty yards in diameter, constituted their sacred place; and in the centre of this stood the cromlech (crooked stone), or altar, which was an obelisk of immense size, or a large oblong flat stone, supported by pillars. These sacred circles were usually situated beside a river or stream, and under the shadow of a grove, an arrangement which was probably designed to inspire reverence and awe in the minds of the worshippers, or of those who looked from afar on their rites. Like others of the Gentile nations also, they had their 'high places,' which were large stones, or piles of stones, on the summits of hills; these were called carns (cairns), and were used in the worship of the deity under the symbol of the sun. In this repudiation of images and worshipping of God in the open air they resembled their neighbours the Germans, of whom Tacitus says that from the greatness of the heavenly bodies, they inferred that the gods could neither be inclosed within walls, nor assimilated to any human form; and he adds, that 'they consecrated groves and forests, and called by the names of the gods that mysterious object which they behold by mental adoration alone.'

"In what manner and with what rites the Druids worshipped their deity, there is now no means of ascertaining with minute accuracy. There is reason to believe that they attached importance to the ceremony of going thrice round their sacred circle, from east to west, following the course of the sun, by which it is supposed they intended to express their entire conformity to the will and order of the Supreme Being, and their desire that all might go well with them according to that order. It may be noticed, as an illustration of the tenacity of popular usages and religious rites, how they abide with a people, generation after generation, in spite of changes of the most important kind, nay, after the very opinions out of which they have risen have been repudiated; that even to the present day certain movements are considered of good omen when they follow the course of the sun, and that in some of the remote parts of the country the practice is still retained of seeking good fortune by going thrice round some supposed sacred object from east to west."

But still more remarkable than the fact which Doctor Alexander has stated, is the vitality of the ancient Druidic chants, which still survive on the popular tongue for nearly two thousand years after their worship has disappeared, and after the meaning of these strange snatches and fragments of song has been all but irretrievably lost, and almost wholly unsuspected. Stonehenge, or the *Coir-mhor*, on Salisbury Plain, is the

grandest remaining monument of the Druids in the British Isles. Everybody has heard of this mysterious relic, though few know that many other Druidical circles of minor importance are scattered over various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In Scotland they are especially numerous. One but little known, and not mentioned by the Duke of Argyll in his book on the remarkable island of which he is the proprietor, is situated between the ruins of the cathedral of Iona and the sea shore, and is well worthy of a visit from the thousands of tourists who annually make the voyage round the noble Isle of Mull, on purpose to visit Iona and Staffa. There is another Druidic circle on the mainland of Mull, and a large and more remarkable one at Lochnell, near Oban, in Argyllshire, which promises to become as celebrated as Stonehenge itself, combining as it does not only the mystic circle, but a representation, clearly defined, of the mysterious serpent, the worship of which entered so largely into all the Oriental religions of remote antiquity. There are other circles in Lewis and the various islands of the Hebrides, and as far north as Orkney and Shetland. It was, as we learn from various authorities, the practice of the Druidical priests and bards to march in procession round the inner circle of their rude temples, chanting religious hymns in honour of the sunrise, the noon, or the sunset; hymns which have not been wholly lost to posterity, though posterity has failed to understand them, or imagined that their burdens—their sole relics—are but unmeaning words, invented for musical purposes alone, and divested of all intellectual signification.

The best known of these choruses is "*Down, down, derry down,*" which may either be derived from the words *dun*, a hill; and *darag* or *darach*, an oak tree; or from *duine*, a man; and *doire*, a wood; and may either signify an invitation to proceed to the hill of the oak trees for the purposes of worship, or an invocation to the men of the woods to join in the Druidical march and chant, as the priests walked in procession from the interior of the stone circle to some neighbouring grove upon a down or hill. This chorus survives in many hundreds of English popular songs, but notably in the beautiful ballad "The Three Ravens," preserved in Melismata (1611):—

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down-a-down / hey down, hey down.
They were as black as black might be,
With a down!
Then one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we now our breakfast take,
With a down, down, derry, derry, down /

A second well-known and vulgarised chorus is "*Tooral looral,*" of which the most recent appearance is in a song which the world owes to the bad taste of the comic muse—that thinks it cannot be a muse until it blackens its face to look like a negro:—

Once a maiden fair,
She had ginger hair,
With her *tooral looral lá*, di, oh!
And she fell in love
Did this turtle dove
And her name was Dooral,
Hoopty Dooral! *Tooral looral*, oh my!

This vile trash contains two Celtic or Gaelic words, which are sus-

ceptible of two separate interpretations. *Tooral* may be derived from the Celtic *turail*—slow, sagacious, wary; and *Looral* from *luathrail* (pronounced *laurail*)—quick, signifying a variation in the time of some musical composition to which the Druidical priests accommodated their footsteps in a religious procession, either to the grove of worship, or around the inner stone circle of the temple. It is also possible that the words are derived from *Tuath-reul* and *Luath-reul* (*t* silent in both instances), the first signifying "North star," and the second "Swift star;" appropriate invocations in the mouths of a priesthood that studied all the motions of the heavenly bodies, and were the astrologers as well as the astronomers of the people.

A third chorus, which, thanks to the Elizabethan writers, has not been vulgarised, is that which occurs in John Chalkhill's "Praise of a Countryman's Life," quoted by Izaak Walton:—

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find.
High trolollie, lollie, lol: High trolollie, lee,

These words are easily resolvable into the Celtic; *Ai!* or *Aibhe!* Hail! or All Hail! *Trath*—pronounced *trah*, early, and *la*, day! or "*Ai, trà là, là, là*"—"Hail, early day! day," a chorus which Moses and Aaron may have heard in the temples of Egypt, as the priests of Baal saluted the rising sun as he beamed upon the grateful world, and which was repeated by the Druids on the remote shores of Western Europe, in now desolate Stonehenge, and a thousand other circles, where the sun was worshipped as the emblem of the Divinity. The second portion of the chorus, "*High trolollie lee*," is in Celtic, *Ai tra la, la, li*, which signifies, "Hail early day! Hail bright day!" The repetition of the word *la* as often as it was required for the exigencies of the music, accounts for the chorus, in the form in which it has descended to modern times.

"*Fal, lal, là*," a chorus even more familiar to the readers of old songs, is from the same source. Lord Bathurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, wrote, in 1665, the well-known ballad, commencing:—

To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write.
With *a fal, lal, là*, and *a fal lal, là,*
And a fal, lal, lal, lal, là.

Fal is an abbreviation of *Failte!* welcome! and *là* as already noted signifies a day. The words should be properly written Failte! la! la! The chorus appears in the "Invitation to May," by Thomas Morley, 1595:—

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fal, la, là!
Each with his bonnie lass,
Upon the greeny grass,
Fal, la, là!

The Celtic or Druidical interpretation of these syllables is, "Welcome the day."

Fal, lero, loo," appears as a chorus in a song by George Wither (1588—1667) :—

There was a lass—a fair one
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba queen.
But fool, as I then was,
I thought she loved me true,
But now alas! she's left me,
Fal, lero, lero, loo.

Here *Failte,* as in the previous instance, means welcome ; *lear* (corrupted into *lero*), the sea ; and *luaidh* (the d silent), praise ; the chorus of a song of praise to the sun when seen rising above the ocean.

The song of Sir Eglamour, in Mr Chappell's collection, has another variety of the *Failte* or *Fal, la,* of a much more composite character :—

Sir Eglamour that valiant knight,
Fal, la, lanky down dilly !
He took his sword and went to fight,
Fal, la, lanky down dilly !

In another song, called "The Friar in the Well," this chorus appears in a slightly different form :—

Listen awhile and I will tell
Of a Friar that loved a bonnie lass well,
Fal la ! lál, lal, lal, lá ! Fal la, langtre down dilly !

Lan is the Gaelic for full, and *dile* for rain. The one version has *lanky,* the other *langtre,* both of which are corruptions of the Celtic. The true reading is *Failte la, lan, ri, dun, dile,* which signifies "Welcome to the full or complete day ! let us go to the hill of rain."

Hey, nonnie, nonnie. "Such unmeaning burdens of songs," says Nares in his Glossary, "are common to ballads in most languages." But this burden is not unmeaning, and signifies "Hail to the noon." *Noin* or noon, the ninth hour was so-called in the Celtic, because at midsummer in our northern latitudes it was the ninth hour after sunrise. With the Romans, in a more southern latitude, noon was the ninth hour after sunrise, at six in the morning, answering to our three o'clock of the afternoon. A song with this burden was sung in England in the days of Charles the Second :—

I am a senseless thing, with a hey !
Men call me a king, with a ho?
For my luxury and ease,
They brought me o'er the seas,
With a heigh, nonnie, nonnie, nonnie, no !

Mr Chappell cites an ancient ballad which was sung to the tune of *Hie dildo, dil.* This also appears to be Druidical, and to be resolvable into *Ai ! dile dun dile !* or "Hail to the rain, to the rain upon the hill," a thanksgiving for rain after a drought.

Trim go trix is a chorus that continued to be popular until the time of Charles the Second, when Tom D'Urfrey wrote a song entitled "Under the Greenwood Tree," of which he made it the burden. Another appears in Allan Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany :—

The Pope, that pagan full of pride,
He has us blinded long,
For where the blind the blind does guide,
No wonder things go wrong.

Like prince and king, he led the ring
Of all inquitie.
Hey trix, trim go trix!
Under the greenwood tree.

In Gaelic *dream* or *dreim* signifies a family, a tribe, the people, a procession; and *qu tric*, frequently, often, so that these words represent a frequent procession of the people to the hill of worship under the greenwood tree.

In Motherwell's "Ancient and Modern Minstrelsy," the ballad of Hynd Horn contains a Celtic chorus repeated in every stanza:—

Near Edinburgh was a young child born,
With a *Hey lilli lu*, and a *how lo lan!*
And his name it was called young Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the broom bloom bonnie.

Here the words are corruptions of *aidhe* (Hail); *li*, light or colour; *lu*, small; *ath*, again; *lo*, day-light; *lan*, full; and may be rendered "Hail to the faint or small light of the dawn"; and "again the full light of the day" (after the sun had risen).

In the Nursery Rhymes of England, edited by Mr Halliwell for the Percy Society, 1842, appears the quatrain:—

Hey dorolot, dorolot,
Hey dorolay, doralay,
Hey my bonnie boat—bonnie boat,
Hey drag away—drag away.

The two first lines of this jingle appear to be a remnant of a Druidical chant, and to resolve themselves into,

Aidhe, doire luchd—doire luchd,
Aidhe doire leigh, doire leigh.

Aidhe, an interjection, is pronounced Hie; *doire*, is trees or woods; *luchd*, people; and *leigh*, healing; and also a physician, whence the old English word for a doctor, a leech, so that the couplet means

Hey to the woods people! to the woods people!
Hey to the woods for healing, to the woods for healing.

If this translation be correct, the chorus would seem to have been sung when the Druids went in search of the sacred mistletoe, which they called the "heal all," or universal remedy.

There is an old Christmas carol which commences—

Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell!
This is the salutation of the Angel Gabriel.

Mr Halliwell, in his Archaic Dictionary, says "Nowell was a cry of joy, properly at Christmas, of joy for the birth of the Saviour." A political song in a manuscript of the time of King Henry the Sixth, concludes—

Let us all sing nowelle,
Nowelle, nowelle, nowelle, nowelle,
And Christ save merry England and spede it well.

The modern Gaelic and Celtic for Christmas is *Nollaig*—a corruption of the ancient Druidical name for holiday—from *naomh*, holy, and *la*, day, whence "Naola!" the burden of a Druidical hymn, announcing the fact that a day of religious rejoicing had arrived for the people.

A very remarkable example of the vitality of these Druidic chants is afforded by the well-known political song of "*Lilli Burlero,*" of which Lord Macaulay gives the following account in his History of England:—

"Thomas Wharton, who, in the last Parliament had represented Buckinghamshire, and who was already conspicuous both as a libertine and as a Whig, had written a satirical ballad on the administration of Tyrconnel. In his little poem an Irishman congratulates a brother Irishman in a barbarous jargon on the approaching triumph of Popery and of the Milesian race. The Protestant heir will be excluded. The Protestant officers will be broken. The great charter and the praters who appeal to it will be hanged in one rope. The good Talbot will shower commissions on his countrymen, and will cut the throats of the English. These verses, which were in no respect above the ordinary standard of street poetry, had for burden some gibberish which was said to have been used as a watchword by the insurgents of Ulster in 1641. The verses and the tune caught the fancy of the nation. From one end of England to the other all classes were constantly singing this idle rhyme. It was especially the delight of the English army. More than seventy years after the Revolution a great writer delineated with exquisite skill a veteran who had fought at the Boyne and at Namur. One of the characteristics of the good old soldier is his trick of whistling Lilliburllero. Wharton afterwards boasted that he had sung a king out of three kingdoms. But, in truth, the success of Lilliburllero was the effect and not the cause of that excited state of public feeling which produced the Revolution."

The mysterious syllables which Lord Macaulay asserted to be gibberish, and which in this corrupt form were enough to puzzle a Celtic scholar, and more than enough to puzzle Lord Macaulay, who, like the still more ignorant Doctor Samuel Johnson, knew nothing of the venerable language of the first inhabitants of the British Isles, and of all Western Europe, resolve themselves into *Li! Li Beur! Lear-a! Builie na la,* which signify, "Light! Light! on the sea, beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke (or dawn) of the day!" Like all the choruses previously cited, these words are part of a hymn to the sun, and entirely astronomical and Druidical.

The syllables *Fol de rol* which still occur in many of the vulgarest songs of the English lower classes, and which were formerly much more commonly employed than they are now, are a corruption of *Failte reul!* or welcome to the star! *Fal de ral* is another form of the corruption which the Celtic original has undergone.

The French, a more Celtic people than the English, have preserved many of the Druidical chants. In Beranger's song "Le Scandale" occurs one of them, which is as remarkable for its Druidic appositeness as any of the English choruses already cited:—

Aux drames du jour,
Laissons la morale,
Sans vivre à la cour
J'aime le scandale;
Bon!
Le farira dondaine
Gai!
La farira dondé.

These words resolve themselves into the Gaelic *La! fair! aire! dun teine!* "Day! sunrise! watch it on the hill of fire (the sacred fire)"; and *La! fair! aire! dun De!* "Day! sunrise! watch it on the hill of God."

In the Recueil de Chanson's Choisies (La Haye, 1723, vol. i., page 155), there is a song called Danse Ronde, commencing *L'autre jour, pres d'Annette* of which the burden is *Lurelu La rela!* These syllables seem to be resolvable into the Celtic:—*Luadh reul! Luadh!* (Praise to the star! Praise!); or *Luath reul Luath* (the swift star, swift!); and *La! reul! La!* (the day! the star! the day!).

There is a song of Beranger's of which the chorus is *Tra, la trala, tra la la,* already explained, followed by the words—*C'est le diabh er falbala.* Here *falbala* is a corruption of the Celtic *falbh la!* "Farewell to the day," a hymn sung at sunset instead of at sunrise.

Beranger has another song entitled "Le Jour des Morts," which has a Druidical chorus:—

Amis, entendez les cloches
Qui par leurs sons gemissants
Nous font des bruyans reproches
Sur nos rires indecents,
Il est des ames en peine,
Dit le pretre interessé.
C'est le jour des morts, *mirliton, mirlitaine.*
Requiscant in pace!

Mir in Celtic signifies rage or fuss; *tonn* or *thonn,* a wave; *toinn,* waves; and *tein,* fire; whence those apparently unmeaning syllables may be rendered—"the fury of the waves, the fury of the fire."

Tira lira la. This is a frequent chorus in French songs, and is composed of the Gaelic words *tiorail,* genial, mild, warm; *iorrach,* quiet, peaceable; and *là,* day; and was possibly a Druidical chant, after the rising of the sun, resolving itself into *Tiorail-iorra la,* warm peaceful day!

Rumbelow was the chorus or burden of many ancient songs, both English and Scotch. After the Battle of Bannockburn, says Fabyan, a citizen of London, who wrote the "Chronicles of England," "the Scottes inflamed with pride, made this rhyme as followeth in derision of the English:—

"Maydens of Englande, sore may ye mourne
For your lemans ye 've lost at Bannockisburne,
With *heve a lowe!*
What weeneth the Kyng of Englande,
So soone to have won Scotlande,
With *rumbylowe!*"

In "Peebles to the Play" the word occurs—

With heigh and howe, and *rumbelowe,*
The young folks were full bauld.

There is an old English sea song of which the burden is "with a rumbelowe." In one more modern, in Deuteromelia 1609, the word dance the rumbelow is translated—

Shall we go dance to round, around,
Shall we go dance the round.

Greek—*Rhombos, Rhembo,* to spin or turn round.

The word is apparently another remnant of the old Druidical chants sung by the priests when they walked in procession round their sacred circles of Stonehenge and others, and clearly traceable to the Gaelic—*Riomball*, a circle; *riomballach*, circuitous; *riomballachd*, circularity.

The perversion of so many of these once sacred chants to the service of the street ballad, suggests the trite remark of Hamlet to Horatio :—

> To what base uses we may come at last !
> . . . . . .
> Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the winds away.

The hymns once sung by thousands of deep-voiced priests marching in solemn procession from their mystic shrines to salute with music and song, and reverential homage, the rising of the glorious orb which cheers and fertilises the world, the gift as well as the emblem of Almighty Power and Almighty Love, have wholly departed from the recollection of man, and their poor and dishonoured relics are spoken of by scholars and philosophers, as trash, gibberish, nonsense, and an idle farrago of sounds, of no more philological value than the lowing of cattle or the bleating of sheep. But I trust that all attentive readers of the foregoing pages will look upon the old choruses—so sadly perverted in the destructive progress of time, that demolishes languages as well as empires and systems of religious belief—with something of the respect due to their immense antiquity, and their once sacred functions in a form of worship, which, whatever were its demerits as compared with the purer religion that has taken its place, had at least the merit of inculcating the most exalted ideas of the Power, the Love, and the Wisdom of the Great Creator.

ON VISITING *DRUIM-A LIATH*, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF DUNCAN *BAN* MACINTYRE.

—o—

The homes long are gone, but enchantment still lingers,
These green knolls around, where thy young life began,
Sweetest and last of the old Celtic singers,
Bard of the *Monadh-dhu'*, blithe *Donach Bàn !*

Never mid scenes of earth, fairer and grander,
Poet first lifted his eyelids on light ;
Free mid these glens, o'er these mountains to wander,
And make them his own by the true minstrel right.

Thy home at the meeting and green interlacing
Of clear-flowing waters and far-winding glens,
Lovely inlaid in the mighty embracing
Of sombre pine forests and storm-riven Bens.

Behind thee these crowding Peaks, region of mystery,
Fed thy young spirit with broodings sublime;
Each cairn and green knoll lingered round by some history,
Of the weird under-world, or the wild battle-time.

Thine were Ben-Starrav, Stop-gyre, Meal-na-ruadh,
Mantled in storm-gloom, or bathed in sunshine;
Streams from Corr-oran, Glash-gower, and Glen-fuadh
Made music for thee, where their waters combine.

But over all others thy darling Bendorain
Held thee entranced with his beautiful form,
With looks ever-changing thy young fancy storing,
Gladness of sunshine and terror of storm—

Opened to thee his heart's deepest recesses,
Taught thee the lore of the red-deer and roe,
Showed thee them feed on the green mountain cresses,
Drink the cold wells above lone Doire-chro.

How did'st thou watch them go up the high passes
At sunrise rejoicing, a proud jaunty throng?
Learn the herbs that they love, the small flow'rs, and hill grasses,
And made them for ever bloom green in thy song.

Yet, bard of the wilderness, nursling of nature,
Would the hills e'er have taught thee true minstrel art,
Had not a visage more lovely of feature
The fountain unsealed of thy tenderer heart?

The maiden that dwelt by the side of Maam-haarie,
Seen from thy home-door, a vision of joy,
Morning and even the young fair-haired Mary
Moving about at her household employ.

High on Bendoa and stately Ben-challader,
Leaving the dun deer in safety to bide,
Fondly thy doating eye dwelt on her, followed her,
Tenderly wooed her, and won her thy bride.

O! well for the maiden that found such a lover,
And well for the poet, to whom Mary gave
Her fulness of love until, life's journey over,
She lay down beside him to rest in the grave.

From the bards of to-day, and their sad songs that dark'n
The day-spring with doubt, wring the bosom with pain,
How gladly we fly to the shealings and harken
The clear mountain gladness that sounds in thy strain.

On the hill-side with thee is no doubt or misgiving,
But there joy and freedom, Atlantic winds blow,
And kind thoughts are there, and the pure simple living
Of the warm-hearted folk in the glens long ago.

The muse of old Maro hath pathos and splendour,
The long lines of Homer majestic'lly roll;
But to me Donach Bàn breathes a language more tender,
More kin to the child-heart that sleeps in my soul.

J. C. SHAIRP.

ST ANDREWS.

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE STATE OF THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

[CONTINUED.]

MR ARNOLD in that handsome, but slightly ambiguous admission of his, that the Celts in their intellectual capacity come very near the secret of nature and of natural magic, does not seem to imply more in reality than that they have a subtler sense of certain natural affinities than their Anglo-Saxon brethren have; that they apprehend more surely when, where, and how the truest impress of physical nature occurs on the percipient faculties of the soul, than men of a more phlegmatic constitution do; and that they can draw from such intuitions of their own a sort of inspiration, or second-sight of nature, comparable to prophecy, which gives their highest poetic utterance a rapt enthusiasm—and the accuracy of this estimate need not be disputed, but, so far as Ossian is concerned, it must be considerably extended. To read Ossian as we do, from the text of Macpherson, there was another sort of insight, purely scientific, into the mysteries of nature, inherited and expressed by him; a certain acquaintance with her hidden powers, and a certain augury of her possible future development, if men could only attain to it, far beyond the mere rapt enthusiasm of a poet, or the so-called second-sight of a seer. Whether this peculiar faith of his was derived by tradition, and if so, from whom; or whether it was the result of practical experiment in his own generation, is foreign for the moment to our present inquiry. But that it was relied upon as an endowment of the most gifted heroes; that it was exercised by them in extremity, as if to subdue nature from whom they had borrowed it, and to wrest the very power of destruction out of her hand; and that such practical conquest was sometimes achieved by them, or is said to have been achieved by them, is just as certain as that Macpherson's translation is before us now. What we refer to more especially for the present, is the secret of extracting or discharging electricity from the atmosphere by mechanical means—by the thrust of a spear, or of a sword, into the bosom of the low-hanging cloud, or lurid vapour, and so dislodging the imaginary spirit of evil by which they were supposed to be tenanted. Only the very best, and bravest, and wisest could prevail in such conflict with nature; but they did prevail, according to Ossian; and the weapons of their warfare, and the mode of their assault, were precisely similar to what an experimentalist in electricity might employ at the present day, or to what the Egyptians employed in the days of Moses. We shall not

now go further back in the prosecution of this inquiry, but would seriously recommend the reader who has any difficulty on the subject to compare, at his leisure, the work of Moses on the top of Mount Sinai and elsewhere, with an Egyptian "rod" in his hand, and the exploits of Fingal in conflict with the Spirit of Loda on the heights of Hoy, with a sword in his hand. There might have been a far-derived and long traditional secret connection between the two, most edifying, or at least most curious, to investigate; or they might both have resulted from that sort of intuition which only the most gifted of any nation enjoy independently, re-appearing again in Franklin, and now familiarised to the world. Let those who doubt, or who differ on this point, satisfy themselves. What we are now concerned to maintain and prove is, that the fact is more than once described by Ossian, in circumstances, in situations, and with instrumentalities, which render the allegation of it at least indubitable. In the case above referred to, for example, Fingal, challenged and assaulted in a thunderstorm by the Spirit of Loda, encounters his antagonist with a sword, on the very verge of a cliff overhanging the Atlantic; and by one or two scientific thrusts, with incredible daring, disarms the cloud, dissipates the storm, and sends his atmospheric adversary shrieking down the wind with such violence that "Innistore shook at the sound; the waves heard it on the deep, and stopped on their course with fear." The scene is described in that well-known passage in *Carric-Thura*, which Macpherson himself characterises as "the most extravagant fiction in all Ossian's poems."

Now the question as regards the authenticity or reliability of this very passage, is whether Macpherson understood the meaning of it; what it represented, where the conflict occurred, or how it happened? It has been sufficiently demonstrated elsewhere—in "Ossian and the Clyde," pp. 311–324—that the encounter took place near the celebrated "Dwarfie Stone" on the western headland of Hoy in the Orkneys—a region more remarkable for its sudden electric gatherings and violent atmospheric currents than almost any other in Great Britain, and at that particular spot so much so, that the very scene described in Ossian has been selected by Walter Scott for a similar electrical display in the "Pirate." But of this obvious fact, and of all that is connected with it in his own translation, Macpherson is so ignorant that he not only does not point it out, but does not understand it, and cannot even conjecture where it was. His great antagonist Laing is equally at fault on the subject, and by way of exposing, as he believes, the dishonesty of Macpherson, endeavours to show that in patching up his account Macpherson had mistaken Thurso for Thura. Macpherson, in fact, knew nothing either about Thurso or Thura—even less than Laing did; and it is only in the work above cited that either the scene has been identified, or the encounter explained.

Here, then, is a question, not of linguistic criticism, but of scientific fact—of geographical position, of atmospheric agency—which should be disposed of on its own merits, and which, like many others of the same sort, must ultimately transfer the whole inquiry to a much higher field than that of syllables and syntax.

But the description in question, it may be objected, is very much

exaggerated, and therefore cannot be relied on: which is the very objection Macpherson himself urged—that it is "the most extravagant fiction in all Ossian's poems." But if that was the case in his opinion, how could the passage be his own? It was easy enough either to remedy or explain it, if he could explain it, or not to introduce it. On the other hand, when rightly understood, there is no undue exaggeration in the account at all—not more than might be reasonably expected from a poet of the highest sensibility and the most vivid imagination in describing an incomprehensible natural phenomenon; not more, for example, than in "the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words" on Mount Sinai. Still it is not the question of descriptive exaggeration, but of scientific fact, that is now before us; and if the whole of the so-called conflict of Fingal with the Prince of the Power of the Air on Roraheid in Hoy was so utterly inexplicable to Macpherson, both as to place and character, that he speaks of it hopelessly as a story "concerning ghosts," on what principle of critical consistency, or of common sense, can he be said to have been the author of it? If the Septuagint translators, for example, had added a note of their own on the giving of the Law at Sinai, to the effect that it appeared "the most extravagant fiction" to them, at the same time transferring, in defiance of their own text, the entire scene from one end of the Red Sea to the other, would any reader in his senses accuse the Seventy of having fabricated not only the two chapters in question, but the whole Book of Exodus—even although the original had been now lost? Their very simplicity and ignorance would have acquitted them. Yet Macpherson, in similar circumstances, is to be held guilty, although he could have more easily cleared himself by altering or omitting the whole passage, than a man in London could prove by an *alibi* that he had been guilty of no forgery at Inverness or Edinburgh six hours before! But if this hitherto incomprehensible passage in Ossian be genuine then the entire poem of *Carric-Thura*, which is identified with it in every word and syllable from beginning to end, must be genuine also.

In the same sort of field, but without the addition of supernatural agency, we have another scene of scientific import in the *War of Inisthona*. Inisthona, according to Macpherson, was on the coast of Norway—he did not know where; Inisthona, according to Laing, was a wilful corruption of Inis-owen in Lough Foyle; Inisthona, in point of fact, was Iceland—as clearly and distinctly so in Macpherson's own text, as latitude, longitude, and physical configuration can make it; far more distinctly recognisable than any *Ultima Thule* of the Romans. But here, in this Inisthona, we have first a fountain surrounded with mossy stones, in a grassy vale, at the head of a bay; then a wilderness of half a day's journey inland; then a lake at the end of the wilderness, exhaling pestilential vapours, called Lake Lano—but no volcano visible as yet: and in Iceland we have still the basin of the fountain, surrounded with its mossy stones, petrified and dried up by volcanic heat, at the head of the bay; we have still the dreary wilderness beyond it, now scorched and blackened, ending in the Plain of Thingvalla, where the King of Denmark was entertained more than a twelvemonth ago; we have still the lake beyond that, where it should be, but now relieved of its sulphurous vapours by eruptive jets of steam in its neighbourhood; and besides, we

have now Mount Hecla in active operation, by whose accumulated fires and dreadful discharges, since Ossian's day, the whole island has been torn and desolated. Here, therefore, again, the same question of fact arises, and must be disposed of by all reasonable inquirers. In this one identification we have geography, geology, history, and navigation combined, beyond Macpherson's own comprehension—earthquakes, subterranean fires, latent volcanic forces; a beautiful island where there is now desolation; and a warlike people occupying its soil, subject to the Danes 600 years and more before the Danes themselves are supposed to have discovered it. In the face of such a revelation as this, nowhere else to be found but in Ossian, what does it signify that the Gaelic text of *Inisthona* has perished? The fact that it survives in English is only a greater miracle, for which we are indebted solely to the patience and fidelity of a man who has been called a liar and an impostor.

One more miracle has yet to be added in the same field—viz., that Lake Lego or Lough Neagh in Ireland, and Lake Lano in Iceland, both emitting pestilential vapours, are geographically connected in Ossian with subterranean volcanic movements which pass from Ireland, by the west coast of Scotland, through the Orkneys to Inisthona; and thus the latest theories of the most accomplished geologists have been anticipated more than a hundred years before their announcement, by the work of a man who is supposed to have had no original to guide him, and who himself had not the remotest idea of what his own words conveyed.

It remains then, after such illustrations, for those who still deny the authenticity of Ossian to declare whether they have ever studied him; and for those who still wrangle about the style of Macpherson's so-called Gaelic to decide whether they will continue such petty warfare among vowels and consonants, and ill-spelt mediæval legends, when the science, the history, the navigation, the atmospheric phenomena, and the impending volcanic changes of Western Europe fifteen hundred years ago, are all unveiled and detailed, with an accuracy and a minuteness beyond cavil or competition, in the matchless English translation before them. Will our most erudite grammarians never understand? Would they abandon Genesis, shall we say, because *Elohim* and *Jehovah* are sometimes interchanged in the text? Can they believe that any Jew, who could concoct a book like Genesis, did not also know that *Elohim* was a plural noun? Can they any more, then, believe that a Celtic man with brains enough to fabricate poems like *Fingal* and *Temora* did not know that the Gaelic name for the sun was feminine? Can they see no other way of accounting for such alleged variations of gender, and number, and case, than by forgery, when the very forger himself must have seen them? Or do they seriously prefer some letter of the Gaelic alphabet to a law of nature? Will they forego the facts of an epoch, for the orthography of a syllable? If so, then the friends of Ossian, who is one great mass of facts, must turn once more to the common sense of the public, and leave his etymological detractors at leisure to indulge their own predilections, and to entertain one another.

In the present aspect of the controversy, indeed, the only antagonists entitled to anything like a patient hearing are the respectable, perhaps

venerable, geologists and antiquarians who still lodge or linger about the Roman Wall; who talk, with a solemn air, about stern facts; who are also fortified by the authority of Hugh Miller and Smith of Jordanhill, and are led on to continuous defeat on their own ground, under the auspices of the *Scotsman*, who knows well how to shut the door politely in any man's face who pursues them. These gentlemen are far from being either unimportant or unworthy antagonists, if they would only speak intelligently for themselves and not allow their credit to be usurped by some nameless reviewer in a newspaper, who may know less about the whole matter in dispute than they do about Sanscrit. But let them have patience. Their favourite haunts, and impregnable strongholds, about Dunglass and Duntocher, shall be investigated with religious care; and the waters of the Clyde, as high as they will honestly flow, let in upon them without ceremony or remorse. As for the others, who, with no great semblance of either grace or grammar to support them, persist in affirming, with point-blank stolid effrontery, that Macpherson "must have been an impostor," and that Ossian is a "fudge"—they may safely be consigned in silence to their legitimate fate.

P. HATELY WADDELL.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

TO PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

A LOCHABER LILT.

A health to thee, Stuart Blackie!
(I drink it in *mountain dew*)
With all the kindliest greetings
Of a heart that is leal and true.
Let happen what happen may
With others, by land or sea;
For me, I vow if I drink at all,
I'll drink a health to thee.

A health to thee, Stuart Blackie!
A man of men art thou,
With thy lightsome step and form erect,
And thy broad and open brow;
With thy eagle eye and ringing voice
(Which yet can be soft and kind),
As wrapped in thy plaid thou passest by
With thy white locks in the wind!

I greet thee as poet and scholar;
I greet thee as wise and good;
I greet thee ever lord of thyself—
No heritage mean, by the rood!

I greet thee and hold thee in honour,
That thou bendest to no man's nod—
Amidst the din of a world of sin,
Still lifting thine eye to God!

Go, search me the world and find me;
Go, find me if you can, [and snows,
From the distant Faroes with their mists
To the green-clad Isle of Man;
From John O' Groats to Maidenkirk,
From far Poolewe to Prague—
Go, find me a better or wiser man
Than the Laird of Altnacraig.

Now, here's to the honest and leal and true,
And here's to the learned and wise,
And to all who love our Highland glens
And our Bens that kiss the skies;
And here's to the native Celtic race,
And to each bright-eyed Celtic fair;
And here's to the Chief of Altnacraig—
And hurrah! for the Celtic Chair!

NETHER-LOCHABER.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

A POPULAR writer * of the past generation, in some introductory observations to his historical essay, makes the following on Scotland and its natives:—Considering the limited population and extent of that country, it has made a distinguished figure in history. No country in modern times has produced characters more remarkable for learning, valour, or ability, or for knowledge in the most important arts, both of peace and of war; and though the natives of that formerly independent, and hitherto unconquered kingdom, have every reason to be proud of the name of *Britons*, which they have acquired since the Union; yet they ought not to relinquish all remembrance of the martial achievements, and the honourable characteristics of their ancestors. Acting on the recommendation embodied in the foregoing quotation; and as the conductors of the *Celtic Magazine* have intimated their intention of making biographies form occasionally part of its contents, the following sketch of one who, in his day was not the least distinguished among our Highland countrymen, but of whose eminent services to his country, little or nothing has appeared, may prove interesting. Biography is admitted to be one of the most interesting sections of literature. We therefore trust that this feature in the Magazine will be appreciated. The field will be found extensive, inasmuch that, happily for the country, its benefactors have been numerous, the record of whose deeds deserve to be remembered in this Celtic periodical for the entertainment, and may be, the emulation of its readers.

The details of the life and public services of the gallant gentleman now submitted, and deserving record, are supplied partly from oral information collected at intervals, and partly from documents received by the writer, but which, although imperfect, it is hoped may be acceptable, even at this distance since the lifetime of the subject.

The absence of any adequate notice of Sir Alan Cameron's services, save that in a couple of pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* at his death (1828) may be ascribed much to his own reticence in supplying information respecting them. Sir John Phillipart and Colonel David Stewart, when collecting materials for their respective "Military Annals," expressed their regret that Sir Alan's reply to their applications for particulars of his life and career was of the most meagre nature. Although in common with the majority of other distinguished men, averse to giving publicity to the incidents of his life, he was otherwise than reticent with his friends, and was never happier than when surrounded by them. His house in Gloucester Place was a rendezvous during many years for his companions in arms, and his "Highland cousins" (as he fondly termed them) were always received with a genial welcome. Notwithstanding the general absence of his name

* Sir John Sinclair.

from unofficial publications, it may be affirmed, without hesitation, that in his day few were better known, and there was none whose fame stood higher than *Ailean an Earrachd.* In the army he was held in universal popularity, where, in consequence of his familiar habit of addressing the Irish and Highland soldiers with the Gaelic salute of "*Cia mar tha thu,*" he was known as "Old cia mar tha." Indeed, he is so styled in Mr Lever's novel of "Charles O'Malley," where he is represented (vol. 1, chap. x.) as one of the friends of General Sir George Dashwood. Another writer (Miss Sinclair's "Scotland and the Scotch") refers to him as "a frequent visitor at her father's house in London, and a celebrity of the past generation who was said to have been one of the principals in the last duel fought with broadswords; and also known to his friends for the more than hearty grasp he shook their hands with." These distinctions, no doubt, combined many incidents for their existence. A tragic adventure at the outset of his career; his imprisonment during the American War; and afterwards his services with the Highlanders throughout the wars of the period. He was remarkable for the immense size and powerful structure of his person. In a verse from one of the many Gaelic songs written in honour of *Fear an Earrachd,* alluding to his majestic form and figure when in the Highland costume, the bard says:—

Nuair theid thu 'n uidheam Gaidheil
Bu mhiann le Ban-Righ sealladh dhiot,
Le t-osan is math fiaradh,
Do chalp air fiamh na gallinné:
Sporan a bhruic-fhiadhaich,
Gun chruaidh shnaim riamh ga theannachadh,
Gur tric thu tarruing iall as
'S ga riachaidh a measg aineartaich.

He was the firm friend of the soldier, and considered every man in his regiment committed to his personal care. In health he advised them; in sickness he saw that their wants were supplied; and once any became disabled, he was incessant in his efforts till he secured a pension for them. Numerous are the stories told of the encounters between Sir Harry Torrens (Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief) and himself for his persistent applications for pensions and promotions. These poor fellows, for whom he was never tired of interceding, were naturally grateful for his fatherly feeling towards them. Such is an outline of the characteristics of the subject of the following Biographical sketch.

Chapter II.

The sires of the subject of our memoir were of the tribe of Camerons' known as *Sliochd Eoghainn 'ic Eoghainn,* and descended directly from the parent stock of the chiefs of the clan, to whom they stood next in relationship after the Fassiferns. The lands assigned for their occupation, and on which they lived from the earliest settlement of the Camerons in Lochaber, were within a short distance of the castle of the chiefs, and the homestead of Sir Alan's family was named *Earrachd,* and situated on an elevated plateau at the entrance of *Gleann Laoidh* (Glen Loy) which leads off in a westerly direction. It is close to, and seen from, the banks of that portion of the Caledonian Canal between Gairlochy and Banavie Locks.

The parents of Alan were Donald Cameron and *Marsali* (Marjory) MacLean (of the family of Drimnin in Morvern). Two incidents connected with the infancy of both father and son are peculiarly remarkable. The father was an infant in the arms of his mother when she went to the gathering place to support the Earl of Mar (1715) to bid farewell to her husband the day the clan left; and Alan was an infant in the arms of his mother when *his* father marched out with the clan to meet Prince Charles at Glenfinnan (1745). The battle of Sheriffmuir ended the career of Alan's grandfather, and the disasters on the field of Culloden made the father a wanderer from his hearth and home for the next three years, while his family were subjected during that time to cruelties and indignities, which were a disgrace to men calling themselves the soldiers of the king. Domiciliary visits were made at frequent intervals, and on every occasion numbers of cattle were driven off the lands for the use of the garrison at Fort-William. These spoliations continued for several months after the *rising* was suppressed, and proved ruinous to the poor people whose only crime was that they risked their lives in support of the claims of one whom they believed to be the rightful heir to the Crown of the United Kingdom. Their descendants, a quarter of a century afterwards, risked their lives in another cause with equal fidelity and bravery, asserting the rights and defending the honour of the British Crown. It is known that the Clan Cameron was the first to appear in support of the standard of the Prince. The gathering place of the clan was at *Drochaid Laoidh*, and there ten of the *twelve* tribes promptly answered the *Cothionnal* "*Thigibh a chlann na 'n con 's gheobh sibh feoil.*" The absentees were, the Camerons of Fassifern, and the Camerons of Glen Nevis; the proverbial caution of the first forbade their adherence, while the influence of the Whig Clan Grant prevailed with the latter. The defection of the Fassiferns gave the place of second in command, or Lieutenant of the clan, to Cameron of *Earrachd* (Alan's father). The clan turned out 600, but these were considerably augmented a few days afterwards. After a spirited address from the chief (the "gentle Lochiel"), the first march of that eventful movement commenced with pipers playing and banners flying, wending their way with steady demeanour and elastic step up Glen Loy, and over the hills that separated them from Glenfinnan.

Many of the chiefs of Lochiel were, in addition to being men of great military renown and martial ardour, shrewd politicians. They encouraged other septs to dwell on their lands that they might be serviceable to assist them in keeping the jealous or more turbulent spirits of their own clansmen in subjection. At any rate, with the Camerons in this campaign, a third was composed of Maclachlans, Macmillans, Kennedies, Macphees, Mackinnons, &c.

The Governor of the garrison at Fort-William having heard of the intended gathering at Glenfinnan, sent out a company of soldiers by way of reconnoitring the proceedings. To avoid observance they followed a devious path over the hills, and most opportunely fell in with the Camerons, by whom they were surrounded, and without much difficulty made prisoners. Besides the *eclat* of this the first victory, the arms thus possessed were of considerable advantage to the Highlanders, most of *whom were* miserably equipped for the exigencies of the campaign.

A most cordial reception was given to Lochiel and his clan by the Prince, after which the Marquis of Tullibardine unfurled the standard, amidst unbounded enthusiasm. It was made of white and blue silk. Meanwhile the Laird of Keppoch was observed advancing with a contingent of 300 of his Macdonells. At the head of the dimunitive force thus made up, Prince Charles embarked on a contest with a power the most formidable in Europe. And the daring of this small band was even more conspicuous when they at once determined to march direct on the capital of the kingdom. Glenfinnan, formed not unlike an amphitheatre, and easy of access for all parts of the Western Highlands, was admirably fitted for the rendezvous.

The morning march of the little army took the route alongside of an arm of the sea named Lochiel (the same from which the chief takes his modern title) to Corpach. Here they encamped the first night, afterwards continuing their way up the Braes of Lochaber, Blair Athole, and towards the City of Perth, which they occupied as an intermediate resting place. A few days further march brought them within a short distance of Edinburgh. On nearing the capital a halt was made at Duddingston, and a council was held, at which it was decided to detach Lochiel's force to make the advance and demand the surrender of the city. The Camerons having been the first arrivals at Glenfinnan, may have been the cause of this selection. Lochiel having received some injury from a fall off his horse on the journey, he was unable to accompany his clansmen. Cameron of Earrachd consequently succeeded to the command of this important mission, and its success is matter of history. The events of the '45 are introduced into the career of Alan (the son) somewhat irrelevantly, but only to connect the latter with the singular incident that sixty-two years afterwards it fell to *his* lot to have been ordered by Sir Arthur Wellesley to take possession of the Citadel of Copenhagen (1807). Taking leave now of Prince Charles and his Highlanders, with their fortunes and their failures, the narrative of Alan Cameron will proceed without further divergence.

Chapter III.

It was during these turbulent times that Alan Cameron passed his infantile years—he was four years of age before he saw his father, and, although it was hoped that the settlement of the difficulties which had existed would favour his career in life, exempt from the toils and strifes of war, it was not so ordained, as the narrative will prove.

Alan was the oldest son of a family of three sons and three daughters, son of whom found meet employment subsequently in his regiment. The education was conducted as customary in those days by resident tutors from Aberdeen and St Andrews. With one of these Alan, on reaching a suitable age, went to the latter University for one or two sessions to complete his education. As the oldest son, it was intended that on arriving at a certain age he should relieve his father of the care and management of the lands and stock, and become the responsible representative of the family at home; while it was arranged that of the other sons, Donal was to enter the naval service of the Dutch East India Company,

and the youngest, Ewan, was to find a commission in one of the Fencible Corps of the county of Argyll. But this arrangement was not to be, especially as regards the eldest and youngest sons. A circumstance of melancholy interest occurred before the former had taken to the succession of the farm, or the other had arrived at the age to be an effective officer of his regiment, which had the effect of exactly reversing these intentions. The occurrence referred to was of a tragical nature, and caused the utmost sensation among the families of the district, inasmuch as relationship was so general there that whatever brought affliction to the hearth of one family, would leave its portion also at the threshold of the others. Alan, like other youths, employed much of his juvenile years in the sports of a Highland country life—fox-hunting, deer-stalking, and fishing for salmon on the Lochy; at all of which he was more than ordinarily successful. The nearest house to his father's was that of another Cameron—chieftain of a considerable tribe (*Mac Ile' Onaich* or Sliochd Ile' Onaich), who had recently died of wounds received at Culloden. His widow and children occupied the house at Strone. The lady is reputed to have been very handsome, and would apparently answer *Donachadh Ban's* description of *Isabel og an or fhuilt bhuidhe*, leastways, to borrow a word from the Cockney—she was styled *par excellance, a Bhanntrach Ruadh*. Alan, like a friendly kinsman, was most generous in sharing the successes of his gun and rod with the widowed lady, for which, no doubt, she expressed her acknowledgments to the youthful sportsman. The course of this commendable neighbourship was rather unexpectedly interrupted by some words of misunderstanding which occurred between Alan and a gentleman (also a Cameron) who was closely related to the widow's late husband. He was known as *Fear Mhorsheirlich;* had been *out* in the '45 when quite a youth, and escaped to Holland, from which he had only returned a few months previous to the incident of this narrative. Contemporaries spoke of him as being most accomplished, and of gallant bearing. The real nature of the dispute has not descended sufficiently authentic to justify more minute reference than that rumour assigned it to have been an accusation that Alan was imprudently intimate with the handsome widow of Strone (*a Bhanntrach Ruadh*). The delicate insinuation was resented by Alan in language probably more plain than polite. Mr Cameron was Alan's senior by some twenty years or so, but notwithstanding this, his high spirit could not brook the rough retort of the accused; and, much to Alan's confusion, the result was that he received a peremptory demand to apologise or arrange a meeting for personal satisfaction. As he declined to return the one, he was obliged to grant the desperate alternative. Reading this account of men going out to engage in personal combat for a cause so small, will lead us to consider that such a result ought to have been prevented by the interposition of friends. But it must not be overlooked that the customs of the times are very much ameliorated from what prevailed in those days (1772). It is probable that even then if the management of the affair had been confided to skilful diplomatists the meeting might have been averted. Friends of such conciliating habits were either not at hand, or they were not consulted; and, as men equal in high spirits, the principals could not volunteer any compromise. Alan's chief anxiety was how to keep the event secret from his parents and family,

therefore, he quietly repaired to a relative to request his attendance the following morning as his friend for the occasion. It is said that this gentleman used his utmost powers of dissuasion, although unsuccessful—determination had, in the interval of a few hours, become too settled for alteration. Alan, as the challenged, was, according to duelling etiquette, entitled to the choice of weapons and place of meeting. Although the pistol had in a measure superseded the rapier in England, the broadsword remained the favourite weapon in the north when required for the purpose of personal *satisfaction*. Highlanders had always a preference for the weapon named by Ossian—*An Lann tanna*—and by the modern bards—*Tagha nan Arm*. Alan decided on making choice of the steel blade, and named a certain obscure spot on the banks of the Lochy for the meeting on the following day at the grey hour of the morning. His difficulty now was how to get possession of one of these implements of war without exciting suspicion or inquiries. They numbered more than one in the armory of every Highland household, and in the case of those in his father's house they were preserved with a care due to articles which had been often used with effect in the past. Among them was one which had been *out* in the campaigns of 1689 (Dundee's), 1715 (Mar's), and in 1745–6. It was of Spanish manufacture, and remarkable for the length and symmetry of its blade, in consequence of which it received the sobriquet of *Rangaire Riabhach*.* In his failure to find the keys of the arms depository, he bethought him to make a confident and enlist the sympathies of an elderly lady, who had been a member of the family since the days of his childhood. The aged Amazon not only promised her aid, but highly approved, and even encouraged, the spirit of her youthful relative. Having access to the keys of the armory, the *Rangaire* was soon in Alan's hands, and with it he repaired to the place appointed, "to vindicate his own honour and give *satisfaction* to his antagonist."

The time of year when this event took place was in the early days of autumn. Daylight and the combatants arrived on the scene together. Vague particulars of the preliminaries between them have been variously retailed, but they are not necessary to the narrative, and therefore not referred to. The fact that the elder Cameron was reputed to be a skilled swordsman, also that it was not the first time he had met his foes in the field, may have had some effect on the nerves of his younger opponent, but there was no outward indication of it. The home-taught countryman, however, must have felt that he was standing face to face with no ordinary opponent. Alan, like the generality of young men, had such practice in the use of the weapon as to make him acquainted with the *cuts* and *guards*. The superiority of Mr Cameron was at first apparent and proved, inasmuch as he not only kept himself for some time uninjured, but inflicted a severe cut on Alan's left arm. This blow may be said to have brought the conflict to its sudden and fatal termination. The pain, together with the humiliation, roused Alan's wrath to desperation. It became manifest to the only two friends present, that the life of one, if not of the two combatants, would be sacrificed; but they found themselves quite powerless to restrain the rage of the wounded principal. Their anticipations were

* Brown or brindled wrangler.

not long in being confirmed. The elder Cameron fell from a blow delivered on the head by the powerful arm of his opponent. The force may be imagined when it is stated that it was what is known as No. 7 cut, and that the wounded man's sword in defending was forced into his own forehead. He lived just long enough to reach Strone house—a mile or so distant. It is impossible, except to those who have experienced a similar trial, to estimate the state of feeling such a painful scene produced on the three now remaining on the field. Time, however, was not to be trifled with, for, although, there were no "men in blue" to make prisoners of the breakers of the peace; yet the vanquished combatant had friends who would not hesitate to take life for life. Alan's *achates* at once thought of that probability, or of revenge in some form. They, therefore, hurried him away from the field and across the river Lochy. A short consultation decided that he should remove himself entirely from the Cameron country for the time being. This was concurred in by Alan, who girded his claymore and determined on making direct for his uncle's house in Morvern—(Maclean of Drimnin)—distant about sixty miles, where he arrived without resting or drawing breath. The advice of his counsel, and the decision arrived at, proved to be not unnecessary, as the sequel proved. The fallen man was one of the cadets of a numerous tribe, and they would naturally, in accordance with the habit of the times, seek to avenge the death of their kinsman. They sought for the slayer of their friend with diligence and zeal. Their search was far and wide; but, fortunately for the fugitive, and thanks to the vigilance of his relatives, his pursuers were defeated in their attempt to capture their intended victim. The consternation of the uncle (Drimnin), on learning the cause of his nephew's sudden visit, may be surmised; but what was done could not be undone. When the Laird was satisfied with Alan's version, that *Morsheirlich* fell in fair fight, brought about by himself, his displeasure somewhat relented. Affection and sympathy mingled in the old Laird's bosom, and he decided to befriend his unfortunate nephew at all hazard. It was conjectured that the search of the avengers would be directed towards this district, where Alan's relatives were numerous, and where he would likely betake himself in this emergency. That he might elude his pursuers with greater certainty, the Laird of Drimnin had him escorted across the Sound of Mull by some trusty kinsmen, to the charge of another Maclean (Pennycross), and with whom he was to remain until he received further instructions respecting his future destination. The grief and revenge of *Morsheirlich's* friends had not yet subsided, and would not, for years to come, so that Alan would be unwise to return to his native home, or place himself in their path.

The Collector of His Majesty's Customs at the Port of Greenock was an immediate relation to the Laird of Drimnin by marriage, and a correspondence was entered on with him with the view of ascertaining his opinion as to what was best to be done for Alan. Negotiations occupied more time for their conduct at that time than in the present day; at any rate nothing satisfactory was proposed to Alan, so that for a couple of years he continued wandering up and down the island of Mull, and through the glens of Morvern, entirely under the guidance of his uncle. At last a request came from the Collector to send the fugitive to him,

that he might find employment for him in his own office. The uncle decreed, rather against Alan's grain, that the offer of clerkship should meanwhile be accepted. He remained in this occupation for several months, until he received an invitation from another friend residing in Leith. This gentleman wrote to say that there was now an opportunity of giving him service in an enterprise likely to be congenial to "a man of metal" such as he conceived Alan to be. The war of American Independence had commenced, and the employment which the Leith friend proposed was that Alan should join a privateer which was fitting out in an English port, armed with letters of marque, to capture and destroy American shipping. Alan answered the invitation by repairing to Leith in person with all speed. The nature of the service offered, however, did not accord with his ideas of honourable warfare; in fact, he considered it more akin to piracy, and not such as a gentleman should take part in. He had no affection, he said, for clerkship, but he had still less for the life of a pirate.

While Alan was oscillating in this manner, he learned that another relative of his mother's, Colonel Alan Maclean of Torloisk, who had emigrated to one of the North American colonies some years previously, had received a commission to embody a regiment of those of his countrymen who had become residents on free-grants of land at the same time with himself. To this gentleman Alan decided on going. Soldiering was more genial to his nature than marine freebooting, and he calculated on Colonel Maclean's assistance in that direction. (This Colonel Maclean's grand-daughter was Miss Clephane Maclean, afterwards Marchioness of Northampton.) Arrived in America, Alan was received kindly by his relative, and being a soldier himself he viewed the past event in Alan's life as of a nature not entirely without a certain amount of recommendation to a wanderer in search of fame. Alan was not long in the country when Colonel Maclean added him to his list of volunteers, in a body, which was soon afterwards enrolled as the "Royal Highland Emigrant Corps."

(To be Continued).

A. R. wants to know "the best standard for Gaelic orthography?"

CABAR-FEIDH would like to know if any of Grant's [*Bard Mor an t-Slagain*] Poems were ever published? If so, where? and by whom? It is believed many of his pieces, which were famous in his day, are still known in the Lochbroom and Dundonnell districts. *Cabar* requests that any of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* to whom any of the poems are known would kindly forward them for publication. Grant knew more Ossianic poetry than any man of his day—1746 to 1842. Any information regarding him would be of interest.

MACAOIDH enquires to what sept of the clan the famous pipers—the Mackays of Gairloch—belonged, and how did they find their way to that part of the country? Are there any of their descendants still living in this country or in North British America, where the last famous piper of the race emigrated? The "Blind Piper" and bard was the most famous of this remarkable family, and was a pupil in the celebrated College of the Macrimmon's in Skye.

REPLY TO "GLENGARRY'S" QUERY.—There are words in English to *Piobaireachd Mhic Ranuil* or *Chilliechriost*, and they, with particulars of the occasion on which the tune was composed, will appear in the next instalment of the HIGHLAND CEILIDH in the *Celtic Magazine*.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

[CONTINUED.]

—o—

ON the conclusion of the "Spell of Cadboll" Norman received the hearty and unanimous congratulations of the circle. The frail old bard, pulling himself together, got up, went across the room, and shook him heartily with both hands. This special honour was a most unusual one. It was clear that *Alastair* was just in the mood when a little persuasion would suffice to get him to recite one of his own compositions. This he was generally very chary of doing, but Norman getting the hint from one of his immediate neighbours to ask the bard a special favour on this occasion at once begged the honour of hearing one of the bard's compositions from his own lips. The venerable old man bent himself forward, began to work the fingers of both hands and beat time on his leg as on a chanter, humming a quiet *cronan*. This was his usual practice when composing or reciting poetry, and it was at once seen that he would consent. "I will give you," says he, "a *Marbh-rann*, or Elegy which no one ever heard, and which I have recently composed to the late 'Bailie Hector' of Dingwall, a son of my late esteemed friend 'Letterewe,' on condition that you, Sir, will give us another story when I am done. Norman at once agreed, and the bard commenced as follows:—

MARBHRANN.

DO BHAILIDH EACHAINN, INBHIR-FEOTHARAN, MAC FEAR LEITIR-IUGH.

—o—

AIR FONN—"*'S mi 'm shuidhe 'm 'onar.*"

O 's truagh an sgeula tha 'n diugh ri fheutainn,
Thug gal air ceudan a measg an t-sluaigh,
Mu Eachainn gleusta 'bha fearail, feumail,
Gun da ghlac an t-eug thu a threun-laoich chruaidh:
'S mor bron do Chinnidh, mar eoin na tuinne
Tha 'n cronan duilich 's an ullaidh uath
'S bho nach duisg an gair thu, 's nach cluinn thu 'n gailich,
Se chlaoidh do chairdean do bhas cho luath.

Tha do chairdean cianal, tha bron da'lionadh,
Tha 'n inntinn pianail bho n' ghlac thu 'm bas,
'S iad a ghnath fuidh thiorachd 's nach faigh iad sgial ort,
Ach thu bhi iosal an ciste chlar
Bu tu ceann na riaghailt 'us lamh na fialachd,
A sheoid gun fhiaradh, gun ghiamh gun sgath,
'Sa nis bho 'n thriall thu, 's sinn lan dha d' iargan,
'S nach eil 's na criochan fear a lionas d' ait.

Bha d' aite miaghail 's gach cas an iarrt' thu,
A reir mo sgiala bu teirc do luach:
Bha thu pairteach, briathrach, ri ard 's ri iosal,
Gun chàs gun dioghaltas air an tuath.

Bha foghlum Iarl' agad 's ciall fear riaghlaidh
Bu mhor an diobhail nach da liath do ghruag,
'S ann a bharc an t-aog ort mas d' thainig aois ort,
A ghnuis bha faoilteach air chaochladh snuaidh.

Bha do shnuadh cho aillidh 's nach fhaodainn s' aireamh,
Mar ròs a gharaidh ri maduinn dhriuchd,
Bu chuachach, faineach, do ghruag an caradh—
Mar theudan clarsaich an' inneal ciuil
Do ghruaidh dhearg dhathte, do shuil mar dhearcag,
Fuidh ghnuis na maise bu tapaidh sùrd
Rasg aotram, geanach, bho 'm b'fhaoilteach sealladh
Beul muirneach tairis, 's deud thana dhluth.

O ! 's dluth bha buaidhean a stri mu'n cuairt duit,
Cha b'eol dhomh suairceas nach robh 'do chrè
Bha thu ciallach, narach, 's tu briathrach, pairteach,
'S tu rianail, daimheil, ri d' chairdean fhein ;
Bu tu firean, fallain, bha rioghail, geanach,
'Sa leoghann tapaidh bu ghlaine beus ;
Bhiodh min 'us gairg' air, bhiodh sith 'us fearg air,
Nuair chit' air falbh e bhiodh colg na cheum.

Se do cheum bu bhrisge 's bu shubailt iosgaid,
Bha moran ghibhtean ri d' leasraidh fuaight.
Bu tu glas nan Gaidheal, bho mhuir gu braighe
Gu crioch Chinntaile 's na tha bho thuath.
O ! 's lionmhor oigfhear tha 'n diugh gu bronach
A fasgadh dhorn, 'us ruith-dheoir le ghruaidh,
'Bhiodh dana, sgaiteach, gun sgath gun ghealtachd,
Na 'm bu namhaid pears' bheireadh Eachainn bh' uainn.

Bha thu mor an onair, bu mhor do mholadh,
Bu mhor do shonas, 's tu gun dolaidh gibht'
Bu mhor a b'fhiach thu, bu mhor do riaghailt,
Bu mhor do mhiagh ann an ciall 's an tuigs',
Bu mhor do churam, bu mhor do chuisean,
Bu mhor do chliu ann an cuirt 'sa meas,
Bu mhor do stata, 's bu mhor do nadur,
'S cha mhor nach d'fhag thu na Gaidheil brist'.

O ! 's priseil, laidir, a ghibhte 'dh-fhag sinn—
'S mios'da Ghaeltachd bàs an t-seoid,
Tha Mhachair tursach bho n' chaidh an uir ort,
'S tu dh-fhuasgladh cuis do gach cuirt mu bhord,
Bha 'Ghalldachd deurach ri cainnt ma d' dheighinn,
Gu ruig Dun-eidin nan steud 's nan cleoc,
'S cha ghabhainn gealtachd, air son a chantuinn,
Gur call do Bhreatuinn nach eil thu beo.

'S tu chraobh a b'aillidh bha 'n tus a gharaidh
'S i ùr a fas ann fuidh bhlath 's fuidh dhos,
O ! 's truagh a dh-fhag thu ma thuath na Gaidheil
Mar uain gun mhathair ni'n sgath ri frois,
'S tu b'urr' an tearnadh bho chunnart gabhaidh,
'S an curaidh laidir, chuireadh spairn na tost,
Tha 'n tuath gu craiteach, 's na h-uaislean càsai,
'S bho 'n chaidh am fàd ort 's truagh gair nam bochd.

"Ma ta 's math sibh fhein Alastair Bhuidhe; 's grinn comhnard a bhardachd a th'air a mharbhrainn, ach cha 'n eil i dad nas fhearr na thoill brod a Ghaidheil agus am fior dhuin' uasal dha'n d'rinn sibh i," arsa Ruairidh Mor. (Well done yourself, *Alastair Buidhe*, the composition of the Elegy is beautifully elegant and even, but not any better than the memory of the best of Highlanders and the truest of gentlemen, to whom you composed it, deserved, said Big Rory). This was the general verdict of the circle.

Norman was now called upon to fulfil his part of the arrangement, which he promptly did by giving the Legend, of which the following is a translation:—

THE RAID OF CILLIECHRIOST.

THE ancient Chapel of Cilliechriost, in the Parish of Urray, in Ross, was the scene of one of the bloodiest acts of ferocity and revenge that history has recorded. The original building has long since disappeared, but the lonely and beautifully situated burying-ground is still in use. The tragedy originated in the many quarrels which arose between the two chiefs of the North Highlands—Mackenzie of Kintail and Macdonald of Glengarry. As usual, the dispute was regarding land, but it were not easy to arrive at the degree of blame to which each party was entitled, enough that there was bad blood between these two paladdins of the north. Of course, the quarrel was not allowed to go to sleep for lack of action on the part of their friends and clansmen. The Macdonalds having made several raids on the Mackenzie country, the Mackenzies retaliated by the spoiling of Morar with a large and overwhelming force. The Macdonalds, taking advantage of Kenneth Mackenzie's visit to Mull with the view to influence Maclean to induce the former to peace, once more committed great devastation in the Mackenzie country, under the leadership of Glengarry's son Angus. From Kintail and Lochalsh the clan of the Mackenzies gathered fast, but too late to prevent Macdonald from escaping to sea with his boats loaded with the foray. A portion of the Mackenzies ran to Eilean-donan, while another portion sped to the narrow strait of the Kyle between Skye and the mainland, through which the Macdonalds, on their return, of necessity, must pass. At Eilean-donan Lady Mackenzie furnished them with two boats, one ten-oared and one four-oared, also with arrows and ammunition. Though without their chief, the Mackenzies sallied forth, and rowing towards Kyleakin, lay in wait for the approach of the Macdonalds. The first of the Glengarry boats they allowed to pass unchallenged, but the second, which was the thirty-two-oared galley of the chief was furiously attacked. The unprepared Macdonalds rushing to the side of the heavily loaded boat, swamped the craft, and were all thrown into the sea, where they were despatched in large numbers, and those who escaped to the land were destroyed "by the Kintail men, who killed them like *sealchagan*." * The body of young Glengarry was secured and buried in the very door-way of the Kirk of Kintail, that the Mackenzies might trample over it whenever they went to church. Time passed on, Donald *Gruamach*, the old

* Snails.

chief, died ere he could mature matters for adequate retaliation of the Kyle tragedy and the loss of his son Angus. The chief of the clan was an infant in whom the feelings of revenge could not be worked out by action; but there was one, his cousin, who was the Captain or Leader in whom the bitterest thoughts exercised their fullest sway. It seems now impossible that such acts could have occurred, and it gives one a startling idea of the state of the country then, when such a terrible instance of private vengeance could have been carried out so recent as the beginning of the seventeenth century, without any notice being taken of it, even, in those days of general blood and rapine. Notwithstanding the hideousness of sacrilege and murder, which, certainly, in magnitude of atrocity, was scarcely ever equalled, there are many living, even in the immediate neighbourhood, who are ignorant of the cause of the act. Macranuil of Lundi, captain of the clan, whose personal prowess was only equalled by his intense ferocity, made many incursions into the Mackenzie country, sweeping away their cattle, and otherwise doing them serious injury; but these were but preludes to that sanguinary act on which his soul gloated, and by which he hoped effectually to avenge the loss of influence and property of which his clan were deprived by the Mackenzies, and more particularly wash out the records of death of his chief and clansmen at Kyleakin. In order to form his plans more effectually he wandered for some time as a mendicant among the Mackenzies in order the more successfully to fix on the best means and spot for his revenge. A solitary life offered up to expiate the manes of his relatives was not sufficient in his estimation, but the life's blood of such a number of his bitterest foemen, and an act at which the country should stand aghast was absolutely necessary. Returning home he gathered together a number of the most desperate of his clan, and by a forced march across the hills arrived at the Church of Cillechriost on a Sunday forenoon, when it was filled by a crowd of worshippers of the clan Mackenzie. Without a moments delay, without a single pang of remorse, and while the song of praise ascended to heaven from fathers, mothers, and children, he surrounded the church with his band, and with lighted torches set fire to the roof. The building was thatched, and while a gentle breeze from the east fanned the fire, the song of praise, mingled with the crackling of the flames, until the imprisoned congregation, becoming conscious of their situation, rushed to the doors and windows, where they were met by a double row of bristling swords. Now, indeed, arose the wild wail of despair, the shrieks of women, the infuriated cries of men, and the helpless screaming of children, these mingled with the roaring of the flames appalled even the Macdonalds, but not so Allan Dubh. "Thrust them back into the flames" cried he, "for he that suffers ought to escape alive from Cilliechriost shall be branded as a traitor to his clan"; and they were thrust back or mercilessly hewn down within the narrow porch, until the dead bodies piled on each other opposed an unsurmountable barrier to the living. Anxious for the preservation of their young children, the scorching mothers threw them from the windows in the vain hope that the feelings of parents awakened in the breasts of the Macdonalds would induce them to spare them, but not so. At the command of Allan of Lundi they were received on the points of the broadswords

of men in whose breasts mercy had no place. It was a wild and fearful sight only witnessed by a wild and fearful race. During the tragedy they listened with delight to the piper of the band, who marching round the burning pile, played to drown the screams of the victims, an extempore pibroch, which has ever since been distinguished as the war tune of Glengarry under the title of "Cilliechriost." The flaming roof fell upon the burning victims, soon the screams ceased to be heard, a column of smoke and flame leapt into the air, the pibroch ceased, the last smothered groan of existence ascended into the still sky of that Sabbath morning, whispering as it died away that the agonies of the congregation were over.

East, west, north, and south looked Allan Dubh Macranuil. Not a living soul met his eye. The fire he kindled had destroyed, like the spirit of desolation. Not a sound met his ear, and his own tiger soul sunk within him in dismay. The Parish of Cilliechriost seemed swept of every living thing. The fearful silence that prevailed, in a quarter lately so thickly peopled, struck his followers with dread; for they had given in one hour the inhabitants of a whole parish, one terrible grave. The desert which they had created filled them with dismay, heightened into terror by the howls of the masterless sheep dogs, and they turned to fly. Worn out with the suddenness of their long march from Glengarry, and with their late fiendish exertions, on their return they sat down to rest on the green face of Glenconvinth, which route they took in order to reach Lundi through the centre of Glenmorriston by Urquhart. Before they fled from Cillechriost Allan divided his party into two, one passing by Inverness and the other as already mentioned; but the Macdonalds were not allowed to escape, for the flames had roused the Mackenzies as effectually as if the fiery cross had been sent through their territories. A youthful leader, a cadet of the family of Seaforth, in an incredibly short time, found himself surrounded by a determined band of Mackenzies eager for the fray; these were also divided into two bodies, one commanded by Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle, proceeded by Inverness, to follow the pursuit along the southern side of Loch Ness; another headed by Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, struck across the country from Beauly, to follow the party of the Macdonalds who fled along the northern side of Loch Ness under their leader Allan Dubh Macranuil. The party that fled by Inverness were surprised by Redcastle in a public-house at Torbreck, three miles to the west of the town where they stopped to refresh themselves. The house was set on fire, and they all—thirty-seven in number—suffered the death which, in the earlier part of the day, they had so wantonly inflicted. The Mackenzies, under Coul, after a few hours' hard running, came up with the Macdonalds as they sought a brief repose on the hills towards the burn of Aultsigh. There the Macdonalds maintained an unequal conflict, but as guilt only brings faint hearts to its unfortunate votaries they turned and again fled precipitately to the burn. Many, however, missed the ford, and the channel being rough and rocky several fell under the swords of the victorious Mackenzies. The remainder, with all the speed they could make, held on for miles lighted by a splendid and cloudless moon, and when the rays of the morning burst upon them, Allan Dubh Macranuil

and his party were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen Urquhart with the Mackenzies close in the rear. Allan casting an eye behind him and observing the superior numbers and determination of his pursuers, called to his band to disperse in order to confuse his pursuers and so divert the chase from himself. This being done, he again set forward at the height of his speed, and after a long run, drew breath to reconnoitre, when, to his dismay, he found that the avenging Mackenzies were still upon his track in one unbroken mass. Again he divided his men and bent his flight towards the shore of Loch Ness, but still he saw the foe with redoubled vigour, bearing down upon him. Becoming fearfully alive to his position, he cried to his few remaining companions again to disperse, until they left him, one by one, and he was alone. Allan, who as a mark of superiority and as Captain of the Glengarry Macdonalds, always wore a red jacket, was easily distinguished from the rest of his clansmen, and the Mackenzies being anxious for his capture, thus easily singled him out as the object of their joint and undiverted pursuit. Perceiving the sword of vengeance ready to descend on his head he took a resolution as desperate in its conception as unequalled in its accomplishment. Taking a short course towards the fearful ravine of Aultsigh he divested himself of his plaid and buckler, and turning to the leader of the Mackenzies, who had nearly come up with him, beckoned him to follow, then with a few yards of a run he sprang over the yawning chasm, never before contemplated without a shudder. The agitation of his mind at the moment completely overshadowed the danger of the attempt, and being of an athletic frame he succeeded in clearing the desperate leap. The young and reckless Mackenzie, full of ardour and determined at all hazards to capture the murderer followed; but, being a stranger to the real width of the chasm, perhaps of less nerve than his adversary, and certainly not stimulated by the same feelings, he only touched the opposite brink with his toes, and slipping downwards he clung by a slender shoot of hazel which grew over the tremendous abyss. Allan Dubh looking round on his pursuer and observing the agitation of the hazel bush, immediately guessed the cause, and returning with the ferocity of a demon who had succeeded in getting his victim into his fangs, hoarsely whispered, "I have given your race this day much, I shall give them this also, surely now the debt is paid," when cutting the hazel twig with his sword, the intrepid youth was dashed from crag to crag until he reached the stream below, a bloody and misshapen mass. Macranuil again commenced his flight, but one of the Mackenzies, who by this time had come up, sent a musket shot after him, by which he was wounded, and obliged to slacken his pace. None of his pursuers, however, on coming up to Aultsigh, dared or dreamt of taking a leap which had been so fatal to their youthful leader, and were therefore under the necessity of taking a circuitous route to gain the other side. This circumstance enabled Macranuil to increase the distance between him and his pursuers, but the loss of blood, occasioned by his wound, so weakened him that very soon he found his determined enemies were fast gaining on him. Like an infuriated wolf he hesitated whether to await the undivided attack of the Mackenzies or plunge into Loch Ness and attempt to swim across its waters. The shouts of his approaching enemies soon decided him, and he sprung into

its deep and dark wave. Refreshed by its invigorating coolness he soon swam beyond the reach of their muskets; but in his weak and wounded state it is more than probable he would have sunk ere he had crossed half the breadth had not the firing and the shouts of his enemies proved the means of saving his life. Fraser of Foyers seeing a numerous band of armed men standing on the opposite bank of Loch Ness, and observing a single swimmer struggling in the water, ordered his boat to be launched, nd pulling hard to the individual, discovered him to be his friend Allan Dubh, with whose family Fraser was on terms of friendship. Macranuil, thus rescued remained at the house of Foyers until he was cured of his wound, but the influence and the Clan of the Macdonalds henceforth declined, while that of the Mackenzies surely and steadily increased.

The heavy ridge between the vale of Urquhart and Aultsigh where Allan Dubh Macranuil so often divided his men, is to this day called *Monadh-a-leumanaich* or "the Moor of the Leaper."

(To be Continued.)

CAN THIS BE THE LAND?

——o——

"How are the mighty fallen!"

Can this be the land where of old heroes flourished?
Can this be the land of the sons of the blast?
Gloom-wrapt as a monarch whose greatness hath perished,
Its beauty of loneliness speaks of the past:—
Tell me ye green valleys, dark glens, and blue mountains,
Where now are the mighty that round ye did dwell?
Ye wild-sweeping torrents, and woe-sounding fountains,
Say, is it their spirits that wail in your swell?

Oft, oft have ye leaped when your children of battle,
With war-bearing footsteps rushed down your dark crests;
Oft, oft have ye thundered with far-rolling rattle,
The echoes of slogans that burst from their breasts:—
Wild music of cataracts peals in their gladness,—
Hoarse tempests still shriek to the clouds lightning-fired,—
Dark shadows of glory departed, in sadness
Still linger o'er ruins where dwelt the inspired.

The voice of the silence for ever is breaking
Around the lone heaths of the glory-sung braves;
Dim ghosts haunt in sorrow, a land all forsaken,
And pour their mist tears o'er the heather-swept graves:—
Can this be the land of the thunder-toned numbers
That snowy bards sung in the fire of their bloom?
Deserted and blasted, in death's silent slumbers,
It glooms o'er my soul like the wreck of a tomb.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

HIGHLAND FOLK-LORE.

By "Nether-Lochaber."

—o—

Folk-Lore—a word of recent importation from the German—is a big word, and Highland Folk-Lore is a big subject, so big and comprehensive that not one Magazine article, but a many-chaptered series of Magazine articles would be necessary ere one could aver that he had done his "text" anything like justice. On the present occasion, therefore, we do not pretend to enter into the heart of a subject so extensive and many-sided: we shall content ourselves with a little scouting and skirmishing, so to speak, along the borders of a territory which it is possible we may ask the readers at some future time to explore along with us more at large. A few of the many proverbs, wisdom words, and moral and prudential sentences in daily use shall, in clerical phrase, meantime form "the subject-matter of our discourse." Nor must the reader think that the subject is in any wise *infra dignitate*, unworthy, that is, or undignified. Of the world-renowned Seven Wise Men of Greece, five at least attained to all their eminence and fame no otherwise than because they were the cunning framers of maxims and proverbs that rightly interpreted were calculated to advance and consolidate the moral and material welfare of the nation around them. Of the remaining two, it is true that one was an eminent politician and legislator, and the other a natural philosopher of the first order; but it is questionable if either of them would have been considered entitled to their prominent place in the Grecian *Pleiades* of Wise Men had they not been proverb-makers and utterers of brief but pregnant "wisdom-words" as well. Even Solomon, the wisest of men, was less celebrated as a botanist and naturalist, though he spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; and of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes—less celebrated even as a lyrist, though his songs were a thousand and five, than for his proverbs and moral maxims of which the record takes care to tell us he spake no less than "three thousand." So much then for the dignity of our subject: what engaged the attention of Solomon and the Seven Sages of Greece cannot surely be unworthy some small share of our regard.

"Six and half-a-dozen" is an English phrase, implying either that two things are exactly the same, or so very much alike as to be practically the same. The old Gael was not much of an arithmetician, he rarely meddled with numbers, and therefore no precisely similar phrase is to be found in his language; but he could express the same idea in his own way, and so pithily and emphatically that his version of the proverbial axiom is, perhaps, as good as is to be found in any other language whatever. The Gael's equivalent for "six and half-a-dozen" is, "*Bo mhaol odhar, agus bo odhar, mhaol*"—(A cow that is dodded and dun, and a

cow that is dun and doddled)—a phrase drawn, as are many of his most striking proverbs and prudential maxims, and very naturally too, from his pastoral surroundings. We recollect an admirable and very ludicrous application of this saying in a story once told us by the late Dr Norman Macleod of Glasgow, "old" Norman that is, not the Barony Doctor, but his father:—When a boy in Morven, of which parish his father was minister, there was a well-known character in that part of the country called "*Eoghann Gorach Chraigan Uibhir*," Daft Ewen of Craig-an-Ure in Mull, a born "natural," who, although a veritable "fool," had yet in him much of the quiet, keen-edged satire and roguery which is not unfrequently found in the better ranks of such "silly ones." Ewen regularly perambulated Mull and Morven, with an occasional raid into the neighbouring districts of Sunart and Ardnamurchan. He had sense enough to be able to carry the current news of the day from district to district, and on this account was always a welcome guest in every farm-house and hamlet on his beat; and as he sung a capital song, and was remarkable for much harmless drollery and "daffing," he was, it is needless to say, a great favourite everywhere. He took a great interest in ecclesiastical affairs, and always attended the church when the state of his wardrobe and other circumstances permitted. On one occasion Ewen was passing through Morven, and knowing that the annual communion time was approaching, he called upon the minister and begged to know who his assistants on that particular occasion were to be. He was going to pay a visit, he said, to all the glens and outlying hamlets in the parish, and as the people were sure to ask him the important question, he wished to have the proper answer direct from the minister himself. "*Tha raghadh 'us taghadh nam ministeiran, Eoghainn; An Doiteir A. B. a Inneraora, agus an Doiteir C. D. a Muille.*" (The pick and choice of ministers Ewen said the minister, Doctor A. B. from Inverary, and Doctor C. D. from Mull). "Whe-e-we!" in a contemptuously prolonged low whistle replied Ewen. "*An ann mar so a tha; Bo mhaol, odhar, agus bo odhar, mhaol!*" (And is it even so; are these to be your assistants? A cow that is doddled and dun, and a cow that is dun and doddled!) Than which nothing could more emphatically convey Ewen's very small opinion of the "assistants" mentioned. They were much of a muchness; six and half-a-dozen; a cow doddled and dun, and a cow dun and doddled! The Gael was a keen observer of natural phenomena, and some of his best sayings were founded on the knowledge thus acquired. Meteorological "wisdom-words" for instance, are quite common. "*Mar chloich a ruith le gleann, tha feasgar fann foghairidh*" is an admirable example. (As is the headlong rush of a stone, atumbling down the glen, so hurried and of short duration is an autumnal afternoon.) The philosophy of the saying is that you are to begin your work betimes in the season of autumn; at early dawn if possible, and not to stop at all for dinner, seeing that once the day has passed its prime, the hour of sunset approaches with giant strides, and there is little or no twilight to help you if you have been foolish enough to dawdle your time in the hours of sunset proper. "'*S fas a chùil as nach goirear*" is another pregnant adage. (Desert, indeed, is the corner whence no voice of bird is heard.) Some people are very quiet, almost dumb indeed, but on the occurrence of some event, or on the back of some

remark of yours, they speak, and speak so clearly and well that you are surprised, and quote the saying that it is a solitary and silent glade indeed whence no voice is heard. "*Am fear a bhios na thamh, saoilidh e gur i lamh fhein as fhearr air an stiùir*" is a common saying of much meaning and wide application. (He that is idle [a mere spectator] thinks that he could steer the boat better than the man actually in charge.) And we all know how apt we are to meddle, and generally unwisely, with the proper labours of others. Nothing, for instance, is more annoying and dangerous even than to put forth your hand by way of helping a driver in managing his horses, or to interfere with the tiller of a boat at which a perfectly competent man is already seated. We have known the saying just quoted scores of times suffice to stop the unwise and gratuitous intermeddling of such as were disposed to interfere with what did not properly belong to them. "*Bidh fear an aon mhairt aig uairean gun bhainne*" is a frequent saying, and implies more than is at first sight apparent. (The man with only one cow will be at times without milk.) The import of the saying is something more than a mere statement of fact. You have only one cow, and you are certain to be at times without milk. Get by your industry and perseverance *two* cows or three, and then you are pretty sure to have more or less milk all the year round.

We have thus briefly touched the hem, so to speak, of a very interesting subject—a subject that in the Highlands of Scotland, at least, has never yet received a tittle of the attention it deserves. And let no one be afraid to meddle with it to any extent he pleases, for we promise him that he will meet with nothing in any way to shock his delicacy or offend his taste, no matter how fine so ever of edge and exquisite; and in this respect, at all events, the good old Gael is superior to that of any other people of whom we have any knowledge. We may, perhaps, deal more at large with the subject in a future number. Meantime, we may state that we are of the same opinion as the Editor of the *Inverness Courier*; there is abundance of room for the *Celtic Magazine* if it continues to be well conducted, without, in the least degree, encroaching upon the territories of any other periodicals interested in Celtic affairs.

NETHER-LOCHABER, November 1875.

IMAGINATION.

Dedicated by consent to ALFRED TENNYSON.

All hail! far-seeing and creative power,
Before whose might the universe bends low
In silent adoration! Guide my pen
While from my soul the sounds of music pour
Towards thy praises! For to thee belongs
The sounding stream of never-ending song.
When out of chaos rose the glorious world,
Sublime with mountains flowing from the skies,
On lonely seas, sweet with slow-winding vales,
Clasping the grandeur of the heavenly hills
With soft and tender arms, or lowly glens
Shrinking from glowing gaze of searching sun
Beneath the shade of the high-soaring hills;
Grand with great torrents roaring o'er fierce crags
In suicidal madness, sad with seas
That flash in silver of the gladdening sun,
Yet ever wail in sadness 'neath the skies
Of smiling heaven (like a lovely life
That wears a sunny face, and wintry soul),
Hopeful with fickle-life-renewing spring,
Gladden'd with summer's radiance, autumn's joy,
And sad and sullen with fierce winter's rain;
Ruled by the race of God-made men who rush
Towards eternity with half-shut eyes,
Blind to the glories of sweet sky and sea,
Wood-cover'd earth, and sun-reflecting hill,
Thou in the mind of God, almighty power!
Ruled, and directed his creative hand.
With thee the seas spread and the hills arose
To do thy Maker's will; the silvery stars
Like heavenly glow-worms, beautifully cold,
And gladly silent, gemmed the gloom of night,
And shed the gladdening glances of their eyes
On the sad face of the night-darken'd earth.
Without thy sweetening influence, the soul
Of nature's bard were like a sunless plain,
Or summer garden destitute of flowers,
A winter day ungladden'd by the gleam
Of flowing sun, or river searching wild
Through desert lands for ne'er appearing trees,
Or peaceful flowers that sandy scenes disdain.
No thought the philosophic mind imparts
To an enraptured world, but bears thy power,
And owns thee as the agent of its birth.
O'er the sweet landscape of the poet's mind
Thou sunlike shed'st the gladness of thy love,
Inspiring all the scenes that lie below,
Sweetening the bowers where Fancy loves to dwell,
And on the crest of some huge mountain-thought
Placing the glory of thy fleecy cloud,
To make its frowning grandeur greater still,
And heighten all its beauteous mystery.
Thro' the sweet-coloured plains of Poesy
Thou flowest like a sweetly-sounding stream,
Here, rushing furious o'er the rocky crags
Of wild, original thought, and there, 'neath bowers
Of imagery, winding on thy way
Peaceful and still towards the fadeless sea
Of all-enduring immortality.
Like lightning flash for which no thunder-roar
Makes preparation, from th' astonished mind
On an astonished and admiring world
Thou dartest in thine overwhelming course,
Leaving a track of splendour in thy train,
And lighting up the regions of thy way.
With thee sweet music sings her various song,
And thrills the soul and elevates the mind
With "thoughts that often lie too deep for tears,"
And own a sadness sweeter than the rills,
A softer sweetness than the sinking sun
Gives to the sparkling face of pensive sea.
With thee great genius walketh hand in hand
Towards the loftiest thought, or sits in pride
Upon the golden throne of starry Fame.
Borne on thy wings the pensive poet flies
To the sweet-smiling land of sunny dreams,
Or pours his floods of music o'er the world.
With thy bright gleams his daily deeds are gemmed,
And by thy balmy influence, his life
Survives when he is dead!

D. R. WILLIAMSON.

MAIDENKIRK.

LACHLAN MACKINNON,

OR "LACHLAN MAC THEARLAICH OIG," THE SKYE BARD.

—o—

AMONG many who have distinguished themselves by their display of poetical talents, the subject of the present brief memoir, holds a prominent place as a Gaelic poet. It is true that he was but little known to the world, but he was much admired as a bard, and greatly respected as a gentleman in his native "Isle of Mist."

Lachlan Mackinnon, patronimically designated "Lachlan Mac Thearlaich Oig," was born in the parish of Strath, Isle of Skye, in the year 1665. He was son of Charles Mackinnon of Ceann-Uachdarach, a cadet of the old family of Mackinnon of Mackinnon of Strath. His mother was Mary Macleod, daughter of John Macleod of Drynoch, in the same island The poetical genius of *Lachlan Mac Thearlaich* showed itself almost in his infancy. His father, like all Skye gentlemen in those good olden times, was a very social and hospitable man, who seemed never to be contented unless he had his house at Ceann-Uachdarach full of neighbours to enjoy themselves in his family circle. The company were often much amused with little Lachlan when a mere child, seeing the facility with which he composed couplets on any subject prescribed to him. At the age of eight he possessed a vigour of mind, and a vivacity of imagination rarely to be met with in youths of more than double his age. A predilection for poetry seemed to have gained an ascendency in his mind, over all other pursuits and amusements of his tender years. He received the rudiments of his education, under a tutor in his father's family, and as his native island had not, at that remote period, the advantage of public schools of any note, the young bard was sent, at the age of sixteen, to the school of Nairn, which, from its reputation at the time as an excellent seminary, was much resorted to by gentlemen's sons from all parts of the north. The young Hebridean remained at Nairn continuously for three years, and was greatly distinguished, not merely by his bright talents, but by his assiduity and perseverance in improving them. His studious disposition and diligent application were amply testified by the progress made by him, and no less duly appreciated by his superiors in the place. His love for study was enthusiastic, particularly in regard to the languages. He was by far the best Greek and Latin pupil at the Nairn Academy. His moments of relaxation were spent in the composition of poems in the English language while at Nairn, although, undoubtedly, the Gaelic was the medium which was most congenial to his mind for giving expression in rhyme to his sentiments. At Nairn, however, he

composed several beautiful little pieces, and among the rest a song which was much admired, to the air subsequently immortalized by Burns as "Auld Lang Syne." Although his productions in English were much admired, yet, as it was to him an acquired language, they could bear no comparison with his truly superior compositions in Gaelic. It is a matter of much regret that so few of his Gaelic poems are extant. Like many bards he unfortunately trusted his productions to his memory; and although well qualified, as a Gaelic writer, to commit them to paper, yet he neglected it, and hence hundreds of our best pieces in Gaelic poetry are lost for ever. Had they been all preserved, and given to the public in a collected shape, they would have raised the talented author to that high rank among the Celtic bards, which his genius so richly merited.

In appearance *Lachlan Mac Thearlaich* was tall, handsome, and fascinating. He was distinguished by a winning gentleness and modesty of manners, as well as by his generous sensibility and steadfast friendship. His presence was courted in every company, and he was everywhere made welcome. Of most of the chieftains and Highland lairds he was a very acceptable acquaintance, while no public assembly, or social meeting was considered complete if that object of universal favour, the bard of Strath, were absent.

When a very young man he was united in marriage to Flora, daughter of Mr Campbell of Strond, in the Island of Harris. Fondly attached to his native isle, he rented from his chief the farm of Breakish, with the grazing Island of Pabbay, at £24 sterling annually. And as an instance of the many changes effected by time, it may be mentioned that the same tenement is now rented at about £250 a-year. From what has been said of the bard's amiable disposition and gentle manners, it will seem no wise surprising that he proved to be one of the most affectionate of husbands, and dutiful of fathers. The happiness of the matrimonial state was to him, however, but of short duration. His wife, to whom he was greatly attached, died in the prime and vigour of life. He was rendered so disconsolate by means of his sudden and unexpected bereavement, that he took a dislike to the scene of his transient happiness, and relinquished his farm in Strath. Having removed from Skye, he took possession of a new tenement of lands from Mackenzie in Kintail. Greatly struck by what he considered the unrefined manners of his new neighbours in that quarter, and contrasting them with the more genial deportment of his own distinguished clan in Strath, he had the misfortune to exercise his poetic genius in the composition of some pungent satires and lampoons directed against the unpolished customs of the natives of Kintail. It is needless to add that by these means he gained for himself many enemies, and forfeited the good wishes of all around him. Finding himself thus disagreeably situated, after an absence of four years, he returned to Skye, where he was cordially received by his chief, and put in possession of his former farm at Breakish. After being twelve years a widower he went to Inverness for the purpose of visiting some of his schoolfellows who resided there. Previous to his leaving the capital of the Highlands his acquaintances there urged upon him the propriety of marrying a widow

lady of the name of Mackintosh, whom they represented as being possessed of considerable means. He reluctantly complied with their wishes, but it became soon too apparent to him that he did so at the expense of his own happiness. His bride was not only penniless but deeply involved in debt. Next morning after his marriage he was visited by messengers who served him with summonses for a heavy debt due by his wife. In the impulse of the moment, while he held the summons in his hand, he seized a pen, and having taken his bride's Bible, wrote the following expressive lines on the blank leaf :—

"Tha'n saoghal air a roinn,
Tha dà dhàn ann,
Tha dàn ann gu bhi sona,
Ach tha dàn an donuis ann."

This marriage proved, in every respect, an unhappy one. The lady, as a stepmother, was peevish, harsh, and undutiful. Her cruelty to her husband's children was a continual source of grief to him, and of unhappiness to his domestic circle. On a certain day, the lady quarrelling with one of her step-daughters, told her she hated to see her face, and that she always considered the day an unlucky one on which she had the misfortune to meet her first in the morning. The girl, inheriting no doubt a share of her father's power of repartee, quickly answered her stepmother, and said, "You have every cause to believe that it is unlucky to meet me, for I was first-foot to my dear father the unfortunate morning on which he left home to marry you."

Even amid his misfortunes, which he endured with much forbearance, *Lachlan Mac Thearlaich* was renowned for his hospitality and genuine Highland friendship. Remote though the period be since he lived, still his memory is fondly cherished in the place. He was possessed of so endearing accomplishments, that time itself can hardly wipe away his memory from the minds of his countrymen and clan. Many fragments of his numerous songs continued for ages to be repeated in the country, but it is feared, from all the changes which have taken place in the circumstances of the natives, that these are now irretrievably lost. Many of his witty sayings became proverbial in the island. He was one of the first sportsmen in the country, and was considered one of the most successful deer stalkers of his day. Along with his other accomplishments he was an excellent performer on the violin, and in this respect he had no equal in the Western Isles. Of him it may be justly said :—

"To thee harmonious powers belong,
That add to verse the charm of song;
Soft melody with numbers join,
And make the poet half divine!"

As a proof of Lachlan Mackinnon's loyalty, it may be mentioned that, quite contrary to the wishes of his chief, he went along with some other loyal subjects, all the way from Skye to Inverness, in the year 1717, to sign a congratulatory address to George I. on his succeeding to the British throne. He spent the remainder of his days in his native isle and parish, and died universally regretted in the year 1734, at the age of sixty-nine. His funeral was attended by most of the Highland chieftains, and their

principal vassals. His cousin-german, Alasdair Dubh of Glengarry, and all his gentlemen tacksmen were then present, as also Macdonald of the Isles, Macleod of Dunvegan, Mackinnon of Mackinnon, and Mackenzie of Applecross, with their chief retainers. A numerous band of Highland pipers preceded the bier playing the usual melancholy coronach. Amidst a vast assemblage of all ranks and classes his remains were consigned to their kindred dust in the old churchyard of Gillchrist, being the burying-ground of the parish which gave him birth. A rude flag, with an inscription, still marks the poet's grave; but the memory of his many virtues will be handed down in the place to generations yet unborn.

Lachlan Mac Thearlaich composed a beautiful and pathetic song which is still preserved, to "Generosity, Love, and Liberality. He personified those three, and pretended that he met them as lonely outcasts in a dreary glen, and addressed them :—

Latha siubhal slëibhe dhomh,
'S mi 'falbh leam fein gu dlùth,
A chuideachd anns an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cù,
Gun thachair clann rium anns a' ghleann,
A'gul gu fann chion iùil;
Air leam gur h-iad a b' aillidh dreach
A chunnacas riamh le m' shùil.

Gu'm b' ioghnadh leam mar tharladh dhoibh
A'm fàsach fad air chùl,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean,
Gu'n tagha de cheann iùil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d' fhiaraich mi, "Cò sùd?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
A'm brïathraibh mine ciùin.

"Iochd, a's Gràdh, a's Fiughantas,
'Nar triùir gur h-e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean urramach,
A choisinn cliu 's gach ball,
'Nuair a phàigh an fhëile cis d'an Eüg
'Sa chaidh i fein air chàll
'Na thiomnadh dh' fhàg ar n-athair sinn
Aig maithibh Innse-Gall."

SGIATHANACH.

FINGAL.

—o—

In the yellow sunset of ancient Celtic glory appear the band of warriors known as the Ossianic heroes. Under the magnifying and beautifying influence of that sunset they tower upon our sight with a stature and illustriousness more than human. Of these heroes, the greatest and best was *Fionn* or Fingal. Unless our traditions are extensively falsified he was a man in whom shone all those virtues which are the boast of our race. The unflinching performance of duty, the high sense of honour, the tenderness more than woman's, and the readiness to appreciate the virtues of others were among his more conspicuous characteristics. Now that Celtic anthropology is being so extensively discussed, is it not remarkable that Fingal, who so truly personifies the character of that race, is not adduced as the representative Celt? He was a Celt to the very core, and Celtic character has been in no small degree moulded by copying his example. He was, in truth, not the *ultimus* but the *Primus Gaelorum.*

Nevertheless, it must be confessed that to many English readers Fingal is nothing but a name, and that even to most of them he looms dark and dim through the mist of years. Unhappily, a nature so transcendently humane and heroic as his is not the sort to win the admiration of the vulgar. Nay, so far is its simple grandeur removed above the common materialism of modern life that the most refined cannot, at first sight, appreciate its exalted loveliness.

The fullest and, we believe, the truest account of him is to be found in Ossian's poems. That the poetry so denominated was, in substance, composed by Ossian we have no doubt. At any rate the descriptions of Fingal therein contained are not only consistent throughout, but also in accordance with all that we know of him from other sources. But were we even to adopt the absurd theory that Fingal is a creation of Macpherson's imagination, the intrinsic beauty of the picture well deserves our study.

An old man retaining all the energy, but not the rashness of youth; age with vigour instead of decrepitude, delighting in the words of sound wisdom rather than the usual tattle of second childhood; and, withal, an old man who is prone to moralise as old men are; a man able and willing to do his duty in the present though his heart is left in the past; such is the most prominent figure in these poems. He is pourtrayed as of tall, athletic frame and kingly port, his majestic front and hoary locks surmounted by the helm and eagle plume of the Celtic kings.

Though the idea of Fingal pervades most of Ossian's poems he is seldom introduced *in propria persona.* Even when attention is directed to him the poet merely and meagerly sketches the herculean outline, and leaves our imagination to do the rest:—

At intervals a gleam of light afar
Glanced from the broad, blue, studded shield of war,
As moved the king of chiefs in stately pride;
With eager gaze his eye was turned aside
To where the warriors' closing ranks he sees;
Half-grey his ringlets floated in the breeze
Around that face so terrible in fight
And features glowing now with grim delight.—*Tem. B. V.*

In order to introduce his hero with the greater *eclat*, the bard first places his friends in great straits; represents them, though brave, as overcome by the enemy and without hope, apart from Fingal. Both friends and foes speak of him in terms of respect, and even the greatest leaders acknowledge his superiority. When Fingal appears on the scene the poet rouses himself to the utmost. He piles simile on simile to give an adequate idea of his first charge—

Through Morven's woods when countless tempests roar,
When from the height a hundred torrents pour,
Like storm-clouds rushing through the vault of heaven,
As when the mighty main on shore is driven,
So wide, so loud, so dark, so fierce the strain
When met the angry chiefs on Lena's plain.
The king rushed forward with resistless might,
Dreadful as Trenmor's awe-inspiring sprite,
When on the fitful blast he comes again
To Morven, his forefather's loved domain.
Loud in the gale the mountain oaks shall roar,
The mountain rocks shall fall his face before,
As by the lightning's gleam his form is spied
Stalking from hill to hill with giant stride.
More terrible in fight my father seemed
When in his hand of might his weapon gleamed,
On his own youth the king with gladness thought
When in the furious highland wars he fought.—*Fingal B. III.*

The notion that Ossian drew in part, at least from real life, is favoured by the wonderful calmness and absence of effort evinced in delineating so great a character. Expressions that go far to heighten our admiration of Fingal are employed in a quiet matter of course way. "The silence of the king is terrible," is an expressive sentence. Or this again, "The heroes . . . looked in silence on each other marking the eyes of Fingal."

Nor are the gentler feelings less fully brought out in Ossian's favourite character. Nothing could speak more for his affability than the attachment shown by his followers. "Fear, like a vapour winds not among the host! for he, the king, is near; the strength of streamy Selma. Gladness brightens the hero. We hear his words with joy."*

Gallantry and philanthropy we might expect to find in his composition, but the tenderness he frequently displays strikes us as remarkable in an uncivilized chief. His lamentation over the British city on the Clyde is as pathetic as any similar passage in our language.

Another surprising trait is the generosity he invariably displays to his vanquished foes. All the more surprising is it that a "savage" should show magnanimity when the heroes of civilized Greece, Rome, and Judea,

* The quotations in prose are from Macpherson's translation.

counted it virtuous to torture their captured enemies. "None ever went sad from Fingal," he says himself. Over and over he is represented as lamenting the death of enemies when they fall, or granting them freedom and his friendship when they yield—"Come to my hill of feasts," he says to his wounded opponent Cathmor, "the mighty fail at times. No fire am I to lowlaid foes. I rejoice not over the fall of the brave."

A notable fact about Fingal is, that though he lived in times of war, in disposition he was a man of peace. "Fingal delights not in battle though his arm is strong." "When will Fingal cease to fight?" he complains, "I was born in the midst of battles, and my steps must move in blood to the tomb." Under the influence of this desire for peace he formally gave up his arms to Ossian—

> My son, around me roll my bygone years,
> They come and whisper in the monarch's ears.
> "Why does not grey-haired Fingal rest?" they say
> "Why does he not within his fortress stay?
> Dost thou in battle's gory wounds delight?
> Lovest thou the tears of vanquished men of might?"
> Ye hoary years! I will in quiet lie,
> Nor profit nor delight in blood have I.
> Like blustering storms from wintry skies that roll,
> Tears waste with grief and dreariness the soul.
> But when I stretch myself to rest, I hear
> The voice of war come thundering on my ear
> Within the royal hall, with loud command,
> To rouse and draw again th' unwilling brand.—*Tem. B. VIII.*

Limited as were the means of communication in those pre-telegraphic times the fame of such a man must have spread. Accordingly, we read of his name being known and respected far and near. Foreign princes speak of him with admiration, and refugees from distant lands seek his protection.

But it is on the power of his name in after times that we wish more particularly to dwell. There have been no people who honoured their heroes so much as the Celts. With them *valour* and *value* were synonymous terms. Theirs was not a nobility of money, or literature, or æsthetics, or even of territory. Nobleness should be the qualification of a nobleman, and strange as it may seem, it was among the uncivilized Celts of Ireland and Scotland that such a character was properly appreciated. But they held nobleness and heroism to be identical. They seem to have thoroughly believed that cowardice was but the result of vice. A fearless man, they felt, must be a true man, and he was honoured accordingly. *Flath-innis*, the *Isle of the Noble*, was their only name for heaven. *Allail* or *divine* they applied to their heroic men. To imitate such was the old Celtic religion as it was the primitive religion of most other peoples.

Among all the heroes whom the ancient Gael worshipped there was no name so influential as Fingal's. Through the ages he has been the idol and ideal of the Celt. His example was their rule of justice. His maxims were cited much as we would quote Scripture. To the youth he was held up as the model after which their lives should be patterned, and where Christianity had not yet eradicated the old creed, a *post mortem* dwelling with him in *Flath-innis* was deemed no mean incentive to goodness. He was, in fact, the god of the Gaelic people, worshipped with no

outward altar, but enshrined in the hearts of his admirers. How far the more admirable traits of Highland character may be attributed to the assimilating influence of the idea of Fingal we cannot decide. That our character as a people has been largely influenced for good by the power of his example we have no doubt. The bards, an order of the old Druidic hierarchy, became the priests of the Fingalian hero-worship. Songs, elegies, and poetic legends formed their service of praise. To induce their countrymen to reverence and imitate so great and glorious a Gael as Fingal was the object of many of their bardic homilies. Taking into account the nature and circumstances of the ancient Caledonians, we must conclude that from position and influence none were more suitable to become their ethical and æsthetical advisers than these minstrel ministers of the Fingalian hero-olatry.

Of course such a faith could not long withstand the more generous and cosmopolitan spirit of Christianity, yet we venture to assert that it was vastly preferable in its effects to some abortions of our common creed. That there was a conflict between the two religions we know. As late as the sixteenth century a Christian ecclesiastic complains that the leaders of Gaelic thought of the period were heathen enough to delight in "stories about the Tuath de Dhanond and about the sons of Milesius, and about the heroes and *Fionn* (Fingal), the son of Cumhail with his Fingalians . . . rather than to write and to compose and to support the faithful words of God and the perfect way of truth."

Down to the present day the name of *Fionn* is reverenced by the less sophisticated Highlanders and Islanders. That his name will in future be more extensively, if less intensely, respected we may confidently predict. As men's views become more broad and just, and their feelings become more cultivated and refined, we may hope that a superior character such as Fingal will by-and-bye be appreciated. Even now he is widely admired and we begin to read in the signs of the times the fulfilment of his own words :—

> When thou art crumbled into dust, O ! stone ;
> Lost in the moss of years around thee grown ;
> My fame, which chiefs and heroes love to praise,
> Shall shine a beam of light to future days,
> Because I went in steel and faced th' alarms
> Of war, to help and save the weak in arms.—*Tem. B. VIII.*

MINNIE LITTLEJOHN.

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THE STATE OF THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

[CONCLUDED.]

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IN prosecuting the geological and geographical confirmation of Ossian on which we have lately been engaged, the most convincing proofs and the greatest difficulties alike are to be found in the Frith of Clyde. The levels of the water in that frith penetrating far inland, by Paisley, Rutherglen, and Kilsyth, assumed unconsciously as matter of fact in the text of Ossian, are in such obvious harmony with every word of the poems which relate to that region, that the poems in question cannot otherwise be understood; and we therefore cannot help believing not only that the poems themselves are genuine, but that they represent a geological phenomenon hitherto unsuspected in the world—are, in fact, a revelation in science. On the other hand, the levels thus assumed are so very far beyond anything admitted by geologists within the era assigned, as to seem not only extravagant but incredible; and if they cannot be maintained, their assumption as a fact will destroy the credibility of the poems in which the assumption is made. As regards the authenticity of these poems, however, the assumption itself is conclusive; for the translator did not see it, and could therefore never have fabricated the poems in which it appears. Such poems must have been written by some eye-witness of the fact, who did not require to exaggerate; and the only question as regards reliability now to be settled, is whether he did exaggerate or no? Was the Clyde a sea to Rutherglen, as he seems to affirm? Was the Kelvin a fiord to Kilsyth, or nearly so, as he implies? Was the Leven an estuary to Loch Lomond, as we are bound to conclude? Was the Black Cart a marine canal to Ardrossan in the days of Agricola? If so, the Clyde must have been from 60 to 80 feet above its present level at the date supposed—and then, where was the Roman Wall? Traces of that wall upon the Clyde at a much lower level, it is said, still exist; and the old fortifications between Dunglass and Kilpatrick only 50 feet or thereby above the present level, put an end to the reliability, if not to the authenticity of Ossian. This is the difficulty now to be disposed of; and of which, in passing, we need only say, that if Macpherson had seen it he would certainly have avoided it; and therefore, that whoever was the author of the poems in which it occurs, Macpherson was not.

But it is with the difficulty itself we are now concerned, and not with the authorship. I. First then, suppose any statement, direct or indirect, had occurred in any Greek or Roman writer of the time—Cæsar, Tacitus, Dion Cassius, or Ptolemy—affirming, or even implying, such a level in the Clyde at the date in question, notwithstanding the Roman Wall, would the testimony of such authors have been rejected? If not, how would our geologists have disposed of it? or how would they have reconciled it with existing matters of fact? One can imagine the jealousy with which such texts would have been criticised; the assiduity with which every crevice on the coast would have been surveyed, not to contradict but to confirm them; and the fertility of invention with which theories would have been multiplied to harmonise them. Strange as it may appear, however, facts and statements amounting very nearly to this do occur, and have hitherto been overlooked, or purposely omitted in silence. The Roman Wall, for example, stops short with a town at Balmulzie on one side of the Kelvin, and begins again with another town at Simmerton, nearly a mile distant, on the opposite side of the Kelvin; but why should such a gap be there, if the Kelvin, which flows between, had not been something like a fiord at the moment? Again, it is distinctly affirmed by Herodian that the marshes of Clydesdale south of the Wall were constantly—end of the third, or beginning of the fourth century—emitting vapours which obscured the sky. But how could this be the case, if volcanic heat had not already been operating underneath, and the waters of the frith were then beginning to subside from their original higher levels?

On the other hand, not only do statements to the effect alleged occur frequently in Ossian, but whole poems are founded on the assumption of their truth, and cannot be understood without them. Why then are not these taken into account by our geologists as contemporaneous testimony, in the same way as similar statements, if they had occurred in Cæsar or in Tacitus, would have been? Because Ossian hitherto has been looked upon by men of science as a fable; as a witness utterly unfit to be produced in court, and no more to be cared for or quoted in an ordnance survey, or in a professor's chair, than the Arabian Nights' Entertainments are in a pulpit. By which very oversight or contempt, the most important revelations have been lost, and the most elaborate theories will soon be rendered useless. Ossian, in fact, is as much an authority as either Cæsar, or Tacitus, or Ptolemy; and in estimating the physical conditions of the world to which he refers, and which he describes, can no longer be either ignored or doubted. If his text seems to be at variance with existing facts, it must be more carefully studied; and if new theories are required to harmonise details they must be accepted or invented. We have had theories enough already, which have perished with the using; something more in harmony with facts, or that will better explain the facts, must now be forthcoming.

II. But the Roman Wall itself, which is supposed to be the greatest barrier in the way of our accepting Ossian, has actually a literature of its own, little understood, in his favour. The three forts farthest west, and on which so much reliance has been placed as indicating the levels of the

Clyde when they were built and occupied, are those at Chapel Hill, near Old Kilpatrick, at Duntocher, and at Castlehill a little farther to the east; all under the ridge of the Kilpatrick Hills, and all—one of them very closely—overlooking the Clyde. But in excavating the remains of Roman architecture in these forts, stones have been found with symbolical sculptures upon them which are still in existence, or which have been accurately copied for public use. On one of the stones at Chapel Hill, farthest west, we have the figure of a wild boar in flight; on one at Duntocher we have another wild boar, on two more there we have sea-dogs or seals and winged horses; on two more at Castlehill we have another boar, and another seal, and an osprey or sea-eagle on the back of the seal; but beyond this to the eastward, although a boar still occurs, not another seal appears. How then is all this descriptive or symbolical sculpture, so plain and so significant, to be accounted for, if the Frith of Clyde had not then been a sea flowing up into the recesses of the land, as high almost as Duntocher and Castlehill? The wild boar is traceable throughout, for he inhabited the woods on the Kilpatrick range, as far eastward, perhaps, as Simmerton; and we find him eating acorns, even beyond that. On the other hand, no seal is represented at Chapel Hill, for the water there was too deep, and the banks too precipitous. It appears first at Duntocher, and again at Castlehill, because the sea flowed up into quiet bays and inlets there, where such amphibia could bask—of which, more hereafter; but it totally disappears beyond that, because the salt water ceased in the distance. The winged-horse, or pegasus, is more difficult to account for, and has greatly perplexed the learned antiquarians who have commented on him; but if the Roman Legionaries who built and occupied these western stations ever heard the Caledonian harp, or listened to a Celtic bard, or received an embassy, as we are expressly told they did, from men like Ossian as ambassadors—the difficulty requires no farther explanation. The Romans were neither blind nor senseless, and knew well enough how to represent the poetical genius of the country which they were attempting in vain to conquer, as well as the wild boars of its woods, and the sea-dogs in its estuaries; and have thus left behind them, in rude but significant sculpture, as true a picture as could be imagined of the men on the soil, and the beasts in the field, and the fish so-called in the sea, and the bird in the air—between Simmerton and Duntocher, in absolute conformity with the text of Ossian. Nor is there any possible reply to this by our antiquarian friends. The Roman Wall itself, to which they constantly appeal, supplies the evidence, and they are bound, without a murmur, to accept it.

III. But the levels of the Wall, it may be said, as now ascertainable by actual survey—what other sort of evidence do *they* afford? This question implies—(1) A range of observation from the Kelvin at Simmerton westward to Duntocher in the first place, and then to Chapel Hill between Old Kilpatrick and Dunglass. The intermediate forts on that line are separated by equal distances, nearly as follows:—From Simmerton to New Kilpatrick, 1¾ miles; from New Kilpatrick to Castlehill, 1¾ miles; from Castlehill to Duntocher, 1¾ miles; the lowest point in which range at Duntocher is from 155 to 200 feet above the level of the Clyde, leaving sufficient room, therefore, for the Wall above the highest level

assumed in the text of Ossian. From Duntocher to Chapel Hill there is a distance of 2½ miles, with no trace whatever of the Wall between. Chapel Hill is considerably lower than Duntocher, undoubtedly; but why is there so great a gap there, and no trace of a wall in the interval? Either, because there never was a wall so close to the tide; or because the tide itself washed the wall away, having been built too close to its confines; or for some other more probable reason yet to be assigned. The fort at Chapel Hill itself, indeed, is the most indistinct of them all; and if a regular fort of any importance ever existed there, it must have suffered either partial inundation, or some other serious shock, unquestionably. (2) It implies also a corresponding survey of the ground intermediate between the Wall and the river. Now the intervening ground along the banks of the Clyde, from Chapel Hill to the Pointhouse at Glasgow, is a low-lying flat with a gradual rise inland, at the present moment, of not more than 25 or 30 feet. But according to Professor Geikie's latest survey, the Clyde must have been about 25 feet higher in the time of the Romans than it now is—and Professor Geikie, we presume, is an authority on such subjects, who may be quoted along with Hugh Miller and Smith of Jordanhill:—therefore the whole of that strath, and the strath on the opposite side, from Renfrew to Paisley, on this assumption, must have been submerged at the same time; and there could be no dwelling-place for human beings—neither local habitation nor a name—within the entire compass of that now fertile and populous region. But two or three Gaelic names survive on the northern verge of it, which not only indicate the presence of the sea there, but fix the very limits of its tide. Dalmuir, for example, which means the Valley of the Sea; and Garscadden, which means the Bay of Pilchards or of foul herring, must, in fact, have carried the waters up their respective streams to within less than a mile of the Roman Wall at Duntocher and Castlehill. It was in such retreats, then, that both salmon and herring (as the name of one of them imports) would take refuge in the spawning season; it was into such retreats also, they would be pursued by the seals; it was on the shore of such inlets the seals themselves would bask, when the Romans saw them; and it is at the two forts respectively at the head of these inlets—Duntocher and Castlehill—that they have been actually represented in Sculpture. Could anything be more conclusive as to the proximity of the tide, and very character of the shore, within a bowshot or two of the Wall in that neighbourhood, where there is now a distance of more than two miles between it and the river? and yet even more conclusive, in connection with this, is the fact that on the southern verge of the strath, right opposite to these, are other Gaelic names equally significant—such as Kennis, the Head of the island; Ferinis, the Hero's island; and Fingal-ton, which speaks for itself—at the same or a similar level with Dalmuir and Garscadden, that is from 100 to 200 feet above the present level of the Clyde, which seems to demonstrate beyond doubt that the whole intervening space of seven miles in breadth, with the exception of such small islands as those named above, was then an arm of the sea to the depth of 50 feet at least, if not more.

(3) Our survey is thus narrowed to a single point—the existence and alleged position of the fort at Chapel Hill, between Old Kilpatrick and

Dunglass, on the banks of the river; and here it should be observed as between the two extremities of the Wall, east and west, that where it touches the Frith of Forth at Carriden the height of its foundation ranges from about 150 to 200 feet above the level of the sea, and where it approaches the Clyde at Duntocher it is nearly the same—which was probably its terminus. There is scarcely a vestige of it now traceable beyond that, and that it was ever carried farther in reality is a matter of acknowledged uncertainty. But scattered fragments of masonry, as we have seen, and the dimmest indications of a fort deep down in the earth have been discovered or imagined at Chapel Hill to the westward, which seems to be about 50 feet above the level of the Clyde—leaving still a very large margin beyond Professor Geikie's estimate; and a great deal of conjecture about what might, or might not have been there, has been indulged in by antiquarians. For the present, however, until proof to the contrary has been shown, let us accept as a fact that some military station had really been established there in connection with the Wall—then, how have its fragments been so widely scattered? how has it been so completely entombed that it can only be guessed at under the soil? and how has the connection between it and the Wall, more than two miles distant, been obliterated? No other fort on the line, that we know of, is now in the same condition; and therefore, we repeat, either the Romans were foolishly contending with the tide, by building too close to its confines, and the tide drove them back and overthrew their works; or the fort itself was originally on a higher level, and the shock of an earthquake, or a landslip from the mountains, or both together, carried the whole mass of masonry and earthwork at this particular point down to their present level, where they would be washed by the tide and silted up in their own ruins. This is a view of the matter, indeed, which no antiquarian, so far as we are aware, has hitherto adopted; but any one who chooses to look with an unprejudiced eye, for a moment, at the enormous gap in the hills immediately behind, reaching down to the shore and including this very region, must be satisfied that the case was so; and recent discoveries—one of a quay-wall or foundation of a bridge at Old Kilpatrick, about 4 feet deep in a field; and another of a causeway, more than 20 feet submerged and silted up under sea-sand, on the same side of the river, near Glasgow, will most probably confirm it.

One other question, however, yet remains, touching this mysterious fort, which we may be allowed to say only "Ossian and the Clyde" can enable us to answer—Why was such a fort ever thought of there at all? It was either to receive provisions and reinforcements from the sea; and if so, then it must have been on the very verge of the frith, and the water must have been sufficiently deep there. Or it was to watch the estuary of the Leven, and to prevent the native Caledonians either landing from the sea, or coming down from the hills to turn the flank of the Wall at Duntocher, and so surprising the Romans in the rear; and this, beyond doubt, was its most important purpose as a military station on the line. But we have elsewhere explained (in the work above alluded to) that there was a regular route for the Caledonians from Dunglass to Campsie, which still bears the name of Fingal; and Fyn-loch, the very first rendezvous on that line, is on the top of the hill immediately above the fort

in question. The Romans, who must have been fully aware of this, made their own provision accordingly. In sight of that fort, therefore, Fingal and his people might embark or disembark on their expeditions through Dumbartonshire at pleasure; but it would require to be at a reasonable distance westward, on the sides of Dumbuck or in the quiet creek at Milton, if they wished to escape the catapults and crossbows of the conquerors of the world. Now the earthquake, which extended up the whole basin of the Clyde, seems to have changed all that. The fort was sunk or shattered, as we suppose, and the frith began to fall; and antiquarians who do not believe in Ossian, or who do not keep such obvious facts in view, have been puzzled ever since, and will be puzzled ever more, attempting to account for it.

IV. In adducing this evidence—partly antiquarian and partly geological—we have restricted our survey exclusively to the Roman Wall, for it is on this important barrier between the Forth and Clyde that those who object to the geography of Ossian are accustomed to fall back. But the sort of testimony it affords might be easily supplemented by a survey of the Clyde itself, which can be shown, and has been shown, by incontestable measurement on the coast of Ayrshire, to be sinking at the rate of ⅓ of an inch annually for the last forty or fifty years at least; and if such subsidence has been going on for fifteen hundred years at the same rate, the level of the frith in the days of the Romans must have been even higher than we now allege. A critic in the *Scotsman*, who, himself, first demanded such a survey, and to whom the survey when reported in the same paper—August 30th, 1875—was troublesome, appeals boldly in an editorial note to the authority of Hugh Miller, and again demands that the survey be transferred from Girvan to Glasgow, because "the height to which the tide rises is a very fluctuating quantity"—in Ayrshire, we presume. As for Hugh Miller, we can find nothing whatever in his pages to the purpose; and if such a distinguished authority is to be relied on in the present controversy, we must insist on his very words being quoted. As for the fluctuation of the tide, if it fluctuates in one place more than another, what is the use of appealing to it at all? and as between the Ayrshire coast, and the Renfrewshire or Lanarkshire coast, on the same side of the frith, unless "the moon and one darn'd thing or another" have special disturbing influence in Ayrshire, what difference can there be in the regularity of flow between Girvan and Glasgow? This learned adversary in the *Scotsman* must surely have been at his wit's end when he took refuge in such an absurdity, and we may safely leave him where he is, to revise his own calculations and recover his composure.

All this might be insisted on anew; but the object of the present argument is simply to show to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* that the Ossianic controversy must of necessity be removed to another and a higher sphere than ever. There are certain points, indeed, on which philological inquiries may still be of the utmost importance as regards the Gaelic original, and these we cheerfully consign for discussion to those whom they most concern; but these will never decide the question of authenticity in its proper form, or establish Ossian in his proper place as a witness-bearer of the past. The sense of Macpherson's translation, as it stands,

must be honestly ascertained; its testimony verified, or otherwise, by direct appeal to the subject matter of its text; and its value in the literature of the world determined, on the same principles, and by the very same process as that of any other public record would be in the history of the world. Such investigation has now become indispensable. In Ossian's name alike, and in that of science, as well as of common sense, we demand it, and will never be satisfied until it has been accorded.

P. HATELY WADDELL.

We direct the reader's careful attention to the following interesting statistics regarding occupiers of land in Ireland:—The agricultural statistics of Ireland recently completed for 1873 show that in that year there were in that country 590,172 separate holdings, being 5,041 less than in the preceding year. The decrease was in the small holdings. The number of holdings not exceeding one acre fell to 51,977, a decrease of 908, and the number above one acre and not exceeding 15 acres, shows a decrease of 3,777. The holdings above one acre can be compared with the numbers in 1841. Since that date the total number has decreased 22 per cent. The number of farms above one and not exceeding five acres has fallen to 72,088 (in 1873), a decrease of 76·8 per cent.; the number of farms above five and not exceeding 15 acres has diminished to 168,044, a decrease of 33·5 per cent.; the number above 15 and not exceeding 30 acres has risen to 138,163, an increase of 74·1 per cent.; and the number above 30 acres has increased to 159,900, an increase of 228·8 per cent. Of the total number of holdings in 1873, 8·8 per cent. did not exceed 1 acre; 12·2 per cent. were above 1 and not exceeding 5 acres; 28·5 per cent., 5 to 15 acres; 23·4 per cent., 15 to 30 acres; 12·4 per cent., 30 to 50 acres; 9·4 per cent., 50 to 100 acres; 3·7 per cent., 100 to 200 acres; 1·4 per cent., 200 to 500 acres; 0·2 per cent., above 500 acres. More than 60 acres in every 100 of the land comprising farms above 500 acres are bog or waste. As the farms diminish in size, the proportion under bog and waste decreases until it amounts to only 7·1 per cent. on the smallest holdings. The average extent of the holdings not exceeding 1 acre is 1 rood and 32 perches, and of farms above 500 acres 1,371 acres and 19 perches. As in many instances landholders occupy more than one farm, it has been considered desirable to ascertain the number of such persons, and it has been found that in 1873 the 590,172 holdings were in the hands of 539,545 occupiers, or 2,293 fewer than in the preceding year. There were in 1873 50,758 occupiers whose total extent of land did not exceed 1 acre; 65,051 holdings above 1 and not exceeding 5 acres; 150,778 holdings above 5 but not exceeding 15 acres; 124,471 holdings above 15 but not exceeding 30 acres; 65,991 holdings above 30 and not exceeding 50 acres; 50,565 holdings above 50 but not exceeding 100 acres; 20,764 holdings above 100 but not exceeding 200 acres; 8,799 holdings above 200 but not exceeding 500 acres; and 2,368 holdings above 500 acres. The whole 590,172 holdings extended over 20,327,196 acres, of which 5,270,746 were under crops, 10,413,991 were grazing land, 13,455 fallow, 323,656 woods and plantations, and 4,305,348 bog and waste. The estimated population of Ireland in the middle of the year 1873 was 5,337,261.

NEW YEAR IN THE OLD STYLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

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Old Mr Chisholm sat at his parlour fire after a hearty New Year dinner. His wife occupied the cosy arm-chair in the opposite corner; and gathered round them were a bevy of merry grand-children, enjoying New Year as only children can. Their parents were absent at the moment, and the family group was completed by a son and daughter of the old couple.

Mr Chisholm was in a meditative mood, looking into the bright blazing fire. "Well," he observed at last with an air of regret, "The New Year is not observed as it was when we were children, wife. It's dying out, dying out greatly. When these children are as old as we are there will be no trace of a Christmas or a New Year holiday. What did you say you had been doing all day Bill?" he asked, turning to his son.

"Shooting," said Bill, "and deuced cold I was. Catch me trying for the 'silver medal and other prizes' another New Year's Day."

"Shooting may be interesting" said Mr Chisholm, "but as you say it is cold work. We had sometimes a shot at a raffle in my young days, but usually we had more exciting business. Shinty my boy, shinty was our great game," and Mr Chisholm looked as if he greatly pitied the degeneracy of the latter days.

"I have played shinty myself" said Bill, "and I see it is still played in Badenoch and Strathglass, and among wild Highlanders in Edinburgh. But it's too hard on the lungs for me, and besides we never play it here."

"The more's the pity, Bill. There's no game ever I saw I could compare to shinty. Talk about cricket, that's nothing to it. Shinty was suited to a New Year's day; it kept the spirits up and the body warm. I should like to have a turn at it yet—wouldn't I run?" And the old man's heavy frame shook as he chuckled at the idea. "However, there's no use speaking; is tea ready wife?"

"No, and it wont be for half-an-hour yet, perhaps longer" said Mrs Chisholm. "You know we have to wait Bella and John," indicating her married daughter and her husband.

"Then," said the old man, "come here bairns and I shall tell you how I spent one of my early New Year's days."

"Yes, do, grandfather," shouted a happy chorus; "now for a story."

"Not much of a story" replied Mr Chisholm, "but such as it is you shall have it. I was born and bred in the country, you know, my father being a small farmer. The district was half-Lowland, half-Highland, and we mixed the customs of both. At that time shinty was a universal winter game, and greatly we prided ourselves on our smartness at the sport. And it was a sport that required a great deal of smartness, activity, strength, presence of mind, and a quick sure eye. Many a moonlight night did the lads contend for the honour of hailing the ball. On this particular day there was to be a match between two districts

—twenty men a-side, and the stake £5 and a gallon of whisky. Our leader was a carpenter, named Paterson, who was the hero of many a keenly contested shinty match.

"The eagerly expected morning at last arrived. The New Year was taken in by the young folk trying for their fortune in 'sooans.' Bless me bairns, don't you know what 'sooans' is? No; then the thin sooans was made for drinking like good thick gruel; the thick was like porridge, but that we never took on a Christmas or New Year morning. About four o'clock I came down to the kitchen, and there found my mother superintending the boiling of the 'sooans,' and the place filled with the servants, girls, and men, and some of our neighbours. My friend Paterson, who had an eye to one of the servants (a pretty country lassie) had walked four miles to be present. Wishing them all a happy Christmas I sat down to share the 'sooans' with the rest.

"'Well Paterson,' said I, 'how do you feel this morning? Nothing, I hope, to interfere with your running powers.'

"'No thank ye, Willie,' said he, 'I'm as supple as a deer.'

"'Supple enough,' said one of the men with a grin; 'he was here first this morning. Wasn't he, Maggie?'

"'Twould be lang afore ye were first,' retorted Maggie; 'the laziest loon on the whole country side.'

"By this time the 'sooans' were ready, and we were all unceremoniously turned out of doors. In our absence ten bowls were filled. In two of these a ring was placed, signifying, of course, speedy marriage; a shilling put into two others represented the old bachelor or old maid; and a half-crown in another represented riches. Called in, we had each to choose a dish, beginning at the youngest. Great was the merriment as we drained our dishes, but at the last mouthful or two we paused, as if afraid to peer into dark futurity.

"'Here goes,' exclaimed Paterson first of all, and he emptied his dish. At the bottom lay a shilling, which he exhibited amidst a general shout of laughter.

"'What have *you* got Maggie,' was the next exclamation. With a titter Maggie produced a ring.

"'And here's the other ring' cried Jock, the 'laziest loon in the country side.' 'Maggie, you're my lass for this year anyway.'

"Maggie tossed her head in superb disdain.

"'I'll try my luck now,' said I, and drained my dish. My luck was to get the second shilling. So you see wife, though I got you I was intended to be a bachelor. The half-crown, I think, fell to a man who could never keep a sixpence in his purse.

"After breakfast we started for the place of meeting. Our men joined us one by one, and many more came to see the game. As we passed the cottages the girls called to us to see that we supported the honour of the place, and returned victorious, to which we replied 'ay, that we will,' and flourished our clubs with vigour. Before we reached the appointed ground the procession had greatly increased in numbers, and a large crowd

at the spot welcomed us with tossing up of bonnets and rounds of cheering. Soon afterwards our opponents arrived, headed by a piper, and their leader Jack Macdonald. Their appearance also excited hearty cheering, and preliminaries were soon arranged.

"The sides were very equally matched. Macdonald was an active young ploughman, who came neatly dressed in a velveteen jacket and corduroy trousers, the latter adorned with rows of buttons. Paterson, of course, was our mainstay; and besides him, we had an innkeeper, as stout and round as one of his own barrels, who, singular to say, was a capital shinty player. Our opponents had the assistance of an enthusiastic schoolmaster, who, even in those days, encouraged sports among his pupils, in spite of the remonstrances of some of the wiseacres. Our clubs were carefully selected. Some preferred a sharp square crook, some a round one, just as they happened to excel in hitting or 'birling'—that is, in getting the ball within the bend, and running it along upon the ground. The ball, composed of cork and worsted, was at once strong and elastic.

"The hails, four hundred yards apart, were duly measured out and marked by upright poles. Then the players ranged themselves in the centre of the field, Macdonald and Paterson hand to hand; and at the understood sign the ball was thrown down and the strife commenced. I don't know whether the rules were the same in all places, but with us no kicking or throwing of the ball was allowed. We could stop it by any means we pleased, but we could strike it forward only with our clubs. The players were ranged in opposing ranks; and it was against all rule for a player, even in the heat of contest, to turn round to his opponents' side, though he might, by so doing, obtain a more convenient stroke. Should such a thing happen, the roar of "Clipsides ye" from a dozen throats, and the thwack of two or three clubs on his legs would soon apprise the unlucky individual of his fault.

"As long as the ball was in the midst of the players there was great scrambling and confusion. The lads pushed and shouted; club stuck fast in club; and the ball was tossed from side to side without any advantage to either party. Paterson watched his opportunity, and cleverly picking the ball from the other clubs, he gave it a hasty stroke which brought it close to me, eagerly waiting for it outside the thick of battle. In a moment I had caught it, and sped along the field, 'birling' rather than hitting, followed by the whole troop, cheered by my friends and stormed at by my opponents. Macdonald, rushing fast and furious, first came up and seized my club with his as I was about to administer a stroke. For a second or two we were both helpless; Macdonald first succeeded in extricating his weapon, and struck the ball backwards two or three yards. The other players were almost upon us, when I struck up Macdonald's club, caught the ball again and shot a-head. Macdonald overtook me with a few bounds, for he was now thoroughly roused and heated; but stretching too far to hit the ball he fell on his knee. The schoolmaster, however, was now upon me, and the ball was hurled back by him among the troop of players. Macdonald had sprung to his feet almost in an instant, and darted back to the contest.

"Again the scene of confusion recommenced. Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, swayed the excited crowd, every face flushed, and every muscle strained to the utmost. Shins and arms received some awkward blows in the strife, but no one cared as long as the injuries were unimportant. Macdonald at last succeeded in pulling out the ball, and getting it for a moment into a clear space, he delivered a tremendous blow, which drove it far on the road to hail. There was a race who should reach it first. Paterson succeeded, and drove the ball far down the field, but out of the direct way and into a whin bush. 'Hands,' shouted his nearest opponent; and at this call the stout innkeeper, who was nearest the bush, caught up the ball and brought it into the open field.

"'High or low' said the innkeeper, holding his club in his right hand and the ball in his left.

"'High,' said his opponent.

"The ball was immediately thrown into the air and both tried to strike it as it fell. The innkeeper was successful, but the blow was necessarily a feeble one, and carried the ball but a few yards.

"The contest continued during the greater part of the day, neither side being able to claim a decided advantage. During a momentary pause Paterson flung off his boots, sharp frost as it was, and was followed by Macdonald, the innkeeper, and myself. The innkeeper freely regaled himself from his pocket-flask, and actually became more eager and active. Late in the afternoon he got a-head with the ball, and skipped forward, sometimes 'birling' and sometimes hitting it, until he was within twenty yards of hail. Another blow would have finished the match, when Macdonald caught the ball and ran back with it, most wonderfully eluding all the clubs, now wielded by arms for the most part greatly fatigued. Paterson, thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the movement, was left behind. The innkeeper pursued Macdonald closely—so closely, indeed, that his bulky body obstructed all movements but his own. Macdonald was in high spirits, when, running against an opponent in front, he turned round for a moment to our side to secure a better stroke. The innkeeper, foaming with rage and disappointment, roared out 'Clipsides ye,' and administered a blow to Macdonald's leg that caused him to halt for an instant. That halt was fatal. I darted past and hoisted the ball to Paterson, who seized it and carried it easily through the now scattered ranks of our opponents. Once out into the open field it was a direct chase. Paterson had better wind than any man on the field, and having got so far ahead he made the most of his advantage. Macdonald pursued him hotly. Twice he came up with Paterson, twice he struck at the ball, and both times struck the ground just as the object of his pursuit was carried forward by our leader's weapon. After that all was over. Paterson took the ball to within twenty yards of hail, and then with a well-directed blow sent it between the winning posts. A loud shout rent the air. In the excitement of the moment I attempted leapfrog over the stout innkeeper, and both came to the ground.

"After this the whisky was broached, and mutual healths followed. The game had been so well contested that there was no ill-feeling; and

we promised to give our opponents an opportunity of revenge another day. Late at night we returned to my father's house, where a good supper was spread for us in the barn. A hearty dance followed, and so New Year's Day, old style, came to a close. Don't you think it was a jovial day?"

"Not a doubt about it" said Bill, "only the sport was rather rough. Do you really mean to say that you threw off your boots for the play?"

"That we did my boy in the heat of the match, and it was not so unusual as you may suppose. Highlanders were tough lads in those days, and they didn't fear a blow or a bruise."

"Did many accidents happen?" asked Bill. "When clubs were swinging about freely I should think heads were in danger."

"Serious accidents were rare" replied Mr Chisholm. "Ankles and legs and hands did get some smart knocks, but heads generally escaped. In the thick of the strife there was no use swinging clubs in the air. We could only push and thrust, and pull the ball out with the crook. In a race we struck as we ran, giving short rapid strokes; and when a player delivered a sweeping blow, he had generally space for the swing of his club. I remember a boy getting his face laid open by an awkward fellow; but such an occurrence was rare among experienced players. We could handle our clubs as you handle your guns—scientifically. There are not usually many casualties at a shooting match—eh Bill?"

"But, grandfather, what came of Paterson?" asked little Mary. "Did he marry Maggie?"

"Oh, that's the subject of interest to you, lassie. No, he didn't. Women are always contrary. Maggie married the 'lazy loon' Jock; he made the most of his good fortune in getting the ring, and the marriage was long cited as a proof of the unfailing certainty of the oracle."

"Grandfather," cried Henry, "have you made us the totum? Didn't you used to play the totum on New Year's Day?"

"That we did boy" said Mr Chisholm. "The youngsters thought it a capital game, and the elders did not refuse to join in it. Yes, Harry, I made you the totum, and by-and-bye we shall have a game."

"Let us have it now" cried the children springing up in eager excitement. "Let us have it now; we have all brought our pins."

Mr Chisholm cheerfully acquiesced. The group gathered round a little table, each with a stock of pins displayed, to be staked on the game now about to be commenced. Look at the totum as Harry takes it up and balances it between the thumb and second finger of the right hand. It is only a piece of wood about half an inch long, cut away to a sharp point below, and having a slender spike thrust in at the top to serve as a handle. It is four square, and a letter is carved on each side—namely, "T," "D," "N," and "A." Each player stakes a single pin, and each in rotation gets his chance of whirling the totum. If, after whirling, the totum falls with the letter "A" uppermost, all the stakes become the prize of the player; if "T" is the uppermost letter he only takes one; if "N" appears he gets nothing at all; while "D" obliges him to contri-

bute a pin from his private stock to the heap in the centre. Every whirl comes to be watched with as much eagerness as if a fortune depended on the result.

The nature of the game having been made sufficiently plain, Mr Chisholm leads off with a whirl which sends the totum spinning round so fast as to be almost invisible; but gradually relaxing its speed it falls at last, exposing upon its upper surface the letter "N," carved, if not with elegance, at least with sufficient plainness to show that it is a veritable "N" and no other letter of the alphabet.

"Nickle nothing," shout the children, as they clap their hands with delight.

Then Harry takes his turn. He holds the totum very carefully between his finger and thumb, poising it with intense gravity; then looks at the letter next him, twirls the toy backward and forward, and finally propels it by a sudden jerk from his fingers. It whirls like a top for a few seconds, watched by eager faces, and ultimately falls with the letter "D" uppermost.

"D put down" bursts from the merry group; and the boy looks very disappointed as he withdraws a pin from his private stock and places it among the general deposit. Grandfather enters into the fun with as much enthusiasm as the children, and the spirit of gambling has taken possession of the New Year party.

The smallest girl—four years old—next takes the totum. She places it between the thumb and forefinger, screws her mouth to make an effort, and placing the point on the table gives it a whirl. It goes round three or four times with a convulsive staggering motion, and at last falls, "A" uppermost, amidst a general shout of laughter and applause.

"A, take them all—Lizzy has got the pins"—and the surprised and happy child, proud of her success, gathers the heap to her own stock, while the others each replace a stake.

So the lively little game proceeds amidst varying success. Possessions grow and diminish as the totum makes its rounds; and before the game ends Mr Chisholm is reduced to his last pin. He holds it up with rueful countenance, confessing himself a ruined man, while the children clutch their treasures, and boast of their success.

"Grandfather is beaten—is beaten at the totum" cried Mary as her father and mother at length arrived. "He showed us how to play, and look at the pins we have gained."

"May you always be as happy with your gains," said the old man resuming his paternal attitude. "Now you know how we spent our Old New Years. Sooans and shinty, and the totum—they were all simple maybe, but there was pleasure in them all. Many a heart was lost at the 'sooans'; many a hand made strong at shinty; and many a little head got its first notion of worldly competition from the totum. Take your seats, boys and girls, for here's the tea!"

KNOCKFIN.

CUMHA—MHIC-AN-TOISICH.

—o—

Why shrouded in gloom is Clan Chattan?
Clan Chattan! Clan Chattan!
Tears circle the crest of Clan Chattan!
Clan Chattan! Clan Chattan!
Ochone! our light is reft,
Burning too brief,
Ochone! the darkness left,
Fills us with grief.
Streamlets are singing woe,
Torrents in sorrow flow,
Flow'rets on ev'ry leaf,
Bear the red dew of grief.
Ochone! the Beam of Clan Chattan is low.—

Deep-bosomed the woe of Clan Chattan!
Clan Chattan! Clan Chattan!
Far rings the lament of Clan Chattan!
Clan Chattan! Clan Chattan!
Ochone! our joy-lit star,
Sunk in the night.
Ochone! his soul afar,
Swiftly took flight:
Hero-sires welcomed him,
Pealing their deathless hymn,
Loud on their happy shore,
Angels the pæan bore:
Ochone! the Pride of Clan Chattan sleeps on.—

Still brightly he smiles on Clan Chattan!
Clan Chattan! Clan Chattan!
His spirit is guarding Clan Chattan!
Clan Chattan! Clan Chattan!
Ochone! his mem'ry lives,
Ever in bloom.
Ochone! its beauty gives
Light to his tomb:
Matrons and maidens mourn,
Life in its glory shorn,
Stalwart sons, fathers grey,
Dash the sad tear away.
Ochone! the *Love* of Clan Chattan ne'er dies.*

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

* "Love" here means the Chief.

THE GAME LAWS.

—o—

[The conductors of the *Celtic Magazine* in their prospectus, and in their first number, state that "they will at all times be ready to receive contributions from both sides on any question connected with the Highlands, and of interest to Highlanders." In whatever light the subject of the following remarks may be viewed, it will readily be admitted that it has an interest for Highlanders sufficient to entitle it to temperate discussion in these pages] :—

THE Game Laws in Scotland, as our readers are aware, consist chiefly of various statutes designed to secure to landed proprietors what the common law, while it leaves them without the means of effectually securing, declares them entitled to, the exclusive possession and use of their land. The common law maxim, that an owner is entitled to the sole enjoyment of his own ground, the legislature has practically given effect to from time to time by passing various enactments pointing to that end. These somewhat numerous statutes are almost identical in effect in the three kingdoms, to which some of them extend; nor does the common law throughout materially vary. It is not our intention, however, to emulate Sir Roger de Coverley, whose explanations of the Game Acts used to gain great applause at quarter sessions, by entering upon a minute analysis of them here. We mean to confine ourselves simply to a critical examination of the various attacks to which they have been subjected, and an endeavour to make a brief and impartial survey of their effect on the prosperity of the Highlands.

In entering upon the consideration of adverse criticisms, we find that they are easily resolved into two classes :—First, there are those as to what opponents term the unnecessary severity and injurious influence of the Game Laws upon poachers; and secondly, the injury indirectly effected by them upon tenant-farmers, agricultural and pastoral.

Sympathy for the poacher is frequently proclaimed by anti-game law agitators. They will tell you that the disposition to pursue game is inherent in human nature; that the indulgence of this irrepressible propensity ought to be regarded with a lenient eye: that game cannot be identified as property, and that the man who takes it should not be considered or treated as a thief; dilating the while on the sad misfortunes that an occasional lapse into the fields in search of a hare or a rabbit may bring upon an agricultural labourer and his family, ultimately it may be involving them in ruin. These arguments, however, though at first sight appearing to have some foundation in reason, do not satisfactorily stand the test of serious scrutiny. They are such as could be brought to bear for what they are worth against the operation of almost all repressive laws in the kingdom. Smuggling, for instance, is not generally looked upon as a breach of the moral law, nor does it present itself to common eyes in an odious light; yet it is a crime punishable by penal laws for the sake

of increasing revenue. The man who takes his own agricultural produce and converts it into a wholesome and refreshing beverage for his own domestic use is liable to a very much heavier penalty than he who steps on to his neighbour's property and puts out his hands to take what he has neither laboured for nor purchased. In the one case we can imagine an honest industrious labourer, actuated only by a desire for the comfort of himself and his family, manufacturing his own goods into nourishing and sustaining ale, heavily punished for his untaxed enjoyment of the bounties of Providence; whereas, in the other case, the poacher, as a rule, is a person with a turn for idleness, an aversion to all honest and steady labour, and a taste for luxurious indulgences above his means, who persists in illegally invading another's property in the pursuit and seizure of its produce.

This character is specially applicable to the poaching class in the Highlands. Any one familar with prosecutions in poaching cases there must see that the offenders brought up for trial form a limited list of mean-spirited cringing creatures, upon whom any sort of sympathy would be sadly thrown away, whose faces are well known to the procurator-fiscal as they appear in rather regular succession in the dock. It may be said that almost nine poaching prosecutions out of ten are instituted against old and habitual offenders, who calculate, like blockade runners, that a few successful raids will enable them cheerfully to pay the fines inflicted on the occasions of their capture. As deer-stalking and grouse shooting, to be effective, require day-light, and pheasant breeding is the exception not the rule in the north, cases of night poaching, the worst and most severely punishable, are of unfrequent occurrence, while fines of two pounds, the highest that can be inflicted for day poaching, in the most aggravated cases, is not heavy enough even when coupled with costs to make habitual and systematic poaching an altogether unprofitable occupation. We have no difficulty therefore in saying that the Game Laws do not press with undue severity upon the labouring classes in the Highlands, by whom, on the whole, poaching is now an offence rarely committed; and we believe that in saying so we express the opinion of those classes themselves. Any complaints that have been made have not proceeded from them but from third parties who have endeavoured to range themselves as pretended friends to compass their own ends. There is just one direction in which we might hint that improvement is possible. We would wish to see a sliding scale of fines legalised, by which lighter penalties would be exigible for first offences and repeated transgressions less leniently punishable than at present.

We have now to consider that more vexed and intricate portion of our subject, the operation of the Game Laws upon the position of the tenant-farmer. This we have stated to be indirect, because, in reality, many of the results complained of might be continued in existence independently of the operations of these laws. The points at issue between landlord and tenant, over which such torrents of discussion have been poured, are really questions of contract been individuals, which could and would arise, were the Game Laws abolished. But as complaints are coupled with a

demand for the abolition of these laws as a panacea, we cannot avoid briefly examining their relation to the interests of agriculture. Whether owing to buccolic trust in the friendly intentions of a Conservative Government, or to hopelessness of there being any advantages derivable therefrom, it is worthy of observation that the recent agitation on this question, as well as on the kindred subjects of unexhausted improvements and hypothec denominated by Mr Hope in his observations in "Recess Studies," "Hindrances to Agriculture," have now entered upon a quiescent phase. A few years ago an agricultural dinner was no sooner eaten by the assembled agriculturists than the Game Laws were tabled with the toddy, and both hotly, and in some cases ably discussed. But a change for the better is now noticeable in the atmosphere of Cattle Club Meetings and Wool Fair dinners whereat the voices of game preservers may even be heard amid applause. Monotony was the rock on which the agitation was in danger of being shipwrecked, and as the results did not appear to be commensurate to the labour, as the stone seemed to be rolled up the hill in vain, so far as concerned the passing of any favourable parliamentary measure, swords have again been turned into more useful ploughshares, and spears into less ornamental pruning hooks. The opportunity is therefore not an unfavourable one for a calm survey of the situation.

It is a well-known principle in jurisprudence that a contract between two parties capable of contracting in respect to a subject matter known to both, if adhered to by either, is inviolably binding; and with the free action of this principle as between parties, except in a matter of life and death, the legislature always has had, and we confidently believe, always will have a delicacy in interfering. If there is no vital principle, or specialty in a contract between landlord and tenant in regard to an heritable subject, such as an arable farm, that necessarily takes it out of the list of ordinary contracts, no Government would seriously entertain or assist the passing of a measure for imposing fetters upon one of the parties to that contract, exceptional legislation to obtain an advantage for the lessee to the detriment of the lessor. Are there then such specialties? Tenant-farmers allege (1) that land is not an ordinary subject of contract owing to the extent being limited, and is a possession the owners of which stand in the relation merely of national trustees, bound to administer in the way most beneficial to the people; (2), that tenants are not capable of contracting on equal terms with their landlords, and that the weaker party should receive legislative protection in the shape of an inalienable right to ground game; and (3), that in being compelled to sign game preservation clauses, the subject matter of that part of their agreement is one the full extent of which must, from its nature, be unknown to them. To this reply is made—(1), That the possession of land is no more a monopoly than the possession of cattle or any other commodity, that is continually in the market and sold to the highest bidder; that the fact of the supply being limited, and necessarily in the hands of the few, in comparison with the many who wish to use it, is no reason why exceptional restrictions should be placed on its being let out for hire, but rather the reverse; as well might the possessors of money, who are few in comparison with those who wish to borrow it, be

statutorily bound to lend it out at less than it would otherwise bring; and that those who invest money in land, having no contract with the State, cannot be interfered with by the State in the management of it in the way they believe most advantageous to themselves; (2), that farmers as a rule, and particularly those who make the greatest noise about the Game Laws, are quite capable of attending to their own interests in any contract with proprietors as to leasing of land; that if they are glad to obtain it on the proprietors' terms, that is occasioned by the legitimate operation of the laws of supply and demand, which equally affect all other contracts; and that to give them an inalienable right to ground game, which they would immediately convert into money value by sub-letting, would simply amount to confiscation of part of the enjoyment of property, and in effect amount to depriving proprictors of a considerable part of the equivalent for which they gave their money; and (3), that when a tenant makes an acceptable offer for a farm, he does so after the fullest investigation as to its capabilities and disadvantages, and with a good knowledge of the amount of game on the ground, and the damage likely to be occasioned thereby; and, as thus, the amount of rent offered is fixed by him after all these points have received due consideration at his hands, he is precluded from afterwards crying out against the one-sidedness of his contract. It will thus be seen that there is just as much to be said on the one side as the other; and clamour notwithstanding, we believe, the day is still distant when the legislature will step in to interfere with free contract between landlord and tenant, by laying down conditions which even both parties with their eyes open, and of mutual consent, will not be allowed to alter. In other words, in an age when the cry is for freedom from all special advantages to owners of land, such as hypothec and entail, so as to place it on an open footing with all other subjects, it would be strange, indeed, were exceptional legislation required for the lessees of land to give them the special advantages which the spirit of the age denied to their landlords. Are we to have landlord right levelled down while tenant right is to be levelled up? We have yet to see it. It cannot, however, in fairness be denied that there are certain circumstances in which the tenants' third complaint above-mentioned is just and reasonable. While a tenant is strictly tied down under the conditions of his lease to a certain rotation of cropping, and various other regulations regarding his use of the land, the proprietor is left practically unfettered as to the extent of increase of game that he may allow to take place. Immunity in such an event is secured to the latter, either by a clause to that effect in the lease or by the prudent reluctance of the tenant to pursue his landlord through court after court in the knowledge that even the extra-judicial expense of such procedure would quickly amount to more than the ultimate damages awarded, if awarded at all, and that the feelings engendered by the contest would stand in the way of a renewal at the expiry of the lease. There is here, undoubtedly, a manifest hardship to the tenant, for which the legislature would be justified in passing a remedial measure. It would quite consist with the acknowledged and equitable principles of jurisprudence that cheap and speedy redress for the tenant against such uncontemplated and undue increase of game should be provided

by legislative enactment. All wrongs have their remedies; but the remedy in such a case is not the giving an inalienable right to ground game to the tenant, as that would amount to a wronging of the landlord, who might wish to reserve such right at any cost of compensation to the tenant for damage really inflicted. What is desirable is, that such damage should be assessable, and the value thereof recoverable with the least possible trouble and expense to the tenant. We think that this could be most effectually secured by the statutory appointment in each county of a competent, impartial, and reliable assessor whose duty it would be to inspect and record the amount of game existing on every farm in that county at the entry of the tenant, and who would be bound at any future season on the application, either of the proprietor or of the tenant, to re-inspect that farm and report as to whether there was any appreciable increase in the stock of game thereon, and if so to issue an award and valuation of the amount of damage thereby occasioned, the amount of which the tenant would be legally entitled to deduct at payment of the next half-year's rent. The expense of this inspection, according to a fixed scale of charge, should be payable by the landlord where damages were found exigible; but, otherwise, where the tenant's claim was decided to be unfounded, the whole expense would, in equity, be payable by him to the assessor. Of course, there are objections that can be raised to the adoption of this, as of any other proposed compromise; but on a careful consideration they will not be found insuperable. Enthusiasts there are and will remain who will demand that an inalienable right to ground game be gratuitously conferred upon them. But by the great majority of agriculturalists who think temperately it is agreed that the only possible settlement of the ground game question is one of compromise. We have been credibly informed that in the counties of Forfar and Caithness, farmers, to whom the right to ground game had been made over, after short experience of the unexpected trouble and expense connected with the due keeping down of hares and rabbits, had entreated their landlords to relieve them of the burden, which they had at first unreflectingly and gladly assumed.

The damage done by game on agricultural farms in the Highlands is altogether inconsiderable in affecting the agricultural prosperity of the country. Our opinion is that if the truth were fairly told farmers would confess that where the shoe pinches is in the pressure of high rents caused by their own mutual competitions for farms, rather than the trifling damage done by game. The bringing forward of the game question has been merely the trotting out of a stalking horse. There were no complaints of game or game laws in the good old times when the rents were low. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were rejoiced to furnish the laird with a good day's sport, in the fruits of which they generally participated. Game must have done as much harm then as now, but farmers in those days did not feel pushed to meet the rent day. They could live on a smaller income; they did not seek or require the same luxuries, and had less outlay in labour. Of course, a great deal has happened since then, but it cannot be said that for this the lairds are entirely to blame. Then to rent a farm was synonymous with making money; now it as often means losing

it. With higher rents, the result of a keener demand, a farmer's profits have been sadly diminished, and he too often exerts his ingenuity in discovering grounds of deduction from a rent he feels to be burdensome. On the sound enough principle of abolishing special privileges of all kinds he can fairly advocate the abolition of hypothec, but when in the same breath he turns his back upon that principle by calling for the creation of the extraordinary privilege of an inalienable right to ground game, he asks too much and has every probability of getting too little.

There is no necessity for saying anything in reply to the attacks of a few pastoral tenants or large sheep farmers. It is now matter of history that by repeated and uncontradicted assertion a comparatively small and uninfluential sheep-farmer clique had thoroughly convinced themselves, and almost persuaded a portion of the public, that deer forests were responsible for all the misery and poverty in the Highlands, for all the cruel evictions which were carried out to make room, not for deer, but for those very farmers who made such a noise. Having succeeded in infecting some impressionable people, including not a few writers in the press who knew as little of a deer forest and its surroundings as they did of the great Sahara, there was at one time some danger of the outcry becoming general; but the report of the Parliamentary Commission so completely exposed the nakedness of the land, so thoroughly demonstrated the absence of anything like reasonable foundation for complaint, as to convince even the most extreme politician of the utter absurdity of the position assumed. The cry never did find an echo in the heart of the Highlander. He knew too well that the same justice had been meted out to him and his by the predecessors of those very farmers, as they themselves were then receiving at the hands of the wealthy Sassenach. He knew that the evil of depopulation had been accomplished in the Highlands, not by the introduction of deer, but of sheep on a large scale by Lowland farmers before ever deer forests had come to be considered a source of revenue. It was, therefore, somewhat amusing to the Highland people to witness the descendants of these Lowland *novi homines* smitten upon the thigh and roaring lustily. The only bribe they promised allies was the offer of mutton a twentieth of a penny per pound cheaper, and Highlanders refused to be bought over at that price, especially as its payment was more than doubtful. The deer forest agitation has died a natural death. Peace to its ashes.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to discussing the so-called disadvantages of the Game Laws: we have yet to consider the facts on the other side of the question, by which those disadvantages are altogether overbalanced. As the space allotted to us in this Magazine, however, has its limits, we will meanwhile content ourselves with enumerating *seriatim* a few of the manifold benefits accruing to the Highlands from Game Laws and game. These are—(1), The great increase of rental from land, which is manifestly beneficial, not only to the proprietors, but to all classes in the country in which they spend their incomes; (2), The residence in the Highlands for so many months yearly of wealthy sportsmen, who, if game were unpreserved and consequently non-existent, would have no inducement so

to reside; (3), The remunerative employment afforded by those sportsmen to the labouring classes; (4), The profits made by shopkeepers and others in the various Highland towns, by supplying the requirements of such sportsmen; (5), The opening up of the country by railways, which could not have been remuneratively effected for years yet to come in the Highlands without the traffic afforded by the conveyance of sportsmen and their belongings; (6), The advancement of civilization in the north, by the opening up of roads and the building of handsome Lodges in remote localities, and the circulation of money involved in the execution of these improvements.

This enumeration might be extended to various minor details, but we think we have said enough to satisfy every candid and impartial reader that a very serious blow would be inflicted upon the prosperity of the Highlands by the abolition of the Game Laws—laws which are by no means the antiquated and useless remains of feudalism so strongly denounced by Radicalism run mad. The truth of this need not be altogether left to abstract speculation. We have a crucial instance in the case of the American Republic, where the absence of such laws was felt to be so prejudicial to the general welfare that game regulations were passed much more stringent than in this country, and where, at present, as Mr J. D. Dougall in his admirable treatise on "Shooting" informs us, "there exist over one hundred powerful associations for the due prosecution of Game law delinquents, and these associations are rapidly increasing, and appear to be highly popular." "Here," he adds, "we have one struggling Anti-Game Law League: in the States there are over one hundred flourishing Pro-Game Law Leagues. The cry of a party here is:—Utterly exterminate all game as vermin; leave nothing to shoot at. The increasing general cry across the Atlantic is:—Preserve our game and our fish for our genuine field sports." So long as our Game Laws continue to increase the prosperity of the country without infringing upon the liberty of the people, they stand in little need of defence; are not much endangered by attack.

EVAN MACKENZIE.

A REMARKABLE FEUDAL CUSTOM.

It is happy for the present age that the ancient manners and customs, which were practised in the Highlands and Islands under the Feudal system, have long since fallen into oblivion. It would fill volumes to relate the numerous practices which were then resorted to by the feudal lords, many of which were cruel in themselves, and entailed great hardships on their submissive vassals who were bound to obey. As the chiefs had full power over the life and death of their retainers, such of them as betrayed any disobedience or opposition to the stern demands of their superiors, rendered themselves liable to the severest punishment, and frequently to nothing less than the penalty of death. The national laws of Kings and Queens had then but little influence in checking or counteracting the peremptory enactments of Feudalism.

The following striking instance of the remarkable practices alluded to will furnish a specimen to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, of what took place in Skye, not much more than a century and a half ago.

No sooner did the death of a tenant take place than the event was announced to the laird of the soil. The Land-Stewart, or ground-officer, incurred the displeasure of his master unless that announcement were made no later than three days after it had occurred. Immediately after the deceased farmer had been consigned to the grave, the disconsolate widow, if he had left one, was waited upon by a messenger from the landlord, to deliver up to him the best horse on the farm, such being reckoned then the legal property of the owner of the soil. This rule was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. On large and extensive farms the demand was submitted to without much complaint, by the widow, children, or heirs of the deceased, but it pressed hard upon the occupiers of small tenements of land, and particularly so on helpless widows. But whoever refused, or attempted to evade this heartless enactment, forfeited every right to their farms in future, and became liable to have all their goods and chattels confiscated to the laird. It frequently happened that a poor farmer had but one horse, yet even this circumstance did not mitigate the cruelty of the practice; for the solitary animal was taken away, and frequently so to the great distress of the younger branches of the orphan family, who mourned bitterly, and often shed tears for the loss of their favourite animal.

A circumstance took place in the parish of Strath, which was, it is said, the means of abolishing this abominable rule. About the beginning of the seventeenth century a farmer, of the name of Mackinnon, was gathered to his fathers in the parish, and after his interment the laird's messenger visited the afflicted widow, and, as usual, demanded the best horse on her little farm. Her husband having been a kinsman of the laird, and expecting, in her distress, to receive some sympathy from her chief, and at all events, some relaxation of that rule which had been all along so resistlessly put in force, she showed much reluctance to part with the animal. Seeing this, the officer became more and more determined to have it. The widow, in the same manner, became more and more determined in her refusal, and appealed to him in vain to submit the case to the decision of her chief. The officer was inexorable, and becoming incensed at the woman's pertinacity he turned from words to blows, and inflicted some severe wounds on the helpless female to the effusion of blood. She, however, retaliated, and through desperation, assuming more courage, addressed her little son, a boy of four, that stood weeping by her side, and said to him in her own emphatic vernacular:—

" Cha mhac mar an t-athair thu, a' Lachlainn Oig,
Mar diol thu le fuil droch caithreamh do mhàthar;
'S mar smàil thu gu bàs, le diòghaltas air chòir,
Am borb-fhear fiadhaich so, am mòrtair gu'n nàr!"

Literally translated:—

" Thou art not a son like the father, my young Lachlan,
Unless thou requite with blood the ill-treatment of thy mother;
And unless thou dash to death, with due revenge,
This fierce and savage fellow– this bare faced murderer!"

The mother's charge to her boy cannot be said to be tempered with much Christian feeling or principle, yet it was according to the generally cherished practices of the system under which she lived. Then it was that might was right, and revenge bravery. But to return to the subject —the widow's cries and tears, excitement and eloquence, were all in vain. The officer made off with the horse and delivered it to his chief.

Matters went on in this way, in various quarters, for a considerable time, until at length, and about twenty years thereafter, the same officer appeared on the same errand at a neighbouring widow's door, and deprived her as usual of her best horse. The circumstance was brought under the notice of Lachlan Og, and having been, no doubt, frequently reminded of the cruelty inflicted by that official on his mother, was determined to embrace the present befitting occasion for displaying his dire revenge. It may be stated that young Lachlan was noted in the district for his great agility and muscular strength. He made no delay in pursuing the officer, and having come up to him at the distance of some miles, he seized him by the neck and sternly demanded the widow's horse, reminding him, at the same time, of the treatment inflicted by him on his mother twenty years before. The officer stood petrified with fear, seeing fierceness and revenge depicted so very unmistakably in young Mackinnon's face. Yet still he grasped the animal by the halter, and would not permit his youthful assailant to intermeddle with it. The strife commenced, and that in right earnest, but in a few moments the officer fell lifeless on the ground. Mackinnon, seizing his dirk, dissevered the head from the body, and washed it in a fountain by the wayside, which is still pointed out to the traveller as "*Tobar a' chinn*," or "The Well of the Head." He then, at once, mounted the horse, and galloped off to the residence of his chief, carrying the bloody head in his left hand on the point of his dirk. His appearance at the main entrance, with the ghastly trophy still bleeding in his hand, greatly alarmed the menials of the mansion. Without dismounting he inquired if Mackinnon was at home, and being told that he was, he said, "Go and tell my Chief that I have arrived to present him with the head of his officer 'Donnuchadh Mor,' in case that he might wish to embalm it and hang it up in his baronial hall as a trophy of heartlessness and cruelty." The message was instantly delivered to the laird, who could not believe that such a diabolical deed could be perpetrated by any of his clan, but still he came out to see. On his appearance in the court, Lachlan Og dismounted, did obeisance to his chief, and prominently exhibited the dripping head, by lifting it up on his dirk. "What is this, Lachlan, what murder is this?" asked the excited chief. Lachlan explained the whole in full detail, and related the circumstances of the present transaction, as well as of the inhuman treatment which his mother had received when he was a child. The chieftain pondered, paused, and declared that these cruelties had been practised unknown to him. He granted a free pardon to Lachlan Og, appointed him his officer in room of Donnuchadh Mor, and issued an edict over all his estate that thereafter neither widow nor orphan, heir, nor kindred, would ever be deprived by him of their horse, or of any other part of their property.

SGIATHANACH.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

[CONTINUED].

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CHAPTER IV.

THESE acts of loyalty by the Highlanders in recognition of their Stewart Princes were not long concluded when the same virtue was called into action to defeat the intentions of *other rebels* (as they were rudely termed) from disputing the authority of the British Soverign, or dismembering any portion of his territory in the American colonies. An abridged outline of what came to be the War of Independence may not be out of place or uninteresting even at this distant date.

North America had been chiefly colonised by the British people—the settlements of the Dutch and French were few and unimportant. The colonists were in the enjoyment of liberal institutions, and the country being fertile, the population rapidly increased; while, at the same time, immigrants from Europe continued to arrive annually on its shores. The mother country being oppressed with debt, it was proposed to make her Transatlantic subjects contribute a portion towards her relief. This resulted in the imposition of a stamp duty on various articles. The Americans would neither afford assistance, nor would they sanction the taxation proposed to be placed on tea, &c.; and at a meeting of Congress resolutions of separation were adopted, followed by the Act of Declaration of Independence. George III. and his Parliament determined on chastising the recusants, and hence the commencement of the American Civil War. Jealousy of Great Britain, and a desire to humble her, induced France to join the Americans, as also did Spain. Against the combined efforts of these allies, however, the British sustained unsullied their ancient renown. The war continued with alternate successes, and disappointments to the contending parties for about six years, at the end of which honourable peace was concluded between them, and America was henceforth declared an Independent State; and in acknowledgment of the able services rendered to her, the colonists elected General Washington as the first president of the new Republic.

During the progress of the war the Americans were guilty of many acts of cruelty to whomsoever fell into their hands, some of which fell to the share of Alan Cameron. The Royal Highland Regiment, to which he was attached, was stationed in Quebec when Canada was threatened with invasion by General Arnold at the head of 3000 men. The colonel of Alan's regiment (Maclean) who had been detached up the river St Lawrence, returned by forced marches and entered Quebec without being noticed by Arnold. The fortifications of the city had been greatly neglected, and were scarcely of any use for the purposes of defence. The strength of the British within its walls was under 1200, yet they repulsed the repeated attacks of the American generals. Here it was that Alan Cameron came for the first time into hostile contact with the enemy, and both his regiment and himself

acquitted themselves with great gallantry—on one occasion in particular, when an assault was made by Generals Arnold and Montgomery, in which the latter was killed and the other wounded. Arnold foiled in this attempt, established himself on the heights of Abraham, thus blockading the town and reducing the garrison to great straits; but this was all he succeeded in, as he was beaten in every attempt to gain possession of the lower town, by the intrepid gallantry of Colonel Maclean and his Highlanders.

On the approach of spring General Arnold despairing of success, withdrew his forces, raised the siege, and evacuated the whole of Canada. Released from this defence the battalion entered on enterprises in different parts of the province, and to enable it to do so more effectually, Colonel Maclean transformed a limited number of it into a cavalry corps, for outpost duties and otherwise acting as *scouts*. Of this body Alan Cameron got the command. Daring and sometimes over-zealous, he often led himself and his company into situations of desperate danger. On one occasion they were surrounded by a strong force of the enemy, from which they escaped with the utmost difficulty, and only by the personal prowess of each individual and the fleetness of their steeds. The Americans communicated with the British commander to the effect that "this fellow (Alan) and his men had been guilty of the *un*military proceeding of tampering with the native Indians in their loyalty to American interests," stating a determination of vengeance as the consequence. It is not known whether Alan was apprised of this charge or not; at any rate he continued his incursions for some time. The threat was not unintentional, as the succeeding events proved, and an unfortunate opportunity enabled the enemy to give it effect. Alan and nearly one-half of his company were seized. The latter they made prisoners of war, but committed him to the jail of Philadelphia as a common felon, where he was kept for two years and treated with the most vindictive harshness. This proceeding was denounced by the British General as "contrary to all military usage," but his representations proved unavailing.

The ardent nature of the imprisoned Highlander chafed under restraint, and finding no hope of release he was constant in vigilance to procure his escape. This he was at last enabled to effect through his jailer having neglected to fasten the window of his place of confinement, which was on the third storey. His ingenuity was put to the severest test. He, however, managed to tie part of the bedclothes to the bars of the window, and descended with its aid. The blanket was either too short, or it gave way; anyhow Alan came to the ground from a considerable height, and being a heavy man, in the fall he severely injured the ankles of both feet. In this crippled state he was scarcely able to get away to any great distance, but somehow managed to elude the search of his enemies.

Although the Americans, as a nation, were in arms against Great Britain, still among them were many families and individuals who were slow to forget their ties of kinship with the people of the "old country," and Philadelphia contained many possessing such a feeling. Alan, on his first arrival in that country, became ac-

quainted with and obtained the friendship of more than one of these families. To the house of one of them, in his emergency, he decided on going. This was a Mr Phineas Bond (afterwards Consul-General in that city) who received the prisoner without hesitation, and treated him with the utmost consideration. Alan, however, before he would accept shelter and hospitality, explained to Mr Bond his condition and how he became a prisoner, adding that he merely desired rest for a day or two to enable him to escape towards the British cantonments. Mr Bond made him welcome and promised him every assistance. Both were fully impressed with the danger and delicacy of their position, and Alan like an honourable soldier was now more anxious about that of his host than his own. He, therefore, embraced the very first opportunity of relieving his chivalrous friend of so undesirable a guest.

Without entering into details as to the nature of his escape, it is enough to state that after frequent chances of being recaptured, he arrived at a station where some British troops were quartered. Among these were some officers and men with whom he had served in the early part of the campaign, but he had become so altered in condition that they scarcely believed him to be the Alan Cameron they knew. His relative (Colonel Maclean) sent his aide-camp to have him conveyed to head-quarters, on arrival at which he was most attentive to do everything that could be done. Medical inspection however, pronounced Alan unfit for active service for at least a year. This was disappointing news to him, as he feared his career in the army was likely in consequence to come to an untimely end. Colonel Maclean recommended him to repair at once to Europe and procure the most skilful advice for the treatment of his wounds and broken limbs. Alan concurred and returned to England on sick leave, where he arrived in 1780.

He had not been many months at home when news arrived of the conclusion of the war; and with that happy consummation Colonel Maclean's corps was reduced, the officers were placed on the "provincial list"—a grade not known in the army at the present day—Government, in addition to their pay, giving them and the other men grants of lands in the following proportions—5000 acres to a field officer; 3000 to a captain; 500 to a subaltern; 200 to a sergeant; and a 100 to each soldier. These conditions were applicable only to those who remained in or returned within a given time to the colony. In the case of absentees one-half of the above number of acres was the extent of the grants, but they were allowed to sell their lots. As Alan had been promoted to the rank of Captain he had 1500 acres which he turned into cash. This capital and his pay was the only means possessed by this "provincial officer." He was, however, only one of many similiarly situated on the termination of the American War.

Chapter V.

The transport ship brought home other invalids besides Alan Cameron, one of whom, Colonel Mostyn, and himself came to be on terms of warm friendship. This gentleman, descended from one of the best families in Wales, and having many relatives resident in London, was of considerable

service to Alan in the matter of introductions to the society of these relations and other friends. "American officers," as those returned from the war, were termed, were welcomed wherever met with. Among them Alan was not the least distinguished, perhaps the more so on account of his unfortunate adventure with his Lochaber adversary in the duel; and his subsequent distinguished career in America.

At the house of one of Colonel Mostyn's relatives, Alan met a young lady who was destined not many months after to become his wife. This was the only child of Nathaniel Philips 'of Sleebeich Hall, Pembrokeshire. The heiress of a wealthy squire was beyond Alan's expectations; besides he understood there were more than one aspirant for her hand, who were themselves possessors of many broad acres, therefore it could scarcely occur to the mind of the "provincial officer" to enter the lists against such influential competitors. However that may be, Alan's success with the lady may have been much the same as that of another with Desdemona: "Her father bade me tell the story of my life, the battles, sieges, and fortunes I had passed. I ran it through, even from my boyish days; of the moving accidents by flood and field; of the hair-breadth 'scapes and the imminent deadly breach; and of being taken by the insolent foe. To these things would Desdemona seriously incline, and devour up my discourse. When I did speak of some distressful stroke, that I had suffered, she gave me a world of sighs. She wished she had not heard it; but bade me, if I had a friend that loved her, I should teach him how to tell my story, and *that* would woo her." Duke—"I think this tale would win my daughter too."

Alan Cameron became the favoured suitor of Miss Philips, but both felt the barrier of the Squire's consent to be insurmountable. Nor was there any circumstance likely to arise in favour of Alan's worldly position to make him acceptable to Mr Philips as his son-in-law. Honourable conduct acted on Alan's feelings, and directed the proper course to be pursued. He made his visits to the house of their mutual friend less often and at greater intervals. Squire Philips was at the time, and had for some few years, been a widower; and it was reported and believed that he was contemplating a second marriage. Moreover, the intended spouse was scarcely yet out of her teens, while he was past middle age, and his daughter was also her senior. Her father's intentions created disappointment, if not dissatisfaction in Miss Philips' mind, which, it is alleged, was one of the causes that moved her not to view elopement with serious objection. There is no record of the occurrence to guide further reference than that Alan Cameron and Miss Philips had betaken themselves to Gretna Green without the knowledge or consent of her father, where marriages were solemnised without the preliminary formalities necessary at Hanover Square. Notwithstanding that a pursuit ensued either by the parent or other friends, it was not successful in interrupting the marriage of the runaway pair.

Instead of returning to London with his bride, Alan went towards the capital of his native country, where he and his wife remained for several months. It now, however, became almost a necessity that he would get into some office, the emoluments of which would add to his

slender income. After some delay he was fortunate in getting an appointment through the intercession of a friend with whom he had served in America. This appointment was on the militia staff of one of the English counties. Alan retained it until the fortune of events reduced the displeasure of the father-in-law to that state when mutual friends thought they could do something to induce the Squire to forgive and forget. These friends did not fail to take advantage of this state of feeling, and embraced the opportunity to obtain for Alan an interview with his wife's father, which resulted, as desired by all, in full forgiveness to both son and daughter. This reconciliation, like the wooing of Miss Philips, was also somewhat after the manner of that of Desdemona's father, who replied, "I had rather adopt a child than get it. Come hither. I do give thee that with all my heart, which—but thou hast already—with all my heart, I would keep from thee. For your sake I am glad I have no other child, thy escape would teach me tyranny." This act of grace was important to Alan, as the allowance to his wife, which followed, enabled them to live in affluence in comparison with their past state.

Squire Philips had not married at the time rumour had formerly assigned, but he did enter into that state, and that after he had become a sexagenarian. By the second marriage the Squire—unlike the father in the play—"had another child." This child is yet living, in the person of the venerable Dowager Countess of Lichfield, herself the mother of a numerous family of sons and daughters, including the present peer, as also the wife of the noble lord the member for the county of Haddington.

(To be Continued).

Highland Melodies.—The Gaelic Society of London finding that regret has been frequently expressed that the plaintive melodies of the Highlands should be allowed to pass away, have, we are glad to learn, taken steps to preserve them in a permanent form, and are now preparing for publication a selection of the best and most popular airs. The verses will be given in Gaelic and English, and the pianoforte accompaniments are arranged with special attention to their distinctive characteristics by Herr Louis Honig, Professor of Music, London; while slight variations are introduced to render the melodies more acceptable to the general taste. Editions of the Dance Tunes of our country are numerous, but the Gaelic vocal airs, set to music, have not hitherto been attainable. The issue is limited to 250 copies, which the Society are patriotically supplying at cost price—namely, 10s 6d per copy; or free by post to the Colonies for 12s. We feel assured that this want has only to be known to secure the necessary number of subscribers for the few remaining copies.

LITERATURE.

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THE "ARYAN ORIGIN OF THE CELTIC RACE AND LANGUAGE."

THE above is the title on the outside of a book by the Rev. Canon Bourke, president of St Jarlath's College, Tuam, Ireland. The book is in every respect a wonderful and interesting one to the Celt, at home and abroad, whether he be Scotch or Irish. Time was when the Scottish Celt looked with great suspicion on his Irish cousin, while the Irishman had no great love for his Scottish neighbour. Even yet a good deal of this feeling prevails, particularly among the uneducated.

Our own experience, however, has been that the Irish Celt is not behind the Scotch Gael in generosity and all the other virtues which are the special characteristics of the race. The book before us is in several respects calculated to strengthen the friendship which is being rapidly formed, and which ought to subsist among the intelligent of each of the two great branches of the Celtic family—Scotch and Irish. Frequent references of an appreciating and commendable kind are made in this work to the labours of Scotchmen in the field of Celtic literature. Canon Bourke, like a true-hearted son of Ireland, with that magnanimity characteristic of the race, holds out his right hand to every Scottish scholar in the field of Celtic or Keltic research, and says in effect—*Cia mar a tha thu? Buaidh gu'n robh air d'obair!*

Although the "Aryan Origin of the Celtic Races and Language" is all the title on the cover, inside the book, the title is much more comprehensive, consisting, as it does, altogether of 27 lines. But even this large and comprehensive title-page does not give anything like an adequate idea of the extent and variety of the contents of the book. Taking it up with the expectation of finding a learned treatise on the Aryan origin of the Celtic race and Celtic languages one will be disappointed; but no one will be disappointed with the work as a whole, for though its contents do not bear throughout on the above subject, they are all thoroughly Celtic; and as a collection of Celtic gleanings, will well repay a perusal. It is, indeed, a sort of Celtic repository—the writer's Celtic reading for many years being apparently thrown into a crucible, and having undergone a certain process there, are forged out into the handsome and bulky volume before us. It has, however, all the appearance of having been very hastily got up. Indeed, in the preface, which is dated, "Feast of the Nativity of the B.V.M., 1875," we are told that a mere accident has given the first impulse to the composition of the work, and that accident appears to have been that at a social meeting of Irish clergymen in 1874 the subject of conversation turned on the language and antiquities of Ireland.

After doing justice to the "Four Masters," of whom Irishmen are,

with good reason, so very proud, the decay of the Gaelic language in Ireland is alluded to, and the cause of that decay described at some length, and it is pointed out that, in consequence of this neglect, when an Irish patriot appeals to the sentiment of his race, the appeal must be made, not in the language of old Ireland, but in the language of the conquering Saxon. Father Mullens in his lament for the Celtic language of his countrymen "must wail his plaint in Saxon words and Saxon idiom, lest his lamentation should fall meaningless on the ears of Ireland." And this decay Father Mullens pathetically describes:—

It is fading! it is fading! like the leaves upon the trees,
It is dying! it is dying! like the Western Ocean breeze,
It is fastly disappearing as the footsteps on the shore,
Where the Barrow and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters roar;
Where the parting sunbeam kisses the Corrib in the west,
And the ocean like a mother clasps the Shannon to its breast:
The language of old Eire, of her history and name,
Of her monarchs and her heroes, of her glory and her fame;
The sacred shrine where rested through her sunshine and her gloom
The spirit of her martyrs as their bodies in the tomb!
The time-wrought shell, where murmured through centuries of wrong
The secret shrine of freedom in annal and in song,
Is surely fastly sinking into silent death at last,
To live but in the memory and relics of the past!

In Ireland as in some other countries (perhaps we may say with some degree of truth in our own Highlands of Scotland) the simple uneducated peasants are, in the law courts, treated with the greatest display of harshness because they cannot give evidence in the English tongue. Canon Bourke refers to a case of this nature that occurred during the last year in Tuam. A witness, Sally Ryan, who appeared to have understood English, but could not speak it, and consequently would not give her evidence in that language, was removed as an incompetent witness! Is that justice? We know that in the courts in Scotland a good deal of harshness is occasionally used towards witnesses who cannot speak English.

The fact remains, that in the Highlands there are many whose only language is Gaelic, and if their Saxon rulers have a desire to administer the law justly they must learn to deal more gently with such as are ignorant of the English language. We also know from personal observation that Gaelic witnesses frequently give evidence by means of very incompetent interpreters, thoroughly ignorant of the idiom of the language, and are thus very often misrepresented. A bungling interpreter bungles a witness, and nothing is more calculated to invalidate evidence than being given in a loose incoherent manner. On this point we are at one with the learned Canon Bourke.

Considerable space is devoted to the pronunciation of the word Celtic—the question being whether it should be pronounced Keltic or Seltic. Professor Bourke argues, and gives good reasons, that it should be written Keltic and pronounced Keltic. He is unquestionably right in his contention for the pronunciation, but as we have no K in the Scotch or Irish Gaelic alphabet it is difficult to agree with him as to the spelling, but the fact remains that it is almost universally pronounced Seltic and written Celtic, and has in that form taken such a root that it can scarcely be ever altered. What then is the use of fighting over it? In the compass of

this necessarily short review it is quite impossible to give an adequate idea of the work before us. While the work exhibits great learning and research, we think the rev. author might have bestowed more care on such a valuable work. Several typographical errors present themselves, and in many cases the Professor's composition exhibits clear evidence of undue haste in the writing and arrangement. But *humanum est errare.* Nothing is perfect, and the book before us is no exception to the general rule. The Celtic student will, however, find it invaluable, and no one who takes an interest in Celtic philology, antiquity, manners, and customs (indeed everything and anything Celtic), should be without a copy; for it is a perfect store of Celtic learning.

THE SCOTTISH GAEL, OR CELTIC MANNERS AS PRESERVED AMONG THE HIGHLANDERS. By the LATE JAMES LOGAN, F.S.A.S. *Edited with Memoir and Notes by the* REV. ALEX. STEWART, "Nether Lochaber." *Issued in* 12 *Parts at 2s each. Inverness:* Hugh Mackenzie, Bank Lane. *Edinburgh:* Maclachlan & Stewart. *Glasgow:* John Tweed.

WE have before us the first and second parts of this valuable work. The Frontispiece is a coloured plate of two Highland Chiefs dressed in the Stewart and Gordon tartans; and the other engravings, which are well got up, are in every case *fac-similes* of those in the original Edition, which had become so scarce that it was difficult to procure it even at a very high price. Logan's *Scottish Gael* has long been held as the best authority on the antiquities and national peculiarities of Scotland, especially on those of the Northern or Gaelic parts of the country where some of the peculiar habits of the aboriginal race have been most tenaciously retained.

The valuable superintendence and learned notes of "Nether-Lochaber," one of our best Celtic scholars and antiquarians, will very materially enhance the value of the work, which is well printed in clear bold type, altogether creditable to the printer and to the editor, but, particularly so, to the public-spirited publisher. We have no hesitation in recommending the work to all who take an interest in the Literature of the Gael.

SONG OF THE SUMMER BREEZE.

Dedicated by permission to the REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

—o—

When balmy spring
Has ceased to wring
The youthful bud from the old oak tree,
And the sweet primrose
No longer glows
On the glad hill-side by the sunfilled sea;
When the Cuckoo's wail
Has ceased to go
O'er hill and dale
In a pensive flow,
And the deepest shade
In the woods is made,
And the brightest bloom on the fields is laid;
When the lord of light
With a lover's pride
Pours a beauty bright
O'er his blushing bride,
That lies below
His glowing gaze,
In a woodland glow, and a flowery blaze;
When winter's gloom
Of wind and rain
Is lost in the bloom
Of the flower-lit plain,
And his ruins grey
Have died away
In the love-sent breath of the smiling day;
When the beauteous hours
Of the twilight still
With dewy tears in their joy-swelled eyes
See the peaceful flowers
On the cloudless hill
Send scented gifts to the grateful skies;
And the wave-like grain
O'er the sea-like plain
In peaceful splendour essays to rise;—
From my silent birth in the flowery land
Of the sunny south
At time's command.
As still as the breath of a rosy mouth,
Or rippling wave on the sighing sand,
Or surging grass by the stony strand,
I come with odour of shrub and flower
Stolen from field and sunny bower
From lowly cot and lordly tower.
Borne on my wings the soul-like cloud—
That snowy, mountain-shading shroud
That loves to sleep
On the sweet hill's crest,
As still as the deep
With its voice at rest,—
Is wafted in dreams to its peaceful nest;
At my command
The glowing land
Scorched by the beams of the burning sun,
Listing the sounds of the drowsy bees,
Thirsting for rain, and the dews that come
When light has died on the surging seas,
Awakes to life, and health, and joy;
I pour a life on the sickening trees,
And wake the birds to their sweet employ,
Amidst the flowers of the lowly leas;
From the sweet woodbine
That loves to twine
Its arms of love round the homes of men,
Or laugh in the sight
Of the sun's sweet light
'Midst the flower gemmed scenes of the song-filled glen,
And the full-blown rose that loves to blush
'Midst the garden bowers
Where the pensive hours
Awaiting the bliss of the summer showers
List to the songs of the warbling thrush,—
I steal the sweets of their fragrant breath;
From the lily pale
That seems to wail
With snow-like face
And pensive grace [death,
O'er the bed that bends o'er the deeds of
I brush the tears
That she loves to shed
For the early biers
Of the lovely dead.
When still twilight with dew-dimmed eye
Sees the lord of light from the snow-white sky,
Descend at the sight
Of the coming night,
'Midst the waves of the deathful sea to die!
When glowing day
Has passed away
In peace on the tops of the dim-seen hills,
That pour from their hearts the tinkling rills
That dance and leap
In youthful pride,
To the brimming river, deep and wide,
That bears them in rest to their distant sleep;
And the gladsome ocean
That ever presses
The bridal earth in fond caresses,
Rages no more in a wild commotion;
When the distant hills appear to grow
At the touch of evening bright,
And the sunless rivers seem to go
With a deeper music in their flow,
Like dreams thro' the peaceful night,
I fade away
With the dying day,
Like the lingering gleam of the sun's sweet ray!

DAVID R WILLIAMSON.

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. V. MARCH 1876.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

VERY interesting and instructive, though very sad it is to chronicle certain undeniable and not unfrequent facts in the history of human nature, outbursts, as Carlyle calls them, of the feral nature, that element which man holds in common with the brutes, and which, when it breaks forth in him, assumes, by contrast, a more hideous and savage character than in them, even as fire seems more terrible in a civilized city than amidst a howling wilderness; among palaces and bowers than among heathery moorlands or masses of foliage, and even as the madness of a man is more fearful than that of a beast. It is recorded of Bishop Butler that one day walking in his garden along with his Chaplain immersed in silent thought, he suddenly paused and turning round asked him if he thought that nations might go mad as well as individuals. What reply the Chaplain gave we are not informed; but fifty years after the French Revolution with its thunder-throat answered the Bishop's question. Nay—it had been answered on a less scale before by Sicilian Vespers—Massacres of Bartholomew, and the Massacre of Glencoe, and has been answered since, apart from France, in Jamaica, India, and elsewhere. God has made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth. Yet alas, that blood when possessed by the spirit of wrath, of revenge, of fierce patriotism, or of profound religious zeal, and heated sevenfold, becomes an element only inferior in intensity to what we can conceive of the passions of hell, such as Dante has painted in his Ugolino in the Inferno, gnawing his enemy's skull for evermore; such as Michael Angelo has sculptured on the roof of the Sistine Chapel, in eyes burning with everlasting fury, and fists knotted to discharge blows, the least of which were death, but which hang there arrested as if for ever on the walls, and such as Milton has represented in Moloch's unappeaseable malignity, and in Satan's inexorable hate.

It is to one of these frightful outcomes of human ferocity, an event with which even after a period of 200 years that all Scotland, and especially all the Highlands, rings from side to side, and which unborn generations shall shudder at, that we propose to turn the attention of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*. We do so partly, no doubt, from the extreme interest of the subject, and partly also, because important lessons of humanity, of forgiveness, of hatred at wrong and oppression, of the benefits of civilization, of the gratitude we feel for the extinction of clan

quarrels and feuds, and the thousand other irregularities and inhumanities which once defaced the grandest of landscapes, and marred a noble and a manly race of men; because such lessons may be, if not formally drawn, yet may pervade and penetrate the whole story as with a living moral.

The occasion of the Massacre of Glencoe was as follows:—Although the Lowlands, since the date of the Revolution, were now quiet, it was far different with the Highlands. There, indeed, the wind was down, but still the sea ran high. The Highlanders were at that time very poor, very discontented, and very pugnacious. To subdue them seemed a long and difficult process. To allow them to exterminate one another, and re-enact on a much larger scale, the policy of the battle between the clans on the North Inch of Perth seemed as unwise as it was cruel. There was a third course proposed and determined on, that of buying them up, bribing them in short, applying that golden spur which has, in all ages, made the laziest horse to go, and the most restive to be obedient. The Government of King William resolved to apply to this purpose a sum variously estimated at £12,000 and £20,000. This sum was committed to John, Earl of Breadalbane, the head of a powerful branch of the great Clan Campbell. He was one of the most unprincipled men of that day; had turned his coat, and would have turned his skin had it been possible and worth while; and is described by a contemporary as "Grave as a Spaniard, cunning as a fox, wiry as a serpent, and slippery as an eel." He was the worst of persons to have the charge of pacifying the Highlands committed to him, being distrusted by both parties, and hated by the Jacobites with a deadly hatred. Nevertheless the negotiations went on, although slowly. Breadalbane lived at Kilchurn Castle, which, now a fine old ruin, stands on the verge of the magnificent Loch Awe, looks up to the gigantic Ben Cruachan, and which Wordsworth has glorified in one of his finest minor poems. To that romantic castle, now silent in its age, but then resounding with the music and revelry of the clans, were to be seen some of the leading Jacobite chieftains crossing the mighty mountains to the northwest, and holding conferences with the crafty head of the Campbells; and on the 30th of January 1690 a large assembly met at Achallaster in Glenorchy, to arrange matters between the Earl and the Highlanders, but in vain. There was mutual distrust. The chiefs were willing to come to terms, but they suspected that Breadalbane meant to deceive them and to keep a portion of the cash in his own Sporran. He, on the other hand—ill-doers being usually ill-dreaders—thought that they were playing a double game. More than a year passed in fruitless negotiations, and the autumn of 1691 saw the matter unsettled. At last Lord Stair and the other advisers of the King resolved to try the effect of threats as well as bribes; and in August they issued a proclamation promising an indemnity to every rebel who should swear the oath of allegiance in the presence of a Civil Magistrate before the 1st January 1692, and threatening with dire penalties, letters of fire and sword, as they were called, all who delayed beyond that day. The proclamation was drawn up by Stair in conjunction with Breadalbane. He had wished to form a Highland Regiment in favour of Government, and to get, if possible, all the Highland chiefs to transfer their allegiance from King

James to the New Dynasty. This he found very difficult. The chiefs were fond enough of the money, but fonder at heart of the Stewarts. Many of them, including the Macdonalds stood out for more favourable terms. The negotiations were broken of, and the fatal proclamation was issued. Stair's letters show to a certainty that he and King William's Government cherished the hope that the chiefs would not submit at all, or at least that they would hold on beyond the prescribed time. Like Hyder Ali, as described by Burke, he had determined, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to make the broad Highlands a monument of his vengeance.

The great object, let it be remembered, of the Government was to get the troops employed in the Highlands disengaged and free for service in other places. To serve this purpose they were willing to pay a certain sum, but if this proved ineffectual they were still more willing to inflict summary punishment on the principal offenders. Hence Stair had collected troops at Inverlochy, had resolved to take advantage of the winter when the passes would be probably stopped with snow, and when the Highlanders, not expecting the attack, would be likely to fall an easy prey. And thus, not like an injured and infuriated Hyder Ali, but like a tiger on the edge of his jungle, did this inhuman lawyer lie eagerly biding his time. Hear his own language illustrating a character whom Macaulay elaborately defends. "If the rest are willing, as crows do, to pull down Glengarry's nest so as the King be not hindered from drawing four regiments from Scotland, in that case the destroying him and his clan will be to the full as acceptable as his coming in." What a fiend in the form of one pretending to worship equity and distribute justice!

It is generally thought that the chiefs got information of the designs of their enemies, probably by communication from King James. At all events, in the end of the year to the profound mortification of Stair, the principal of them, Lochiel, Glengarry, Clanranald, Keppoch, and others came forward and took the oath of allegiance, all save one, MacIan, or Macdonald of Glencoe. Stair, as chief after chief took the oath, had been more and more chagrined and desirous that some one or other of the clans should refuse and become the victim of his vengeance. And one such tribe did at last fall into his vindictive and quivering jaws. It was the tribe of the Macdonalds, inhabiting, as a munition of rocks, the Valley of Glencoe.

Glencoe is well known to the lovers of the picturesque as one of the very grandest scenes in Scotland. We have seen some of the sublimest scenes in Switzerland and in Norway, but none of them, not Chamouni nor the Romsdale Valley have obliterated the memory or lessened the admiration of that awful glen which we have often thought of as a softened Sinai—a smaller but scarcely gentler similtude of the Mount that might be touched. There are, of course, many diversities. Through the valley of Glencoe winds a stream called the Cona—a name of perfect music, soft as Italian, and which seems the very echo of the pathetic and perpetual wail of a lonely river. No such stream laves the foot of Sinai's savage hill. Then there lies below one of the boldest hills of the pass, a lovely little sheet of water, being the Cona dispread into a

small lake looking up with childlike, trustful, untrembling, eye to the lowering summits above, and here and there a fine verdure creeps up the precipices and green pastures, and still waters encompass hills on which Aaron might have waited for death, or Moses ascended to meet God. But the mural aspect of many of the precipices, the rounded shape of some of the mountains contrasted with the sharp razor-like ridges of others, the deep and horrid clefts and ravines which yawn here and there, the extent, dreariness, solitude, and grandeur of the mountain range above—the summits you see, but scarcely see behind their nearer brethren, as though retiring like proud and lonely spirits into their own inaccessible hermitages, the appearance of convulsion and tearing in pieces and rending in twain, and unappeasable unreconciliation which insulates as it were, and lifts on end the whole region are those of Horeb, as we have seen it in picture or in dream, and the beholder might, on a cloudy and dark day, or on an evening which has set all the hills on fire, become awe-struck and silent, as if waiting for another Avatar of the Ancient One on the thundersplit and shaggy peaks. In other moods, and when seen from a distance while sailing from Fort-William, its mountains have suggested the image of the last survivors of the giants on the eve of their defeat by Jove, collected together into one grim knot of mortal defiance with grim-scathed faces, and brows riven by lightning, retorting hatred and scorn on their triumphant foes. And when you plunge into its recesses and see far up among its cliffy rocks spots of snow unmelted amid the blaze of June, the cataracts, which after rain, descend from its sides in thousands; its solitary and gloomy aspect which the sunshine of summer is not entirely able to remove, and which assumes a darker hue and deepens into dread sublimity, when the thunder cloud stoops his wing over the valley, and the lightning runs among the quaking rocks, you feel inclined to call Glencoe, in comparison with the other glens of Scotland, the "Only One," the secluded, self-involved, solemn, silent valley. Green covers the lower parts of the hills, but it seems the green of the grave, its sounds are in league with silence, its light is the ally of darkness. The feeling, however, finally produced is not so much terror as pensiveness, and if the valley be, as it has been called, the valley of the Shadow of Death, it is death without his sting—the everlasting slumber there; but the ghastliness and the horror fled. Yet at times there passes over the mind as you pass this lonely valley, the recollection of what occurred 200 years ago, and a whisper seems to pierce your ear, "Here! blood basely shed by treachery stained the spotless snow. These austere cliffs, where now soars and screams the eagle, once listened to the shriek of murdered men, women, and children; and on this spot where peaceful tourists now walk admiring the unparalleled grandeur, and feeling the spirit of the very solitary place bathing them in quiet reverie and dream-like bliss was transacted a scene of cruelty and cold-blooded murder which all ages shall arise and call accursed!"

As the clime is, so the heart of man. The Macdonalds were worthy of their savage scenery, and more savage weather. True children of the mist were they, strong, fearless, living principally on plunder, at feud with the adjacent Campbells to which clan Breadalbane belonged, and often had the blood of the race of Dermid smoked on their swords.

MacIan, their chieftain, was a noble specimen of the Highland character. He was a man of distinguished courage and sagacity, of a venerable and majestic appearance, was stately in bearing, and moved among his neighbouring chieftains like a demigod. He had fought at Killiecrankie and was a marked man by Government. He had had a meeting with Breadalbane on the subject of the proclamation and their mutual differences, but they had come to a rupture, and MacIan went away with the unpression that Breadalbane would do him an injury if he could. And yet, with a strange inconsistency amounting almost to infatuation, he delayed taking the oath, and thereby securing his own safety, till the appointed period was nearly expired. In vain is the net set in the sight of any bird. But Stair had set the net before the eyes of Macdonald, and had openly expressed a hope that he would fall into it, and still the old man lingered.

A few days, however, before the first of January, Colonel Hill is sitting in his room at Fort-William when some strangers claim an audience. There enter several Highlanders, all clad in the Macdonald tartan—one towering in stature over the rest, and of a dignified bearing —all armed, but all in an attitude of submission. They are MacIan and the leaders of his tribe, who have come at the eleventh hour to swear the oath of allegiance to King William. The Colonel, a scholar and a gentlemen, is glad and yet grieved to see them; for, alas! being a military and not a civil officer, he has no power to receive their oaths. He tells them so, and the old chieftain at first remonstrates, and at last, in his agony, weeps—perhaps his first tears since infancy, like the waters of the Cona, breaking over the channels of their rocky bed! The tears of a brave patriarch are the most affecting of all tears; and Colonel Hill, moved to the heart, writes out a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, Sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him, although legally too late, to stretch a point and receive the submission of the chief; and with this letter in his Sporran-mollach, away he hied in haste from Fort-William to Inverary. The road lay within a mile of his dwelling, but such was his speed that he did not even turn aside to salute his family. The roads were horrible; the very elements seemed to have joined in the conspiracy against the doomed Macdonalds; a heavy snow-storm had fallen, and in spite of all the efforts he could make, he reached Inverary too late—the first of January was past. Worse still, he found the Sheriff absent, and had to wait three days for his return. He told him his story, and he being a sensible and a humane man, after a little hesitation, moved by the old man's tears, and the letter of Colonel Hill, consented to administer to him the oath, and sent off at the same time a message to the Privy Council relating the facts of the case, and explaining all the reasons of his conduct. He also wrote to Colonel Hill, requesting him to take care that his soldiers should not molest the Macdonald's till the pleasure of the Privy Council in the matter was made known.

GEO. GILFILLAN.

(To be Continued).

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

BY ALASTAIR OG.

[CONTINUED.]

—o—

DURING the relation of the first part of the legend—that which described the atrocious conduct of *Allan Dubh* and his associates, the members gave evident signs of disapprobation. Norman was constantly interrupted with such exclamations as "*Ubh ubh*," "*Oh na traillean*," "*Na bruidean*," "*Na murtairean*," and various others of the same complimentary nature ("Oh the servile wretches," "The brutes," "The murderers"), but as the story proceeded, and the tide turned in favour of the revenging Mackenzies, although their own means of retaliation were almost equally inhuman, the tone of the circle gradually changed; and when Norman finished there was a general chorus of satisfaction at the final result, the only expression of regret being the death of the young and brave leader of the Mackenzies, and the escape of *Allan Dubh Mac Ranuil* from the clutches of his pursuers.

"A capital story and well told" says *Ian a Bhuidhe* (John Buidhe). "I heard it before somewhere, but my version of it was not near so full as yours, and it differed in various particulars. According to mine there was a chief of Glengarry in the early part of the 17th century whose name was Angus Macdonnel, and who held a small property called Strome, in the centre of the lands belonging to the Mackenzies, in the neighbourhood of Lochalsh. The Mackenzies were most anxious to get rid of their neighbour, and finding it impossible to dispossess him of Strome by lawful means, they, during the night, seized, and, in cold blood, murdered the Master of Glengarry, who was at the time indisposed and unable to escape.

"A few survivors of the Master's adherents returned to Glengarry and informed the old Chief of the death of his eldest son and heir, through the perfidy of the Mackenzies. Angus became frantic with rage and regret, and sat silent and moody, exhibiting only 'the unconquerable will, the study of revenge, immortal hate!' On the following day he sent a messenger to Ardachy to the *Gille Maol Dubh*, informing him that he had to perform a sacred duty to his Chief and kindred, and that for its effectual and complete discharge one possessing the four following qualifications was indispensably necessary—namely, '*Misneachd, seoltachd, treubhantas, agus maisealachd*' (courage, cunning, bravery, and beauty). The *Gille Maol Dubh* said he knew the very man, and sent to his chief, Ronald Macranuil, whom he guaranteed to possess all the necessary qualifications. Glengarry was much pleased with Ronald's appearance and fierce disposition, and having informed him of his son's violent and untimely death said, 'I want you to revenge it, and your reward shall depend on the extent of your service. Go then, gather your followers, and heedless of place or time destroy all who bear the hateful name of Mackenzie.'

"*Macranuil* selected the flower of the clan, marched during the night and arrived at the Chapel of Cilliechriost on the Sabbath morning, where they massacred the unsuspecting inmates as described in your version of the legend far more graphically than in mine, but they are on all fours, regarding the facts and incidents except that in mine, the Mackenzies overtook and routed the Macdonalds at *Lon na fola* or the 'Bog of Blood,' near Mealfuarvonie, and that it was at *Ault a Ghiuthais*, across a chasm four hundred feet high, with a fearful and foaming cataract beneath, that Lundi made his celebrated leap, and not in *Ault-Sigh* as in yours. I am, however, disposed to think your version is the most correct of the two."

We shall now give the following poem composed by Andrew Fraser of Inverness, and inscribed to Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch, during his minority, to whom we are indebted for the manuscript. It corroborates Norman's version of the Raid of Cilliechroist in almost every particular, and has considerable merit of its own as an original composition :—

THE RAID OF MACRANUIL—BURNING OF CILLIECHRIOST.

Most respectfully inscribed to the Heir of Gairloch, &c., &c.

Gathered are Glengarrie's pride
On Lochlundie's mossy side,
The Crantara they obey,
They are met they know not why,
But they bind the broadsword on ;
And the studded buckler shone
As the evening's sunny rays
Burnt in summer's orient blaze
Through the silent sombre wood
That lines the margin of the flood.
Mark, O mark that eagle crest,
Towering lordly o'er the rest,
Like the tall and monarch pine
Which waves its head in dark Glenlyne,
When the stormy cloud is cast
Above that region of the blast.
Mark that forehead's fitful glow,
Mark that grey and shaggy brow,
Mark, O mark that dreadful eye
Which glistens but on misery.
Now rolling in revengeful mood
O'er the thoughts of coming blood,
Then casting to the glorious sky
A glance of hopeless agony.

Warrior of the savage breast,
Fell Macranuil 'twas thy crest,
'Twas the banner of thy race
Which the wondering eye might trace,
As it wound by wood and brake,
Rolling stream and stilly lake,
As it fluttered for a while
On the brow of dark Torgoil,
Or descended the rough side
Of the Moristone's wild tide.

Silent is Macranuil's tread
And his followers' stealthy speed,
As they cross the lovely glen
Where Urquhart's waters, flow between
Hillocks where the zephyrs dwell,
In the blue and fragrant bell :
Groves where echo answers ever
The low murmurs of the river ;
And the mountain top is seen
Snow-speck'd in the distant scene.

Mhicranuil ! why that softened pace ?
Thou seek'st not now the wary chase ?
Why do'st thou and thy warriors keen
So fold your plaids that nought is seen
Of arms or armour, even the lance
Whereon your pendant used to glance
Its blazoned "Lamh dhearg" 'mid the rays
Of solar light, or battle blaze,
Has disappeared, and each wild look
Scowls at the music of the brook,
As if sweet nature seemed to scan
The inmost heart of guilty man ?
Oh ! can you in a scene so loved
By all that's holy stand unmoved ?
Can vengeance in that heart be found
Which vibrates on this blessed ground ?
Can that lone deep cathedral bell
Cast all around its sacred spell ?

And yet on ruthless murder bent,
Its voice to thee in vain be sent ?
Mhicranuil ? raise thy haggard eye,
And say beneath the glowing sky
Is there a spot where man may rest
More beautiful, more truly blest
Than where the Beauly pours its stream
Through nature's all-romantic Dream,*
Down to that ridge which bounds the south
Of Nephia's salmon-spangled mouth ?

* The Dream is a scene on the River Beauly, whose picturesque properties realizes this term in its utmost limits.

The voice of praise was heard to peal
From Cillechriost's low holy aisle,
And on the Sabbath's stilly air
Arose the hopeful soul of pray'r:
When on the pastor's thoughtful face
Played something like a radiant grace;
Still was each thought to heaven sent,
Still was each knee in prayer bent;
Still did each heart in wonder rise
To something far beyond the skies,
When burst, as an electric cloud
Had wrapt them in a flaming shroud,
The roof above, the sides around,
The altar—nay the very ground
Seemed burning, mingled with the air
In one wild universal flare!

Hark, heaven! through the lurid air
Sprung the wild scream of mad despair,
Those that so late did breath but love,
Whose kindred hearts were interwove,
Now tore away strong nature's ties
Amidst her stronger agonies;
Affection, frantic, burst the band
That linked them often hand to hand,
And rushed along the maddening tide
Which rolled in flames from side to side.
Eager the crowded porch to gain
In hopes of safety. Ah! how vain?
The demon ministers of death.
From stern Glengarrie's land of heath
Stood bristled round the burning fane
Like hells last hopeless, hideous chain,
That even the infant might not die
Beneath a brighter, cooler sky,
Whilst in their savageness of joy
The war-pipe screams their victory.

PIOBREACHD CILLECHRIOST.

Ho! Clanchonich? mark the blaze
Reddening all your kindred skies,
Hear ye not your children's cries
Welcoming Macranuil?
Hear ye not the eagle scream
O'er the curling, crackling flame
Which flies to heaven with the name
Of glorious Clandonuil?

Ho! horo? the war-note swell,
Burst aloud Clanchonich's wail!
Hark! it is their wild farewell
To Allan-du-Macranuil!
Never yet did victor smile
On a nobler funeral pile,
Than rushes from this holy aisle
In memory of Clandonuil!

Never shall pale sorrow's tear
Blanch the cheek that slumbers here,
They have pressed a warmer bier
For Allan-du-Macranuil!
Never shall a footstep roam
From their dreary voiceless home
They have slept in one red tomb
For grateful Clandonuil!

The house of prayer in embers lay,
The crowded meeting wore away;
The quieted herdboy saw them go
With downcast look, serene and slow;
But never by the wonted path
That wound so smoothly through the heath
And led to many a cottage door
By meadow-stream, and flow'ry moor,
Came back a human voice to say
How that meeting sped away.

The Conon lends the ready ford,
The Conon glitters back the sword,
The Conon casts the echo wide,
"Arise Clanchonich! to the raid;
Pursue the monsters to their lair,
Pursue them hell, and earth, and air;
Pursue them till the page of time
Forgets their name, forgets their crime."

The sun had sunk in the far sea,
But the moon rose bright and merrily,
And by the sparkling midnight beam
That fell upon the gladdened stream;
The wild deer might be seen to look
On his dark shadow in the brook,
Whilst the more timorous hind lay by
Enamoured of the lovely sky.
Bright heaven! 'twas a glorious scene,
The sparry rock, the vale between,
The light arch'd cataract afar
Swift springing like a falling star.
From point to point till lost to view,
It fades in deep ethereal blue.
So lone the hour, so fair the night,
The scene, the green and woody height,
Which rises o'er Glenconvent's vale
Like beauty in a fairy tale. [stray,
Here where the heavenward soul might
The red remorseless spoiler lay,
Where holy praise was wont to rise
Like incense to the opening skies:
In broken and unhallowed dreams
He laughs amid the roar of flames.
Ha! see he starts, afar is heard
The war-cry wild of "Tullach Ard."
Away Mhicranuil! with thy band,
Away, Clanchonich is at hand,
Scale rock and ravine, hill, and dale, [vale,
Plunge through the depths of Urquhart's
And spread thy followers one by one,
'Tis meet that thou should'st be alone.

It boots not for the jerkin red,
Fit emblem of the man of blood,
Is singled still, and still pursued
Through open moor and tangled wood.
High bounding as the hunted stag
He scales the wild and broken crag,
And with one desperate look behind
Again his steps are on the wind.
Why does he pause? means he to yield?
He casts aside his ponderous shield,
His plaid is flung upon the heath,
More firm he grasps the blade of death,
And springing wildly through the air
The dark gulf of Altsigh is clear!

Unhesitating, bold, and young,
Across the gulf Mackenzie sprung;
But ah! too short one fatal step,
He clears, but barely clears the leap,
When slipping on the further side
He hung suspended o'er the tide;
A tender twig sustained his weight,
Above the wild and horrid height.
One fearful moment whilst he strove
To grasp the stronger boughs above.
But all too late, Macranuil turns
With fiendish joy his bosom burns,
"Go, I have given you much," he said,
"The twig is cut—the debt is paid."

F.

"Notwithstanding the hideousness of this double crime of sacrilege and murder, which certainly in magnitude of atrocity was rarely, if ever, equalled in this quarter; it is strange that many will be found at no great distance from the scene of horror referred to in the poem who are not only ignorant of the cause of the fearful catastrophe, but even of the perpetrators of it. It is, therefore, the intention of the author to accompany the printed copy* with a copious note.

"INVERNESS, 4th Dec. 1839."

"Ah," says *Domhnull a Bhuidhe,* another of the bard's sons, "these men of Glengarry were a fine race. For real courage and bravery few in the Highlands could excel them. I remember once hearing a story of young 'Glen,' in which, perhaps, is exhibited the finest example of daring ever recorded in the annals of our country. Once upon a time Old Glengarry was very unpopular with all the northern chiefs in consequence of his many raids and spoliations among the surrounding tribes; but although he was now advanced in years and unable to lead his clan in person none of the neighbouring chiefs could muster courage to beard him in his den single-handed. There was never much love lost between him and the chief of the Mackenzies, and about this time some special offence was given to the latter by the Macdonnels, which the chief of *Eileandonnan* swore would have to be revenged; and the insult must be wiped out at whatever cost. His clan was at the time very much subdivided, and he felt himself quite unable to cope with Glengarry in arms. Mackenzie, however, far excelled his enemy in ready invention, and possessed a degree of subtlety which usually more than made up for his enemy's superior physical power.

"'Kintail' managed to impress his neighbouring chiefs with the belief that Glengarry purposed, and was making arrangements to take them all by surprise and annhilate them by one fell swoop, and that in these circumstances it was imperative for their mutual safety to make arrangements forthwith by which the danger would be obviated and the hateful author of such a diabolical scheme extinguished root and branch. By this means he managed to produce the most bitter prejudice against Glengarry and his clan; but all of them being convinced of the folly and futility of meeting the 'Black Raven,' as he was called, man to man and clan to clan, Mackenzie invited them to meet him at a great council in Eileandonnan Castle the following week to discuss the best means of protecting their mutual interests, and to enter into a solemn league, and swear on the 'raven's cross' to exterminate the hated Glengarry and his race, and to raze, burn, and plunder everything belonging to them.

"Old Glengarry, whom the ravages of war had already reduced to one son out of several, and he, only a youth of immature years, heard of the confederacy formed against him with great and serious concern. He

* This is the only *printed* copy that ever saw the light, and if the "copious note" was ever written we were unable to procure it. A. O.

well knew the impossibility of holding out against the combined influence and power of the Western Chiefs. His whole affections were concentrated on his only surviving son, and, on realizing the common danger, he bedewed him with tears, and strongly urged upon him the dire necessity of fleeing from the land of his fathers to some foreign land until the danger had passed away. He, at the same time, called his clan together, absolved them from their allegiance, and implored them also to save themselves by flight; and to their honour be it said, one and all spurned the idea of leaving their chief, in his old age, alone to his fate, exclaiming —'that death itself was preferable to shame and dishonour.' To the surprise of all, however, the son, dressed in his best garb, and armed to the teeth, after taking a formal and affectionate farewell of his father, took to the hills amidst the contemptuous sneers of his brave retainers. But he was no sooner out of sight than he directed his course to Lochduich, determined to attend the great council at Eilean-donnan Castle, at which his father's fate was to be sealed. He arrived in the district on the appointed day and carefully habilitating himself in a fine Mackenzie tartan plaid with which he had provided himself, he made for the stronghold and passed the outer gate with the usual salutation—'Who is welcome here?' and passed by unheeded, the guard replying in the most unsuspicious manner—'Any, any but a Macdonnell.' On being admitted to the great hall he carefully scanned the brilliant assembly. The Mackenzie plaid put the company completely off their guard; for in those days no one would ever dream of wearing the tartan of any but that of his own leader. The chiefs had already, as they entered the great hall, drawn their dirks and stuck them in the tables before them as an earnest of their unswerving resolution to rid the world of their hated enemy. The brave and intrepid stranger coolly walked up to the head of the table where the Chief of Kintail presided over the great council, threw off his disguise, seized Mackenzie by the throat, drew out his glittering dagger, held it against his enemy's heart, and exclaimed with a voice and a determination which struck terror into every breast—'Mackenzie, if you or any of your assembled guests make the slighest movement, as I live, by the great Creator of the universe I will instantly pierce you to the heart.' Mackenzie well knew by the appearance of the youth, and the commanding tone of his voice, that the threat would be instantly executed if any movement was made, and tremulously exclaimed—'My friends, for the love of God stir not lest I perish at the hands of my inveterate foe at my own table.' The appeal was hardly necessary, for all were terror-stricken and confused, sitting with open mouths, gazing vacantly, at each other. 'Now,' said the young hero, 'lift up your hands to heaven and swear by the *Long am Bradan, agus an Lamh Dhearg* (the ship, the salmon, and the bloody hand) that you will never again molest my father or any of his clan.' 'I do now swear as you request' answered the confused chief. 'Swear now,' continued the dauntless youth, 'you, and all ye round this table, that I will depart from here and be permitted to go home unmolested by you or any of your retainers.' All with uplifted hands repeated the oath. Young Glengarry released his hold on Mackenzie's throat, sheathed his dirk and prepared to take his departure, but was, extraordinary to relate, prevailed upon to remain at the feast and spend the night with the sworn

enemies of his race and kindred, and the following morning they parted the best of friends. And thus, by the daring of a stripling, was Glengarry saved the fearful doom that awaited him. The youth ultimately became famous as one of the most courageous warriors of his race. He fought many a single combat with powerful combatants, and invariably came off victorious. He invaded and laid waste Glenmoriston, Urquhart, and Caithness. His life had been one scene of varied havoc, victory, ruin, and bloodshed. He entered into a fierce encounter with one of the Munros of Fowlis, but ultimately met the same fate at the hands of the 'grim tyrant' as the greatest coward in the land, and his body lies buried in the churchyard of *Tuiteam-tarbhach*."

ALASTAIR OG.

(To be Continued.)

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—The following are the newly elected office-bearers for 1876 :—Chief—Professor Blackie ; Chieftains—Mr Charles Mackay, builder ; Mr Alexander Fraser, accountant; and Bailie Noble, Inverness ; Honorary Secretary—Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor ; Secretary—Mr William Mackenzie, *Free Press* Office, Inverness ; Treasurer—Mr Evan Mackenzie, solicitor, Inverness ; Council—Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine* ; Councillor Huntly Fraser ; Mr James H. Mackenzie, bookseller ; Mr James Fraser, C.E. ; and Mr Lachlan Macbean ; Librarian —Mr Lachlan Macbean ; Bard—Mrs Mary Mackellar ; and Piper—Pipe-Major Maclennan, Inverness. The following members have been elected since the beginning of the year :—Mr A. R. Munro, 57 Camphill, Birmingham ; Councillor D. Macpherson, Inverness ; Mr W. A. Mackay, bird-stuffer, do. ; Mr Jonathan Nicolson, Birmingham ; Major William Grant, factor for the Earl of Seafield, honorary ; Mr Donald Macleod, painter, Church Street, Inverness ; Mr Hugh Shaw, tinsmith, Castle Street, Inverness ; Rev. Lachlan Maclachlan, Gaelic Church, Inverness ; Mr Archibald Macmillan, Kaituna, Havelock, Marlborough, New Zealand ; Mr William Douglas, Aberdeen Town and County Bank, Inverness ; Mr Donald Macdonald, farmer, Culcraggie, Alness ; Mr Andrew Mackenzie, ironmonger, Alness ; Mr Hugh Mackenzie, postmaster, Alness ; Mr William Mackenzie, factor, Ardross ; Mr W. Mackenzie, solicitor, Dingwall ; Captain Alex. Matheson, Dornie, Lochalsh ; Mr Christopher Murdoch, gamekeeper, Kyleakin, Skye ; Mr Norman M'Raild, Caledonian Canal, Laggan, Fort-Augustus ; Mr James Hunter, Bobbin Works, Glengarry ; Mr Fergusson, schoolmaster, Guisachan ; Mr Maclean, schoolmaster, Abriachan ; Mr D. Dott, Caledonian Bank, Inverness ; and Dr Farquhar Matheson, Soho Square, London. Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, on the 17th February, resigned his connection with the Society's Publishing Committee, as convener of which he edited, last year, vols. III. and IV. of the Society's "Transactions."

DICTIONARY OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—We are glad to learn that a Dictionary of the Welsh language is in preparation, compiled from original sources by D. Silvan Evans, B.D., Professor of Welsh at University College, Aberystwyth, Wales, and late Editor of the "Archæologia Cambrensis." Professor Evans is a Celtic scholar of high repute, and his work will, we are assured, prove a great acquisition to the student of Philological Science.

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS GOING TO CAROLINA.

——o——

THE sunny plains of Carolina was the first emigration field taken advantage of by the Scottish Highlander. And there is no denying that his temporal interests required a change for the better. Oppressed with poverty in his own wild glens, in the endeavour to eke out an existence from the returns of a soil the reverse of fertile, or from the produce of a small flock of trifling value, or from the precarious productions of stormy lochs, the honest Gael becomes gradually convinced that his condition might be much improved in the genial climes recently opened up. With this in view he gives a willing ear to the kindly suggestions of those who sought to promote his welfare; and he resolves at length, in acting upon these suggestions, to rupture the ties that bound him to his home, and to face a voyage which was then regarded as the highest test of courage, but which can now be accomplished in as little time, and with as little concern as a voyage in those days from Mull or Skye to the banks of the Clyde.

It has often been said that the Highlander is wanting in a spirit of adventure, and that in consequence there is still a great amount of poverty and wretchedness at home, which might easily be remedied by a little more pluck in taking advantage of the rich soil of colonial fields. This phenomenon, which is only too true, has its explanation in a strange mystic spell of attachment to the native heath with all its associations. This is proverbially true of the Highlander in distinction from all other nationalities, and it cannot be ignored by those who wish to see him emigrate to countries where he can soon raise himself, by a little industry, to a position of affluence and independence which he never dreamed of in his native country.

Even the physical aspect of his native scenery has a charm for the Gael which can never be lost. His very heath in autumnal bloom spread out like a gorgeous carpet, towering summits, wild cascades, birch and rowans, verdant hill sides, browsing flocks, bounding deer, soaring eagles, and the vast expanse of land and water—all form an enchanting panorama which indelibly instamps itself on the mountaineer's mental vision. Add to this the social aspect of his nature, and you have a still stronger chain of attachment to his barren home. He feels himself as an individual member of a large family or confederacy, with common interests, common language and traditions. The huge mountain barriers which prevent the inhabitants of a glen from general communication with others, and so completely isolate them, tends to generate this feeling of clannishness, They work in a great measure together, tending their flocks, cultivating their crofts, capturing their fish. And especially is their social nature developed in their long winter evening gatherings from house to house, in rehearsing their traditionary folk-lore, and cultivating the poetic muse in every variety of verse and style of chorus. Nor does the holy day of rest interrupt their gregarious proclivities. They meet at the same kirk,

they survey with becoming emotion the last resting place of those who were content to have their remains repose in their native valley, they hear proclamations of plighted affection between parties who have no higher ambition than to share each other's future lot on the scantiest fare, they join "their artless notes" together in grateful thanksgiving to the Sovereign of all lands for such temporal gifts as others might think "small mercies," and more especially do they hear, in their own expressive vernacular, impressive lessons upon time and its manifold labours, its constant changes and solemn issues.

All this constitutes a sacred tie of affection to the native spot, lasting as the hills, and which no other can understand like the Scottish Gael. It must, therefore, be duly recognised and weighed by all benefactors of the race, if they would loosen its hold upon the individual without outraging his feelings, and loosening "the brittle thread of life." Of this strong attachment many instances might be given. We have been told by a venerable divine of a Highland parish how repeatedly he had witnessed the fond affection of his parishioners in taking their departure, how they approached the sacred edifice, ever dear to them, by the most hallowed associations, and with tears in their eyes kissed its very walls, how they made an emphatic pause in losing sight of the romantic scenes of their childhood, with its kirks and cots, and thousand memories, and as if taking a formal and lasting adieu, uncovered their heads and waived their bonnets three times towards the scene, and then with heavy steps and aching hearts resumed their pilgrimage towards new scenes in distant climes.

But in thus quitting his native land the Highlander did not leave his loyalty and patriotism behind. The country to which he was steering his course was under the colonial sway of George the Second; and to that region he transferred his loyalty and clannishness, and all those traits of character which distinguish him from other races. Unless, indeed, these peculiarities were taken advantage of, the foreign field for emigration, with its various inducements, might have appealed in vain. As a clannish being, and accustomed throughout his whole historical life to follow the direction of chiefs and leaders, the Scottish Gael is now invited to resign himself to the same leadership with the view of crossing the great Atlantic. Accordingly emigration leaders were found who made it their business to attend to the interests of their countrymen, and accompany their footsteps to their new homes. The first of these leading benefactors who broke the ice of emigration to Carolina was a Neil M'Neill of Kintyre, who succeeded in leading a whole shipload of his countrymen to that colony and settled them on the banks of the Cape Fear River, where he himself also made his permanent home, and where his name is still perpetuated by a numerous and respectable offspring to the present day.

Here at the head of navigation, and at a distance of more than a hundred miles from the sea coast, the immigrants literally pitched their camp, for the country was then almost an unbroken wilderness and few human abodes to offer shelter, the chief occupants of the soil being droves of wild horses, wild cattle, deer, turkeys, wolves, raccoons, oppossums, and last but not least, huge rattlesnakes in hideous coils, ready to oppose

the disturbers of their marshy tranquillity. Fortunately for the homeless pioneers the climate was genial and favourable, and all that could be expected from its southern latitude of 35 degrees. The only protection, therefore, absolutely necessary for health and comfort was some temporary shelter from the heavy autumnal dews of that region; and this they could speedily extemporise or discover already at hand in the arching canopy of stately hickories, mulberries, and walnut trees, where in patriarchal fashion, "each one under his own vine and fig tree" they could while away days and weeks without any serious discomfort or detriment to health. But they soon set about the work of improvement in their new domains. They construct more permanent abodes in the shape of log cottages, neat, clean, and tidy, and two for a family, according to subsequent use and wont in that warm country. They begin to fell the primeval forest, to grub, drain, and clear the rich alluvial swamps bordering on that stream, to reduce to ashes in a thousand conflagrations the most valuable timber of every variety and sort, and to supersede this primeval growth by the more precious production of rice, cotton, maize, melons, pumpkins, peaches, grapes, and other endless varieties for comfort and luxury. All this is accomplished, be it known, by ways and means of which, in the case of the new settler, stern necessity is the inventing mother. And may we not here suggest the reflection how much the residuary occupants of our glens are interested in these bush clearances. In receiving in regular supplies from that very district, the famous "Carolina Rice," chief of its class, not to speak of other products, is there not awakened a feeling of interest and grateful thanks to the memory of our hardy kinsman in the days of yore.

But progression and improvement is the rule in every colony and growing community. By the increase of population and settlement of a country the laws of society imperatively demand a different mode of life. The abundant supply of the necessities of life soon creates a desire for its comforts, and these in turn for its conveniences and luxuries. This progressive change is distinctly marked in the case before us. Very soon the nucleus of a town is seen in the centre of the settlement, where the products of industry could be bartered and sold, and where the usual system of commerce could afford facilities for supplying the growing demands of a prosperous community. The name of Campbelton is given to this hamlet, thus identifying the national origin of its patriotic founders, and when by subsequent emigrations it grew to a large and commercial importance, rivalling and soon surpassing its namesake in the Fatherland, and becoming the seat of justice and general centre of traffic for that whole Highland district, the names of its commercial firms, of its civic officials, judges, and barristers, unmistakeably declared that the name of the town was well chosen. And although the course of events afterwards changed its original designation to that of La Fayette or Fayetteville, which it still retains, yet it will always be remembered with a lively interest by Scottish Highlanders as the abode of their brave countrywoman, the renowned heroine Flora Macdonald, whose memory is still cherished in the country of her sojourn, and whose name is preserved from oblivion by the gay and gallant little steamer "Flora Macdonald," which plies up and down the unruffled waters of the Cape Fear.

As already remarked, this was the beginning of the tide of emigration to Carolina, and at a period now buried in the annals of well nigh a century and a half. The ice being thus broken, and the pioneers of the flock giving good accounts of the new pasture, others soon eagerly began to follow their footsteps in large numbers. There was, in fact, a Carolina mania at that time, and which did not fairly subside until within the last half century. It is here necessary to note the great event which gave such a special impetus to the movement. That was the disastrous results which followed the memorable rebellion of '45. The collapsing of the romantic scheme which enlisted so many brave mountaineers, and unsheathed so many claymores, proved ruinous to the whole race of Scottish Celts. There was no discrimination made in the exercise of punishment between those "who were out" for Charlie, and those who followed *Maccallan Mor* and others in defence of the reigning dynasty. All were alike nationally persecuted, so that the whole system of clanship was completely and for ever broken up. The golden chain of patriarchal respect and affection to the chief, cemented by law or immemorial usage, was now severed. No military service or vassalage could any more be exacted by a feudal superior, and no support or protection could henceforth be expected by the vassal. All was now at an end; and the ghostly idea of chieftainship, which still hovers in our mists, is only entertained as a harmless sentiment or a pleasant burlesque. The Highlander was totally disarmed. Those weapons, as naturally associated with the mountaineer's life as the implements of husbandry to the farmer, were wrested from him, and heavy fines and transportation enforced in case of disobedience. Nay more, his very garb was proscribed. A romantic costume, suggestive of the well-known dirk and other weapons of military warfare, and of prowess, bravery, and skill, in the use of them, falls under the ban of the state. What must have been the Gael's feelings, from this state of things, we can easily imagine. Dispirited, insulted, outlawed, without chief or protector, with such a complete revolution in his social life, he has no alternative but to quit his native haunts and try to find peace and rest in the unbroken forests of Carolina. Accordingly the flame of enthusiasm for foreign adventure passes like wild fire through the Highland glens and islands at the period to which we refer. It pervades all classes, from the poorest crofter to the well-to-do farmer, and in some cases men of easy competence, who were, according to the appropriate song of the day, "*dol a dh'iarruidh an fhortain do North Carolina*," (i.e., *sequenturi fortunam usque Carolinam*).

Within a short time great crowds had left the country. Large ocean crafts, from several of the Western Lochs, laden with hundreds of passengers, sailed direct for the far west, and this continuous tide kept rolling westwards from year to year, until at the era of the Colonial Revolution, the Highland settlers in Carolina could be numbered by many thousands. And there you find their worthy sons at the present day, occupying a large area of the state, no less than five counties in a body, all preserving the genuine names and sterling qualities of their sires; and with their known enterprise and patient industry, exerting more than their numerical share of political influence in that country. They constitute doubtless the largest Gaelic community out of Scotland, tenaciously

holding the religion of their fathers, and preserving, to some extent, their language and customs. And be it known to our "Brither Scots" of Saxon origin, that these are known by their neighbours as pre-eminently "the Scotch," and their tongue "the Scotch language," so that a native of Auld Reeky or Dumfries, without a knowledge of the Celtic tongue, could hardly pass muster among them for being a genuine son of Scotia.

But the clans were not long settled in the land of their adoption before having their national character put to the test. The occasion was furnished by the unfortunate revolt of the North American Colonists, arising from causes useless to dilate upon at this time of day, but which might have been obviated at the time by wise imperial policy, and thus retained under the imperial aegis an enormous territory which has since then become an independent and powerful rival. Of course the Carolina Highlander was not a disinterested spectator of the rising struggle. Nor was it with him a question for a moment upon which side his claymore should be unsheathed. Naturally Conservative, and ever loyal to constituted authorities, he at once enlisted under the banner of King George the Third, and resolved with devoted loyalty and wonted military prowess to exert his utmost endeavours to perpetuate the British sway and quell the great rebellion. At the call of his leaders, and to the martial strains of his national pipes, he readily obeys; and with such alacrity as if summoned by the fiery cross of old, he musters to the central place of rendezvous, band after band, day after day, until a whole regiment of active volunteers are enrolled and ready for action. This was called the "Highland Regiment of Carolina," a body of men, let us remark, less known in history than it deserves; for in resolute courage, strength of nerve and muscle, intrepid bravery and unshaken fidelity, few instances could be found of superior excellence within the annals of the empire. The officers of the regiment were taken from influential leaders among the emigrants, and it need hardly be said, were of the same sterling metal. When we mention the name of Capt. Macdonald of Kingsborough, the husband of the famous Flora, and another officer of the same clan, as also the names of Macleod and M'Arthur, all of whom were the ruling chiefs of the "Royalists," it will at once appear how homogeneous was the body, and how naturally they were all animated by a kindred spirit with the view of achieving the same great end. Thus marshalled under the royal standard, they rush into the contest, with the sole determination, be the issue what it might, of discharging their conscientious duty to their king and country, and resolved with true Highland courage to conquer or to die. But, alas, this latter was, in substance, the inevitable alternative to which they had to succumb. The odds against them was overpowering. For even supposing them to have had the advantages of regular military discipline, they were not able to withstand the immense numbers by which they were assailed. Almost the whole colonies were in a state of revolt, and the imperial forces, from well-known causes, were few and far between. There was, therefore, no help for the royal cause. After long and fatiguing marches by night and day, through creeks and swamps, in arid sand and scorching sun, and after several desperate encounters with the numerous foe, meeting them at various points, they had finally to disperse, and thus for ever surrender a cause which it was

hopeless to have undertaken. Their leaders had to flee for life and find their way through swamp and forest to the far distant sea-board, as their only hope of safety. This they made out, and then found the means of transit, though by a circuitous voyage, across the ocean to their native land. The perils and hardships endured by these in their several routes could not be narrated in the space at our disposal. But we cannot take leave without briefly relating the daring exploit of one of their leaders after being captured and imprisoned. This, however, must be reserved for a subsequent numer.

JOHN DARROCH, M.A.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

[CONTINUED].

CHAPTER VI.

Two years before Alan's return from America, the Highland Society of London was instituted for "Promoting objects of advantage to the Highlands generally; and good fellowship with social union, among such of its natives as inhabited the more southern part of the island." To the foregoing summary were also added several specific objects, such as the restoration of the Highland dress; the preservation of the music; and cultivation of the Celtic language, &c., &c. An institution for the support of these objects would have particular attraction for Alan; and now that he was not otherwise specially employed, he could give some attention to their promotion. The members of the society were composed of almost all the men of rank and position belonging to, or connected with, Scotland. In the list Alan appears to have been elected at a meeting on 21st January 1782, and with the names of other gentlemen on the same occasion that of John Home (Author of *Douglas)* is included.

The Act of Parliament which enacted the suppression of the Highland dress was in force in Scotland during Alan's childhood, and up to the time of his departure from it, after the encounter with *Morsheirlich*, so that he had never worn the garb of his ancestors until he had joined his regiment in America. Its use was still (1782) prohibited in the old country. Alan and many of his friends became the most active members for promoting the objects of the society. Having found that one of these was the restoration of the Highland dress, they formed a committee to co-operate with a member of the Legislature to have that obnoxious Act obliterated from the Statute Book. Of that committee the following were the Executive, and being the authors of the extirpation of this national stigma, they are entitled to be remembered, by Highlanders especially, with admiration and everlasting gratitude. They were—Hon. General Fraser of Lovat (President); Lord Chief Baron Macdonald; Lord Adam Gordon; Earl of Seaforth; Colonel Macpherson of Cluny; Captain Alan Cameron (Erracht); and John Mackenzie (Temple), Honorary Secretary.

Fortunately for the committee, the Marquis of Graham, one of the members of the society, had a seat in the House of Commons, and to this nobleman they entrusted a Bill for the repeal of the Act passed in 1747, commonly known as the *Unclothing Act.* The noble Marquis took charge of the bill, which he introduced to the House in May 1782, with so much earnestness that it passed through the various stages in both Houses of Parliament with unusual rapidity. Indeed, within a few months after this date, the legal restriction placed on the dress of a people for the past thirty-five years, was obliterated for ever. "The thanks of the Society were given to his Lordship for his exertions in procuring a law so acceptable to all Highlanders."* Addresses in prose and poetry were presented to the Marquis from all the Highland parishes, while at the same time the contemporary Gaelic bards were profuse with patriotic songs of praise, notably among them, that by Duncan M'Intyre *(Donnachadh Ban)* commencing—

" Fhuair mi naidheachd as ùr
Tha taitinn ri rùn mo chridh
Gu faigheamaid fasan na dùtch
A chleachd sinn an tùs ur tìm,
O'n tha sinn le glaineachan làn,
A bruidhinn air màran binn,
So i deoch slainte Mhontrois
A sheasamh a choir so dhuinn.

The next action of national importance which engaged the attention of the Society was the publication of the Poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic. In the prosecution of this project Alan Cameron was also zealous, but before it was completed he was called away to duties of a sterner nature. About the same time the controversy respecting the authenticity of the poems was continuing to run its rancour unabated. During the few days of Alan's sojourn as a fugitive in Mr Bond's house, they had conversed on the merits of Ossian's poems, the latter gentleman informed Alan that he had such evidence in favour of their ancient existence that he was convinced of their being the genuine remains of poetry of a very remote period, adding that he owed his intimacy with Ossian to the acquaintance of the Rev. Colin M'Farquhar (a native of one of the Hebrides), at this time minister in Newhaven of Pennsylvannia. It occurred to Alan that it would be desirable to get the testimony of the reverend gentleman respecting the poems, therefore he decided to address himself to his kind friend in Philadelphia on the subject. In due time Mr Bond replied with a communication from Mr M'Farquhar, dated, "Newhaven, Penn., January 1806," stating as follows:—"It is perfectly within my recollection when I was living in the Highlands of Scotland, that Mr James Macpherson was there collecting as many as he could find of the Poems of Ossian. Among those applied to was a co-presbyter of mine, who knew that a man of distinguished celebrity had resided in my congregation, and he requested the favour of me to have an interview with him and take down in writing some of these poems from his lips for Mr Macpherson, which I did, but cannot recollect at this distance of time the names of the poems, though I well remember they were both lengthy and irksome to write, on account of the many mute letters contained in

* Minutes of the Highland Society of London, 1782.

almost every word. Indeed, it would be difficult to find one among ten thousand of the Highlanders of the present day who could or would submit to the task of committing one of them to writing or memory, though in former ages they made the repetition of the poems a considerable part of their enjoyment at festive and convivial entertainments. Well do I remember the time when I myself lent a willing ear to the stories of Fingal, Oscar, Ossian, and other heroes of the Highland bard. I cannot, therefore, forbear calling that man an ignorant sceptic, and totally unacquainted with the customs of the history of the Highlanders, and the usages prevailing amongst them; who can once doubt in his mind their being the composition of Ossian? And as to being the production of Macpherson or any of his companions, I have no more doubt than I have of the compositions of Horace or Virgil to be the works of these celebrated authors."

The Secretary laid Mr Bond's letter and its inclosure with the foregoing statement of the Reverend Mr M'Farquhar before the Highland Society, which they considered so important as to have adopted it in Sir John Sinclair's "Additional Proofs of the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian." While on this subject, another reference must be made to Mr Bond. The Highland Society in acknowledging the receipt of his communications, alluded to the service he had rendered to their fellow-countryman (Erracht) when in distress. The Marquis of Huntly, who was President, moved that the Society's Gold Medal be conferred on Mr Bond; also that he be elected an *Honorary* member of the Society.* The propositions were unanimously approved, and thus his friendship to the benighted prisoner was not forgotten by the members of this noble and patriotic Society.

Chapter VII.

Alan, although now (1792) surrounded by a young family, and in circumstances independent of the emoluments of his profession, was not, however, disposed to live a life of idleness. Nor had he relinquished the intention to enter again on active service. This was most difficult of accomplishment, on account principally, of the reduction of the army on the termination of the American War; and that no additions were made to it for the last five or six years.

Britain was for the moment at peace with all nations; but the state of affairs in India was causing so much concern that the home government decided on increasing the military force in each of its Presidencies; and to enable that intention to be effected, an augmentation of the army of five battalions was ordered, commencing with the 74th Regiment. Two of these were to be raised in Scotland and three in England. Into one of the new corps, Alan hoped to be transferred from the "provincial list." In this, however, he was disappointed owing to other applicants being his seniors in the service; notwithstanding that the Marquis of Cornwallis, whose friendship he had gained in America, had previously recommended him to the Commander-in-Chief.

After remaining a few years longer at home, an event impended, which was to shake Europe to its foundation. This was the French Revolution. To trace the causes, or detail the scenes, which followed this

* Minute Highland Society of London 1806.

revolution, is beyond the limits of our subject, except simply to refer to its excesses in burning, plundering, and confiscating property of every description, to which was finally added the execution of the King and Queen on the scaffold. These iniquitous acts were execrated by reasonable people of all countries, but were shortly followed by the Republican Assembly offering aid to other nations to rid themselves of their monarchical rulers. The incitement to extend rebellion to their neighbours drew upon them the animosity of all governments, of whom the continentals were the first to take offence.

To demonstrate their earnestness, the French took immediate action by advancing three armies towards their northern frontiers; the total strength being not under half a million soldiers, under the command of their ablest generals—Jourdan, Moreau, and Pichegur. Simultaneously with this offensive demonstration, war was declared against Holland, Spain, and Britain. The manufactures of the latter country were strictly prohibited in France, and it was, moreover, ordered that all British subjects in whatever part of the Republic should be arrested, and their properties seized.

The whole powers of the Continent were now arrayed against the French, yet the vigour of their measures enabled them to disconcert the dilatory schemes of their allied opponents. This same year (1793) the insurrection at Toulon also broke out, and it was on this occasion that first appeared the extraordinary man, who was to wield for a considerable period the destinies of Europe. Napoleon Bonaparte, then *Chef de bataillon*, was dispatched by the Convention as second in command of the artillery, where he displayed a genius in the art of war, which soon afterwards gained him the direction of the *Corps d'armee* in Italy.

The British Government now became alarmed, and resolved on sending the Duke of York to Flanders with 10,000 troops. Among the evils of the Hanoverian succession was, that it dragged Britain into the vortex of continental politics, and often made her subservient to the King's views in favour of his electorate. The present was one of the instances. This decision of co-operation may be said to have committed this country to a line of policy which engaged its army and navy, more or less persistently for upwards of twenty years, and terminated only in varying success, with the crowning victory of Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris in the summer of 1815.

Chapter VIII.

The force sent to Flanders (1793) was a serious drain on the strength of the army, which must be made good without delay. The Government viewed it in that light, and ordered commissions to be issued forthwith for the enrolment of twenty-two regiments for general service (from the 79th to the 100th), sixteen of which were subsequently made permanent, and added to the establishment. Other bodies were also raised for home services, known as "Fencibles." Now was the time for Alan to bestir himself. Applicants, with influence and claims on the War Office, were greatly in excess of the number required. Lord Cornwallis' previous recommendation in his favour was found of advantage in support of Alan's present application, inasmuch that the "Letter of Service" granted in his favour was among the first of the batch gazetted on the 17th of Aug.

1793. Although Major-Commandant Cameron (he will be now named by his successive ranks in the army) had reason to be satisfied with the success of his application for the "Letters," yet the terms and conditions embodied were not only illiberal, but even exacting, a circumstance he had an opportunity some time afterwards of pointing out to one of His Majesty's sons (the Duke of York). The document is too long and not sufficiently interesting to be quoted, and an extract or two from it must suffice. "All the officers—the ensigns and staff-officers excepted—are to be appointed from the half-pay list, according to their present rank, taking care, however, that the former only are recommended who have not taken any difference in their being placed on half-pay. The men are to be engaged without limitation as to the period of their service, and without any allowance of levy money, *but they are not to be drafted into any other regiments.*" On receipt of this official communication from the War Office, Major Cameron had an intimation from his father-in-law—Squire Philips—that money to the extent of his requirements for the expenses of attaining his ambition, would be placed at his disposal. This act of generosity relieved the Major from one of his difficulties. The next consideration was how far it might be prudent to make the recruiting ground his own native district of Lochaber, when it is remembered that he left that country as a fugitive from the vengeance of a considerable portion of its inhabitants. The terms of his "Letters of Service" restricted him in the disposal of the commissions which might have been offered them as a means of pacification, but the few left in his power he decided at once to confer on those sons of families who might be in influential positions and otherwiee eligible for the appointments. With this view he despatched several copies of the *London Gazette* containing the "authority to raise a Highland Regiment" to his brother Ewan (known in later years as *Eoghann Mor an Earrachd*) with a letter, both of which he was enjoined to make as widely and as publicly known as possible. The letter is, if somewhat plausible, frank enough, and characteristic of his conduct throughout his varied career in life. In it he states that, "having been favoured with the honour of embodying a Highland Regiment for His Majesty's service; where could I go to obey that order but to my own native Lochaber; and with that desire I have decided on appealing to their forgiveness of byegone events, and their loyalty to the sovereign in his present exigencies. The few commissions at my disposal shall be offered first to the relatives of the gentleman whose life, unfortunately, was sacrificed by my hand."

The printing press, even of the capital of the County of Inverness was not so advanced in those days, as to have circulars printed of the foregoing proclamation. Therefore, the brother had to transcribe copies as best he could, which he did to some effect, inasmuch that before Alan arrived in Lochaber, on his mission, Ewan had already engaged the complement of a company to start with, all of whom he retained on his farm at Earrachd till the arrival of the Major. Thus the credit of gathering the nucleus of the now famous 79th is due to *Eoghann Mor*, for which service the Major procured him a commission as captain and recruiting officer, for his regiment, in that district.

(To be Continued.)

THE FIRST PRINTED GAELIC BOOK.

It is to be regretted, since the art of printing has existed for so many centuries, that nothing in the Gaelic was ever produced in the form of a printed book until the year 1567. No doubt many valuable documents, poems, and charters were written on parchment and paper in that venerable language previous to that date, but the first Gaelic book was Bishop Carsewell's Translation of Knox's Liturgy, which was printed in the above year. Forms of prayer, the Administration of the Sacraments, and the Catechism of the Reformed Church of Scotland were composed by Knox, and published in a small volume. Carsewell was an earnest and zealous man, and in the discharge of his pastoral duties in districts where the Gaelic was the vernacular tongue, he could not fail to see the benefit to be derived from a manual in that language for the instruction of the people, and hence the translation and printing of the volume just alluded to. It was in the duodecimo form, and consisted of about three hundred pages. The printer was Robert Lekprevik who was remarkable in his day for the successful manner in which he executed black-letter printing. It was he who produced from his press "The Reasoning betwixt the Abbot of Crossraguel and John Knox," to which book were attached the words:—"Imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Lekprevik, and are to be solde at his hous at the Netherbow, 1563."

It would appear that about that time this notable printer removed from Edinburgh to St Andrews, where printing of different kinds was carried on, to what was then considered a great extent. It was while in that town that he printed "Davidson's Metrical Version of Knox's History and Doctrines," in a volume of considerable size. The work was entitled:—"Ane brief commendation of Uprichtness."—"Imprentit at Sanctandrois be Robert Lekprevik, anno 1573."

It is a matter of no small regret to the lovers of the Celtic tongue, as well as to philologists in general, that the very interesting translation of Bishop Carsewell is now hardly to be had anywhere. It is said that the Duke of Argyle has a copy of it in his library at Inveraray Castle; and it is well known that another copy, and a very complete one, was in the possession of a well-known Gaelic scholar, and excellent Christian man, the late Mr John Rose, teacher at Aberarder, parish of Dunlichity, near Inverness. It is not known what has become of the copy of which Mr Rose was the owner, but it would be pleasing if it were somewhere in safe-keeping, and still more pleasing if it would find its way to the library shelves of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The rarity of the little work in question makes it the more valuable, and while out of print it cannot be replaced.

The language of this small volume differs a little in spelling from the Gaelic of the present day, yet it is, upon the whole very plain, and quite intelligible to any one acquainted with the pronunciation of it. This may be seen, and better understood, by giving a small quotation from the work

—viz., the concluding declaration of the learned translator, which runs as follows:—"Do chriochnvigheadh an leabhran beag so, le Heasbug Indseadh gall, an, 24 la do Mhi. Aprile sa seachtmhadh bliadhain tar thri fithid agas ar chuig cēd, agas ar Mhile bliadhain dandaladh ar Dtighearna Iosa Criosd. Sa gcuigeadh bliadhain tar fithid do Rìghe na Riòghna ro chumhachtaighe Marie Banrighan na Hàlban."

The printer has concluded this interesting but now rare volume, by the words:—"Do Bvaileadh so agclo an Dvn Edin le Roibeart Lekprevik, 24 Aprilis, 1567."

John Carsewell, by all accounts, was a faithful servant of his Divine Master. He not only preached the Word with earnestness and power, but was always instant in season and out of season—"a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He was for some years Rector of Kilmartin, a parish in the county of Argyle; but after the Reformation he was made Bishop of the Western Isles. A certain writer has said of the reverend gentleman that "he early joined the reformed clergy, and when the Protestant doctrine was ratified by Parliament in 1560, he was appointed Superintendent of Argyle. The superintendents, it will be recollected, were ministers set over a large district or diocese, in which they were appointed regularly to travel, for the purpose of preaching the gospel, of planting churches, and of inspecting the conduct of ministers, exhorters, and readers. They were, in fact, Bishops, but (according to the Book of Discipline) they were not "to be suffered to live idle, as the Bishops had done heretofore." Bishop Carsewell was wealthy and lived in state at Carnassary Castle, now in ruins, at the head of the Valley of Kilmartin.

This volume of Bishop Carsewell, to which the attention of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* is now called, is very interesting from another point of view. In consequence of some incidental remarks made by the learned bishop, it will be seen that in his day traditions existed in the Highlands and Islands in regard to the Ossianic poetry. This is a fact which ought to be of no small importance in the present day, when such keen controversies exist as to the authenticity of the poetical productions attributed to Ossian. It is surely unreasonable to suppose if the poems in question had been the creation of James Macpherson, how it became possible for Bishop Carsewell to allude to the traditions in the Highlands and Islands regarding Fingal and his heroes upwards of two hundred years before Macpherson's day! Such direct and legitimate evidence as this ought to be allowed to have its full weight and force; and no prejudice on the part of such as are ignorant of the elegance and beauty of the Gaelic language ought to lead them away from a desire to believe what is really the truth. Carsewell dedicated his interesting volume to the Earl of Argyle, on whom he looked as his patron, and who, by his power and influence, aided the good Bishop in his earnest endeavours to promote the temporal and spiritual good of the population of his estates, as well as of that of the Highlands and Islands at large.

In his somewhat lengthy dedication, the following passage appears, which is here given as faithfully translated by the Committee of the Highland Society in their report on the poems of Ossian.

The passage in question runs as follows:—"But there is one great disadvantage which we, the Gael of Scotland and Ireland, labour under, beyond the rest of the world, that our Gaelic language has never yet been printed, as the language of every other race of men has been; and we labour under a disadvantage which is still greater than every other disadvantage, that we have not the Holy Bible printed in Gaelic, as it has been printed in Latin and English, and in every other language, and also that we have never yet had any account printed of the antiquities of our country, or of our ancestors; for though we have some accounts of the Gael of Scotland and Ireland contained in manuscripts, and in the genealogies of bards and historiographers, yet there is great labour in writing them over with the hand, whereas the work which is printed, be it ever so great, is speedily finished. And great is the blindness and sinful darkness, and ignorance, and evil design of such as teach, and write, and cultivate the Gaelic language, that, with the view of obtaining for themselves the vain rewards of this world, they are more desirous, and more accustomed to compose vain, tempting, lying, worldly histories concerning the 'seann dàin,' and concerning warriors and champions, and Fingal, the son of Cumhail, with his heroes, and concerning many others which I will not at present enumerate or mention, in order to maintain or reprove, than to write and teach, and maintain the faithful words of God, and of the perfect way of truth."

It may be seen from this that the learned Bishop naturally complained of the great disadvantage under which the Gael, both in Scotland and Ireland, laboured in their not being possessed of any book whatever in the Gaelic, as nothing hitherto had ever been printed in that language. It would have been both interesting and instructive to have had the annals of their country recorded in this manner, as they could not have depended so much on the still more vague and uncertain narratives to which were handed down from age to age by tradition. No doubt the bards and *seanachies* had their manuscripts and parchments in which many important facts, and many ancient productions in poetry were recorded, but these were at best but comparatively few, and could benefit the community but to a small extent, compared with the productions of even such printing-presses as were made use of by the renowned Lekprevik. The want of the Holy Scriptures in the Gaelic language particularly in districts where it was the only spoken language, was a disadvantage which the good Bishop deeply deplored; and that want was no doubt the chief cause of his publishing his "Forms of Prayer, &c.," to facilitate his ministerial labours among the Highlanders. Had the Bishop been a prophet in a sense, and had he been able to have foreseen the keen controversies that were to take place two centuries after his time, relative to the poems that told of Fingal and his warriors, he would have given a more detailed account of the Ossianic poetry which was no rare thing in his day. Posterity would have felt very grateful to the learned gentleman if he had enlarged somewhat on the songs and tales of olden times, as he had every opportunity of hearing them rehearsed by the family bards of chieftains, as well as by the clan *seanachies* who made such things their sole employment. Carswell seemed to think (as many clergymen have thought in latter times) that the Highlanders, among

whom he laboured, paid too much attention to their songs and tales about warriors and Fingalian battles, and thereby neglected the more important preparations for a future world. In all probability he directed his eloquent addresses against such practices, although by no means successful in extinguishing them. For two centuries they descended from age to age, and were communicated from sire to son, until ultimately stamped out by the effects of adverse changes, and of the altered economy in the management of the Highlands and Islands.

SGIATHANACH.

KILMUIR, SKYE, IN 1842.—OSSIAN AND WITCHCRAFT.—There is no medical practitioner nearer than the village of Portree, upwards of twenty miles distant, and the consequence is that he is never sent for but in cases of extreme danger. Three or four individuals lately died at the age of 100. In the district of Steinscholl a man died about twelve years ago, named John Nicolson, or *Maccormaic*, at the very advanced age of 105. There is one circumstance connected with this old man's history worthy of notice, which is, that he could repeat the most of Ossian's Fingal, Temora, &c., with great fluency and precision. The writer of this heard him say that he committed these beautiful poems to memory from hearing them repeated, when a boy, by his grandfather. If this fact be not sufficient to establish the authenticity of these unparalleled poems, it must surely establish the truth, that they existed before the time of Macpherson, who attempted to translate them into the English language. The silly allegation by some that Ossian's poems were Macpherson's own production is palpably confuted by *Mac Cormaic* and others, who could repeat them before Macpherson was born. But should that not have been the case, and should none have been found who could rehearse them before Macpherson's time, the allegation that they were either by Macpherson, or by any other in the age in which he lived, appears ridiculous in the sight of such as know the construction and beauty of the Celtic language. . . . Some time ago the natives firmly believed in the existence of the "Gruagach," a female spectre of the class of Brownies, to whom the dairy-maids made frequent libations of milk. The "Gruagach" was said to be an innocent supernatural visitor, who frisked and gambolled about the pens and folds. She was armed only with a pliable reed, with which she switched any who would annoy her, either by uttering obscene language or by neglecting to leave for her a share of the dairy production. Even so late as 1770, the dairy-maids, who attended a herd of cattle in the Island of Trodda, were in the habit of pouring daily a quantity of milk in a hollow stone for the "Gruagach." Should they neglect to do so they were sure of feeling the effects of Miss Brownie's wand next day. It is said that the Rev. Donald Macqueen, then minister of this parish, went purposely to Trodda to check that gross superstition. He might then have succeeded for a time in doing so, but it is known that many believed in the "Gruagach's" existence long after that reverend gentleman's death. Besides the votaries of this ridiculous superstitution, there are others who confidently believe in the existence of a malignant look or evil eye, by which cattle and all kinds of property are said to suffer injury. The glance of an evil eye is consequently very much dreaded. No doubts are entertained that it deprives cows of their milk, and milk of its nutritive qualities so as to render it unfit for the various preparations made from it. This superstition can certainly lay claim to great antiquity.

"*Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.*"—Virg.

—*New Statistical Account of Kilmuir, Skye, "drawn up by Mr Alexander Macgregor, M.A., Licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and son of the Incumbent."*

FLORA, STAR OF ARMADALE.

—o—

Grey Blavin in grandeur gold-crested appears,
As swift sinks the sun in the west,
Whose gleams of departure, as love-guarding spears,
Skim over the blue ocean's breast:
The lav'rock pours sweetly his ev'ning joy song,
Lone cushats croon soft in each vale,
Pale gloaming's low melodies linger among
The beauties of loved Armadale:

It is the hour when raptures reign,
It is the hour when joys prevail,
I'll hie away to meet again
My Flora, Star of Armadale;
Armadale! Armadale!
Flora, Star of Armadale:

The dim robe of night over Knoydart's brown hills,
Comes weirdly with dark-shading lour,
Slow-stealing it shrouds the repose it full fills
With calm's hallowed, heart-clinging, pow'r:
It tells of a maiden whose heart I have got,
It whispers the love-longing tale,
It bids me away to yon heather-thatched cot,
Snug nestling by sweet Armadale:

It is the hour of Nature's peace,
It is the hour when smiles unveil
The beauty which bids love increase
For Flora, Star of Armadale;
Armadale! Armadale!
Flora, Star of Armadale:

Her eyes are as dark as the gloom of Loch Hourn,
Yet soft as the gaze of a fawn,
Still darker the tresses that crown to adorn
A brow like a light-mellowed dawn.
Her voice is a fountain of summer's dream-song,
Her smiles can the budding rose pale,
O! rare are the graces which humbly belong
To Flora of dear Armadale:

It is the hour of love's alarms,
It is the hour when throbs assail
This heart which glows beneath the charms
Of Flora, Star of Armadale;
Armadale! Armadale!
Flora, Star of Armadale:

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

LITERATURE.

—o—

***OSSIAN AND THE CLYDE, FINGAL IN IRELAND, OSCAR IN ICELAND, OR OSSIAN HISTORICAL AND AUTHENTIC, by* P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D., *Minister of the Gospel, Editor and Biographer of Robert Burns, Translator of the Psalms into Scottish, &c.* Glasgow: JAMES MACLEHOSE, Publisher to the University, 1875.**

WE cannot, after careful study of this book, assign to it any but the first place in Ossianic literature. In style of composition it is pure, dignified and eloquent; in substance and matter it surpasses beyond reach of comparison any book hitherto written on the same subject. It can scarcely be doubted, indeed, that this great work has rescued a discussion which even in the highest hands seemed descending to mere verbal quibbles and party abuse from such a degradation, and has raised it to a position ,which if it ever held before, it was rapidly losing. The subject is now made universal; it enters on a new life, strengthened with a new element which will never now be overlooked. A culminating point has been reached for all preceding criticism, and a sure foundation has been laid for a new school of investigation, other and higher than the dogmatism of Johnson, Laing, or Macaulay. We know not how far these men were able to comprehend and appreciate such pure and unique creations as those of Ossian, but it is to be attributed neither to their refined and cultivated taste, to their critical discernment, nor yet to their historical and literary knowledge that they despised and abandoned, as mere myths of savage tribes or wholesale fabrications of a modern literateur, the poetic annals of their own land and the grand historical epics where the actions of Norsemen, Scots, and Romans alike, are pourtrayed and immortalised. Now, however, these works stand on a new footing; comprehensible, beautiful, and historical every one, deserving more than ever the enthusiastic admiration with which all nations have received them, for now it can be based on reason and knowledge.

The historical and critical value of this book, and the change it will effect not only on the Ossianic literature, but on the poems themselves, may easily be seen in three ways at least. First, the importance of the question discussed, the universal character of the poems, and the historical results depending on the decision of their authenticity are now clearly set forth. It has been the prevalent, if not the only way of examining these works, to regard them merely as interesting literary productions, relics of ancient poetry or modern frauds, and to determine their truth or falsity, as the case might be, by such tests as the character of the translator, the means of preserving and collecting such poems, and especially the form of the language found in them. These were the only grounds of criticism. Nor did even their most ardent supporters seem to see much higher results involved than the recognition of some early national songs and ballads, or the preservation of the oldest Celtic literature of the country. To them it was an interesting and important discussion in this

light only; the history contained in these songs they either did not understand, or entirely neglected. It has been reserved for the author of this book to shew, beyond dispute or doubt, that the poems of Ossian are not on the one side merely grand romances or national myths, or on the other only curious literary deceptions; they are tales of history, grand and romantic certainly, but unreal or deceptive never; annals of war and songs of love for Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, and Denmark; lives of these countries' heroes, pictures of their lands. And though more may yet be discovered, and stranger things be proved, this at least—the early history of these nations with their lawgivers, kings, and emperors, Scotch and Roman, Celt and Saxon; with their wars and works, their public acts and private life, their religion, their customs, their trade; their moors and glens and streams, their Roman walls and battlefields—this, and nothing less than this, is Ossian; in interest and importance coming close beside Homer, both as historian and poet, and leaving Junius, Chatterton, the German "Epistolæ," &c., far, far behind :—

O, Johnson, Pinkerton, Macaulay, and the rest—to say that this was all bombast and a lie! But you knew nothing of Arran: you never traversed the vale of Shisken, nor surveyed its monuments, nor considered its geography; nor heard the rustle of the winds, in your imagination, among its prostrate woods; nor glanced on the surge of its departed lake, nor compared its traditions with the text of Ossian; yet neither did Macpherson, whom you have accused of falsehood and forgery; he was equally ignorant of it all. How strange you now look confronted with him thus; how strange he himself looks, in the bewilderment of unexpected victory at the grave of Oscar and by the tomb of Malvina; with the ghosts of fifteen hundred years ago, awoke from the dead, to enlighten and convict you—yourselves now ghosts, like them—in the pride of your unbelief! . . . Even the possibility of reply is foreclosed, by the verdict of the whole landscape around you. The earth, the water, the wind and very clouds are agreed about it. The sunbeam from the east, beyond the grave at Glenree there, glances golden rebuke on your dull culumnies, and the ebbing fiord of Sliddery carries your vaunted authority to sea. The fine-drawn light which shimmers thus, through so many centuries, on fallen forests, wasted lakes, and mouldering dead dispels the last obstruction of your scorn—and our controversy with you is ended.

But still further, these poems assume a new form, and a peculiar interest in being now by Dr Waddell harmonized and united into one grand series, linked together in a continuous chain. They are no longer detached fragments, doubtful and incomprehensible myths, unknown and unanalysable; they have unity now, the unity which belongs to the works of one universal poet, as well the unity of history. Such an analysis and conception of these works has never before been attempted. A critic here and there has examined and partially explained one or two pieces, as separate poems, but always imperfectly and with hesitation; afraid evidently of his conclusions, not yet having discovered the clue to this labyrinth of song. Nor can we wonder that critics and commentators should hesitate to tread upon ground where the translator himself was at fault; for, however faithfully he compared and considered, he did not understand the geography of Ossian. He gathered the poems as fragments, and fragments they remained to him; for though he might strive hard to explain and connect them, yet while he had little idea of the places described it was impossible he could succeed; they are all descriptive poems, and require to be localised. This formerly confused mass of Highland and Irish tradition and geography Dr Waddell has fearlessly attacked and completely mastered, the unexplored land has all been surveyed and cleared up, and the truth and harmony of the Ossianic

poems demonstrated. And by whom? By a Southern Scot—an actual "Son of the Stranger"—who examined, and who discusses, the question purely on its merits; and who is proof against the charges of narrow Highland bigotry and prejudice, which would have been so effectively hurled against a native of "*Tir nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach*" by other Southerners who never expended a single moment in a personal study of the question, but accepted their opinions and conclusions second hand.

The most important matter however, in this volume, and which alone rendered the foregoing results possible, is the method pursued. It is upon this that all else is based, and without which Ossian would still have remained the inexplicable enigma he not long ago really was; for not all the criticism which has been lavished on this ancient and immortal bard by professors, philologists, and philosophers, has rendered him one whit more clear or perspicuous, but has certainly raised discussion and animosity enough between the opposing combatants. And the reason is, that no man yet has got farther in his analysis than the mere words and letters of the text, their various spelling or combinations, their ancient or modern use, their Celtic or Saxon origin, their gender, number, and case. Philology is, has been, and will always be a useful and most important science beyond many others; but philology may be, and has often been, shamefully abused and mocked. The "dry light" of truth and certainty for which everbody is toiling and labouring in art, religion, philosophy, and literature, is concealed by more than the darkness of printers' types in mere verbal criticism—the most popular, but perhaps the most pernicious habit of the day. The form of the poetry in Ossian, apart from all its spirit and substance, has long been analysed, investigated, discussed, destroyed, and built up again; yielding all the fruit it seems likely ever to yield, more doubt and more discussion; tense-endings and inflections have been tried and found wanting.

The method we now speak of has abandoned all such criticism, or, at least, made it entirely subservient to a higher and more comprehensive one; and has brought into the darkness of the Ossianic controversy a revelation bright as noonday. The spirit of the poems has been taken instead of the letter, the contents instead of the words, the geography of Scotland as it stands instead of inflections, and the history of our own and of other nations has been substituted for emendations and various readings. And by this means a work has been done for the Highlands, for Scotland and for Europe, which can scarcely be realised; the history of Scotland, and with it the history of a great part of Europe in some of its darkest ages, has been revealed, and the literature of our country saved. Nor does the man who has done this need thanks, although, at the hands of all, and especially of Highlanders, he certainly deserves them. The work is its own reward.

We shall now come more to details and give some examples of the way in which Dr Waddell conducts his investigations, and of the discoveries which follow from them in the region of geography alone. For the convincing identification, however, of the places named, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

Dr Waddell seems to have been a believer, from his youth, in the

authenticity of Ossian by what he calls moral instinct, founded merely on the characteristics of Macpherson's text—its simplicity, sublimity, and coherence. Judging of it by these attributes alone, he could never doubt it; and from this, the next step was easy and indeed necessary—if Ossian in his opinion was thus authentically true, Ossian ought also to be historically and geographically true; and therefore the whole, or at least the principal, object of his investigation has been to declare that truth by demonstrating the actual correspondence of nature to the letter of the translation, even where Macpherson himself had never seen it. And this undeniable fact, the ignorance of the translator as to the whereabouts of the places accurately described in his own text, is one of the strongest proofs he makes use of. This interesting method seems to have been suggested to him first by discoveries in the island of Arran, where the tomb of Ossian, and the graves of Fingal, Oscar, and Malvina were pointed out to him by the people, and authenticated by tradition. On examining all the allusions in the translation, they were found exactly to confirm the identity of these places; yet Macpherson never was in Arran. Next, Dr Waddell proceeded to examine the whole Frith of Clyde, where equally distinct proofs awaited him. He shews that the Clyde must have been a fiord to Rutherglen and Bothwell in Ossian's day, and that Balclutha must have been identical with Castlemilk, or some other ruined fortress near Rutherglen, and not as commonly supposed, with Dunglass or Dumbarton. The Kelvin, both in name and character is the Colavain of Ossian, and was a fiord up to Kilsyth; near which he discovers the actual scene of Comala's death, and of the triumph of Oscar over Carausius, a little to the east. Here too, Macpherson was completely at fault. In the north of Ireland, from the descriptive text of *Fingal* and *Temora*, the valley of the Six-Mile-Water is found to correspond in the most minute particulars with the scenes of these poems, whereas Macpherson by mere guess-work placed them much farther south and west. In the Orkney Islands, by a similar process of minute verification, he finds Carricthura at Castle Thuroe in Hoy; and the celebrated scene of Fingal's encounter with Loda, near the well-known Dwarfie Stone on the west coast of that island. In Iceland, by a most irrefragable demonstration, he identifies the dried-up fountain at Reikum with the "fount of the mossy stones," and the plain of Thingvalla with the plain of the pestiferous Lano—both in the *War of Inisthona.*

Now the only, and to many the great, difficulty in the way of accepting such proof in its entirety, is the boldness of the author's assumption that the Frith of Clyde must have been from seventy to eighty feet higher in Ossian's era—that is, in the time of the Romans—than it now is; but if this be proved it adds another conclusive proof to the authenticity of Ossian, for Macpherson was ignorant likewise of this. The possibility of such a fact has already been loudly challenged by a scientific reviewer in the *Scotsman*, whose objections, however, have been conclusively answered by Dr Waddell in the same paper, and in the last three numbers of the *Celtic Magazine;* indeed the exquisite photographic views in the work of the actual marine formations on the Clyde, and the sectional views of the coast at other points, leave no room for serious doubt on the subject.

Besides all this, Dr Waddell adds a critical dissertation on Macpherson's text, to shew the impossibility of his having tampered with the original, illustrating this part of his argument by references to *Berrathon*, *Croma*, and *Conlath* and *Cuthona*. He has also introduced an interesting statistical summary, gathered from Ossian, of the manners, customs, religious observances, and scientific knowledge of the age; which may be studied with much benefit. In the appendix we have a curious history of the Irish people from the earliest traditional dates down to the time of Ossian, compiled from reliable chronicles, hitherto, we suspect, very little known; the whole book being illustrated by many beautiful wood-cuts and original maps. The exquisite little poem which completes the work we cannot omit:—

TO GOATFELL, ARRAN:

ON FIRST SEEING IT FROM THE SHORE.

[AT BRODICK.]

Born of earthquakes, lonely giant,
  Sphinx and eagle couched on high;
Dumb, defiant, self-reliant,
  Breast on earth and beak in sky:

Built in chaos, burnt-out beacon,
  Long extinguished, dark, and bare,
Ere life's friendly ray could break on
  Shelvy shore or islet fair:

Dwarf to atlas, child to Etna,
  Stepping-stone to huge Mont Blanc;
Cairn to cloudy Chimborazo,
  Higher glories round thee hang!

Baal-tein hearth, for friend and foeman;
  Warden of the mazy Clyde;
In thy shadow, Celt and Roman,
  Proudly galley'd, swept the tide!

Scottish Sinai, God's out-rider,
  When he wields his lightning wand;
From thy flanks, a king and spider
  Taught, and saved, and ruled the land!

Smoking void and planet rending,
  Island rise and ocean fall,
Frith unfolding, field extending—
  Thou hast seen and felt them all.

Armies routed, navies flouted,
  Tyrants fallen, people free;
Cities built and empires clouted,
  Like the world, are known to thee.

Science shining, love enshrining,
  Truth and patience conquering hell;
Miracles beyond divining,
  Could'st thou speak, thy tongue would tell.

Rest awhile, the nations gather,
  Sick of folly, lies, and sin,
To kneel to the eternal Father—
  Then the kingdom shall begin!

Rest awhile, some late convulsion,
  Time enough shall shake thy bed:
Rest awhile, at Death's expulsion,
  Living green shall clothe thy head!

We are glad to find that the Queen's Book—"Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands"—will soon appear in Gaelic. The translation is by the Rev. John Patrick St Clair, St Stephen's, Perth, who is an excellent scholar, with a deep-rooted love for his Gaelic vernacular. This news cannot but be gratifying to the patriotic Highlander all over the world, who has ever been loyal to Her Majesty, as a descendant of the Stuarts; and especially should a work be welcome, in our native language, in which the highest in the realm describes the Highlander as "one of a race of peculiar independence and elevated feeling." What has become of the Highland Society's Translation entrusted to the late Mr Macpherson?

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

—o—

SECRETARY GAELIC SOCIETY OF SYDNEY.—Letter received and sentiments reciprocated. Great success to your Society. Your instructions are attended to.

D. O. CAMERON, NOKOMAI, NEW ZEALAND.—Letter received and contents noted. The Publishers of the *Celtic Magazine* and the Publisher of "Knockie's Highland Music" are not the same.

WM. KENNEDY, BURMAH.—Letter and P.O.O. received. Your suggestions will be duly considered.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.—The answer to the many enquiries and complaints regarding its non-appearance last month is, that it was unavoidably crushed out for want of space.

THE PROPHECIES OF COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE—The Brahan Seer, by Alex. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*.—We regret no more copies can be supplied as it is out of print. Mr Noble, bookseller, Castle Street, to whom we refer R. M'L. and P. M'R., has a few copies left.

GAELIC TEACHING IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.—An article on the subject will appear in the next—the April—number. It is impossible to please everybody all at once, and it is just as well that we delayed discussing such an important question until the *Celtic Magazine* had secured an acknowledged position as a representative mirror of moderate and intelligent Highland opinion.

IN answer to "A. R.'s" query in No. III., asking which is the "best standard for Gaelic orthography?" permit me to say that I do not know of any standard upon which any two writers of Gaelic absolutely agree; but, on the whole, I think the orthography of the Gaelic Bible is now, with very slight modification, adopted generally by the best writers, so much so, that it may now be considered the best and safest standard of Gaelic orthography to follow. Most of those who read and write Gaelic learnt to read it first out of the Gaelic Scriptures, so that they are more acquainted with their orthography, and naturally prefer to read and write it.—*Deer's Grass.*

"MACAOIDH" wishes to get information regarding the famous pipers—the Mackays of Gairloch—the most celebrated of whom was John, or "*Iain Dall.*" John's father—*Ruairidh Dall*—came to Gairloch from Lord Reay's country; and, no doubt, belonged to that sept—the chief branch of the Mackays. I am not aware of the cause which led *Ruairidh Dall* to leave his own country, but it is well known that his son often visited the country of his ancestors, and that Lord Reay was one of his patrons. On one occasion, when on his way to visit his lordship, the "Blind Piper" was informed at Tongue of the death of his patron, when he at once composed that magnificent poem "*Coire 'n-Easain*," than which there is nothing more truly beautiful in the Gaelic language, and which would, by itself, immortalize the fame of any man. There are some of his descendants, on the female side, still living in Gairloch, but none of them ever gave any signs of possessing in the slightest degree the musical or poetical talents of their progenitors. I am told some of the family are still living in America, who continue to inherit the musical genius of the "Blind Pipers" of Gairloch, and will be glad, in common with "Macaoidh," if some of your North British American readers will supply any information regarding them.—*Cailleach a Mhuillear.*

THE REV. MR LACHLAN MACKENZIE OF LOCHCARRON, AND "ALASTAIR BUIDHE," THE GAIRLOCH BARD.—It is well known that these good and distinguished men (each in his own way) were great friends, and both composed poems of considerable merit. I heard it stated that, on one occasion, during one of *Alastair's* visits to his friend "Mr Lachlan," the famous divine requested the bard to compose a poem on the "Resurrection of Christ." To this he demurred and told Mr Lachlan in Gaelic that "he knew more about such matters himself, and should try his own hand on such an elevated theme." "*Hud a dhuine*," says Mr Lachlan, "*cha'n fhaod gun tig eadar cairdean mar sin. Ni mise 'n deilbh 's dean thusa 'n fhighidh.* (Hut man, friends must not cast out in that manner, I'll do the warping but you must do the weaving.) The poem—a very fine one I am told—was composed by the bard and approved by the divine; and I would esteem it a great favour if some of your readers would supply a copy of it. It has never been published as far as I know. Indeed, the only pieces of *Alastair Buidhe's*, although he composed many, besides having a hand in several of Wm. Ross', which were ever published, are "*Tigh Dige na Fir Eachannach*" and "*Clann Domhnuill mhor nan Eileanan*" (the latter unacknowledged by the publisher), and his elegy on Bailie Hector of Dingwall, given in a recent number of the *Celtic Magazine* in the "Highland Ceilidh."—*Lochcarron from Home.*

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

[CONTINUED.]

Stair meanwhile had made up his mind, and through his influence the certificate of MacIan having signed his allegiance was suppressed, and on the 11th of January, and afterwards on the 16th, instructions signed and countersigned by the King came forth in which the inhabitants of Glencoe were expressly exempted from the pardon given to the other clans, and extreme measures ordered against them. A letter was sent by Lord Stair to Colonel Hill commanding him to execute the purposes of the Government, but he showed such reluctance that the commission was given to one Colonel Hamilton instead, who had no scruples. He was ordered to take a detachment of 120 men, chiefly belonging to a clan regiment levied by Argyle, and consequently animated by bitter feudal animosity towards the Macdonalds.

Towards the close of January a company of armed Highlanders appear wending their way toward the opening of the Valley of Glencoe. The Macdonalds, fearing they have come for their arms, send them away to a place of concealment, and then came forth to meet the strangers. They find it is a party of Argyle's soldiers, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, whose niece (a sister by the way of Rob Roy) is married to Alastair Macdonald, one of MacIan's sons. They ask if they have come as friends or foes. They reply, as friends, but as the garrison at Fort-William is crowded they had been sent to quarter themselves for a few days at Glencoe. They are received with open arms, feuds are forgotten, and for a fortnight all is harmony and even hilarity in the hamlet.

> Loud in all the clustering cottages
> Rose sounds of melody and voice of mirth;
> The measured madness of the dance is there,
> And the wild rapture of the feast of shells.
> Warm hands are clasped to hands that firm reply,
> And friendship glows and brightens into love.

Thus for a fortnight matters go on, when on the 1st of February orders are issued by Hamilton to his subordinate, Major Duncanson, fixing five o'clock next morning for the slaughter of all the Macdonalds under seventy, and enjoining the various detachments of men to be at their posts by that hour to secure the passes of the glen that not one of the doomed race might escape. Especial care was to be taken that the old

fox and his cubs should not escape, and that (what cool but hellish words), "that the Government was not to be troubled with prisoners." These fell orders Duncanson handed on to Glenlyon, who gladly received and proceeded to carry them into execution with prompt and portentous fidelity.

With such injunctions in his pocket, Glenlyon proceeded to act the Judas part with consumate skill. He supped and played at cards, on the evening of the 12th, with John and Alexander Macdonald—two of his intended victims; and he and his lieutenant (Lindsay) accepted an invitation to dine with old MacIan for the next day. At five o'clock on the morning of the 13th Hamilton hoped to have secured all the eastern passes to prevent the escape of any fugitives, but, at all events, then must Glenlyon begin his work of death.

All now is silent over the devoted hamlet. All are sleeping with the exception of the two sons of MacIan, who had been led to entertain some suspicions that all was not right. They had observed that the sentinels had been doubled and the guard increased. Some of the soldiers too had been heard muttering their dislike to the treacherous task to which they had been commissioned. The Macdonalds, in alarm, came to Glenlyon's quarters a little after midnight, and found him preparing, along with his men, for immediate service. They asked him what was the meaning of all this, and he, with dauntless effrontery, replied that he and his men were intending an expedition against Glengarry, and added, "If anything had been intended do you think I would not have told Alastair here and my neice." The young men are only half satisfied, but return, although grumblingly, to their own dwellings.

Over the valley, meanwhile, a snowstorm has begun to fall, but does not come to its full height till farther on in the morning. The voice of the Cona is choked in ice. The great heights behind the Sinai of Scotland are silent, they have no thunders to forewarn, no lightnings to avenge. MacIan himself is sleeping the deep sleep of innocence and security. The fatigues and misèries of his journey to Fort-William and Inverary all forgotten. Is there no wail of ghost, no cry of spirit coronach, none of those earnest whispers which have been heard among the hills at dead of night, and piercing the darkness with prophecies of fate? We know not, and had there been such warning sounds they had given their oracle in vain.

Suddenly, at five precisely, a knock is heard at MacIan's door. It is opened immediately, and the old man bustles up to dress himself, and to order refreshments for his visitors. Look at him as he stands at the threshold of his door, clad in nothing but his shirt, and his long grey hair, with looks of friendship and a cup of welcome trembling in his old hand; and see his wife has half risen behind him to salute the incomers. Without a moment's warning, without a preliminary word, he is shot dead and falls back into her arms. She is next assailed, stript naked, the gold rings, from her fingers, torn off by the teeth of the soldiers, and then she is struck and trampled on till she is left for dead on the ground, and next day actually dies. All the clansmen and servants in the same house are massacred, all save one, an old domestic and a *sennachie*.

He has been unable to sleep all night with melancholy thoughts, and falling into a deep sleep ere morning is roused by a horrible dream, leaves the hamlet, dashes through the door, dirks in vain striking at his shadow, and hands trying in vain to seize his plaid, he runs to the hut where the two brothers are lying and cries out, like screams of Banshie through the night, "Is it time for you to be sleeping while your father is murdered on his own hearth?"

They arise in haste, make for the mountains, and by their knowledge of the dark and devious paths through that horrible wilderness, are enabled to escape. From every house and hut there now rise shrieks, shouts, groans, and blasphemies, the roar of muskets, the cries of men, women, and children blended into one harmony of hell! The snow is now falling thick, and is darkening more the dark February morning. Led through the gloom, as if following the lurid eyes of some demoniac being, the soldiers find their way from house to house, from one cluster of cottages to another, rush in, seize their victims, drag them out, and shoot them dead. In Glenlyon's own quarters nine men, including his own landlord, are bound and shot, one of them with General Hill's passport in his pocket. A boy of twelve clings to Glenlyon's knees asking for mercy and offering to be his servant for life, when one Drummond stabbed him with his dirk as he was uttering a prayer by which even Glenlyon was affected. At Auchnain, a hamlet up the glen, Sergeant Barbour and his troops came upon a party of nine men sitting round a fire, and slew eight of them. The owner of the house in which Barbour had been quartered was not hurt, and requested to die in the open air. "For your bread which we have ate," said the Sergeant, "I will grant your request." He was taken out accordingly, but while the soldiers were presenting their muskets he threw his plaid over their faces, broke away and escaped up the valley.

Thirty-eight persons in all, including one or two women and a little boy, were put to death, but, besides, many who are supposed to have perished in the drifts. The murderers, after massacring the inmates, set the dwellings on fire; and how ghastly and lurid, especially to those who had escaped up the glen, perhaps as far as those mountains called the Three Sisters, bound to-day together by a band of virgin snow, must have seemed the effect of the flames flashing against the white of the hills, and which they knew were fed and fattened by the blood of their kindred! Many fled half naked into the storm, and through profound wreaths of snow, and over savage precipices, reached places of safety. The snow now avails more to save than to destroy since on account of it, Hamilton with his 400 men was too late to stop the eastern passes through which many made their escape. Had he come up in time every soul had perished. When he arrived at eleven there was not a Macdonald alive in the glen except one old man of eighty, whose worm-like writhings prove him still alive—

> One stab, one groan, and the tremendous deed
> Of massacre is done, at which the heath
> Which waves o'er all the Highland hills shall blush,
> And torrents wail for ages, ghosts shall shriek,
> Hell tremble through its dayless depths, and Heaven
> Weep, and while weeping grasp its thunderbolts.
> Beware Glenlyon's blood at *you* they're armed!
> Beware the curse of God and of Glencoe!

The allusion in this last line is to a story told by Stewart of Garth in his "History of the Highland Regiments," and on which a ballad by a deceased poet, B. Symmons, an Irishman of great genius, was founded, and appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*. There was a brave officer, Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, the grandson of the ruffian who disgraced the Campbell name and human nature at Glencoe. A curse was supposed to rest upon the family, and the lands of Glenlyon departed rood by rood from his descendants. The grandson, however, was brought up by a pious mother, entered the army, and became a prosperous officer. He was pursuing his profession in Canada when a romantic circumstance occurred. A young man named Ronald Blair, a private of excellent character and true courage, was stationed as a sentinel on an outpost. He loved an Indian maid who came eve after eve to meet him at his post, steering up the St Lawrence her lonely canoe. One night as she left him a storm raged on the waters and exposed her and her bark to imminent jeopardy. She shrieked out her lover's name, and called for help.

The waves have swamped her little boat,
She sinks before his eye,
And he must keep his dangerous post,
And leave her there to die.

One moment's dreadful strife—love wins,
He plunges in the water,
The moon is out, his strokes are stout,
The swimmer's arm has caught her,
And back he bears with gasping heart
The forest's matchless daughter.

Meanwhile the picket pass and find his post deserted, and, of course, his life forfeited. He is condemned to die, and Colonel Campbell is appointed to superintend his execution. The circumstances transpire. A reprieve is sent by the commanding officer with secret orders, however, that the sentence be pushed on to all but the last, and not till the prisoner's prayers are over, and the death fillet bound, is the pardon to be produced.

The morrow came, the evening sun
Was sinking red and cold,
When Ronald Blair a league from camp
Was led erect and bold,
To die a soldier's death, while low
The funeral drum was rolled.

The musketeers advance to ask the signal when they are to shoot, Campbell tells them, "Reserve your fire till I produce this blue handkerchief." The prayer is said, the eyes are bound, the doomed soldier kneels. There is such a silence that a tear might have been heard falling to the ground. Campbell's heart beats high with joy and fear to think that by drawing out the pardon in his pocket he is to turn despair into delight. He keeps his hand a moment longer on the reprieve, and then draws it forth, but with it drew—O God, the handkerchief; the soldiers fire, Ronald Blair falls, and his Indian maid is found clasping his dead body to her breast and dying by his side, and the frenzied Colonel exclaims—"The Curse of Heaven and of Glencoe is here."

The troops left the glen with a vast booty—900 kine, 200 ponies, and many sheep and goats. When they had departed the Macdonalds crept

from their lurking places, went back to the spot, collected the scorched carcasses from among the ruins, and buried them there. It is said that the Bard of the Clan took his place on a rock opposite the scene of the massacre and poured out a lament over his slaughtered kinsmen and their desolate dwellings. The subject had been worthy of an Ossian. The scene there is now changed. A house or two only remains where smoked hundreds of happy hearths. The thistle and the wild myrtle shake their heads in the winds, and utter their low monody which mingles with, and is swelled by the voice of the Cona, all seeming to mourn over crime, and to pronounce for doom. Yet let our conclusion be that of the Judge of the earth Himself when he says vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord, and who mixes mercy with judgment, and makes the wrath of man to praise him in pardon as well as by punishment. Yet this stupendous crime was not to pass wholly unpunished. It was a considerable time ere its particulars and aggravations were fully known. Conceive such an atrocious massacre perpetrated now! In less than seven days there would be a cry of vengeance from the Land's End to Caithness. Within a fortnight demands for the blood of the murderers would be coming in from every part of the British dominions. In a month the ringleaders would have been tried, condemned, and hanged, and even Mr Bruce, the late lenient Secretary of State, would not venture to reprieve one of them. It was different then. Not a word of it appeared in the meagre newspapers of that day. Floating rumours there were, but they were all, in many particular points, wide of the mark, and it was long ere the particulars condensed into the tragic and terrible tale which is certainly stranger than fiction. Very little interest was then felt in Highlands feuds, and as Macaulay truly says, "To the Londoner of those days Appin was what Caffrarra or Borneo is to us. He was not more moved by hearing that some Highland thieves had been surprised and killed, than we are by hearing that a band of Amakosah cattle-stealers had been cut off, or that a barkful of Malay pirates had been sunk." Gradually, however, the dark truth came out, and orbed itself into that blood-red unity of horror, which has since made the firmest nerves to tremble, and the stoutest knees to shake, which has haunted dreams, inspired poetry, created new and ghastly shapes of superstition, and which, even yet, as the solitary traveller is plodding his way amidst the shadows of an autumn evening, or under the shivering stars of a winter night, can drench the skin and curdle the blood. No wonder though the actors in the tragedy felt, in their dire experience afterwards, that the infatuation of crime dissolves the moment it is perpetrated; that Breadalbane sought the sons of the murdered MacIan to gain impunity for himself by signing a document declaring him guiltless; that Glencoe haunted the couch and clouded the countenance, and shortened the days of Glenlyon. Hamilton apparently felt no remorse, and his only regret was that any had escaped, and that a colossal crime had been truncated by some colossal blunders. He might have said like the Templar in the Talisman, when some one tells him to tremble, "I cannot if I would." And yet as God comes often to men without bell, so there might be some secret passage through which, on noiseless footsteps, remorse might reach even the sullen chamber of his hardened heart.

Many lessons might be derived from the whole story, none, after all, more obvious and none more useful than the old old story of the desperate wickedness of human nature when unpenetrated by brotherly and Christian feeling; and that he who has sounded the ocean, the grave, the deepest and the darkest mountain cavern has yet a deeper deep to fathom in the abyss of his own heart; and that the moral of the subject may be yet more briefly condensed in the one grand line which Shelley has borrowed from Burke:—

"To fear ourselves and love all human kind."

GEO. GILFILLAN.

PROFESSORSHIP OF CELTIC AT OXFORD.—In a congregation held on Tuesday, March 7th, a form of statute was promulgated to provide for the establishment of a Professor of the Celtic languages and literature in this University. The Principal and Fellows of Jesus College have offered the sum of £500 annually, to be applied by the University for the foundation of the professorship, and a further sum of £100 is to be paid from the University chest, until an equivalent provision is made from some other source. The statute also provides for the constitution of a board for electing the professor. Such professor will be required to reside within the precincts of the University for six months at least, in each year, between the tenth day of October and the first of July next following. The professor must apply himself to the study of the Celtic languages, literature, and antiquities, and give lectures on those subjects, and also give instruction on the same subject to members of the University. He is not to hold any other professorship or public readership in the University. Matters are looking up for the Celtic languages at last; thanks to the redoubted Professor Blackie. Two Celtic Professorships are now practically established. We understand that Charles Mackay, LL.D., F.S.A., the well-known poet, and Celtic scholar, is a candidate for the Chair.

THE PROPHECIES OF COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE—THE BRAHAN SEER.—John Noble, bookseller, Inverness, is about to publish those "Prophecies" in small book form, collected and edited by Alex. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*. Some very remarkable instances of second sight by others than *Coinneach Odhar* will also be given. Parties forwarding any *prophecies* in their possession, or known in their district, to Mr Noble, or to Mr Mackenzie, will be conferring a favour, and will receive due acknowledgment. It is desirable to make the work as complete as possible.

TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

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THIS is a question which has for some time engaged the earnest consideration of many who are interested in the welfare of the Highlands. Much has been said and written on the subject; on the one hand by those who wish to see the language of the inhabitants excluded from the schools—nay more, use every means at their command, by word and deed, to extinguish it altogether. They argue that it is better we should only possess one living language throughout the whole country, and that, of course, the language of the Legislature, the Courts of Justice, and of Commerce. No doubt a good deal can be said for this view of the case, and we shall have something to say regarding it hereafter. On the other hand, we have those who would have the language cultivated, supported, and maintained as an active living tongue, spoken by the Highlander and used in the common conversation and business of life; and with that object have it taught in our schools just as we teach English. Others do not exactly go that length. They wish it taught as a Special Subject only, in the same way, on the same principle, and with the same encouragement to schoolmasters and pupils that is given in the case of Latin and Greek, French and German. And last of all, we have those who only go the length of advocating its use for conveying information to Gaelic-speaking children regarding what they read in their English class-books—making it the medium by which the intelligence of the pupil is appealed to, and so enable him the more easily and speedily to understand and grasp the substance of his lessons in English, a language which is to him as much a foreign one as Sanscrit or Hindustani.

On the present occasion we shall refer more particularly to the latter —those who wish to give Gaelic the dignity of being taught as a Special Subject, and those who only wish it applied as a means with which to reach the intelligence of the child while receiving an English education. We will admit at the outset, that the primary object of education in the Highlands, as well as elsewhere, must be to fit the children for the active duties of after life. We will also admit that a Gaelic education, however perfect, is not enough for this purpose. If this be so—and no writer possessed of ordinary common sense can reasonably dispute it—the teaching of Gaelic in our Highland schools can be discussed only as a question of secondary importance; unless we can show that it is through the native language of the scholars that we can best appeal to their intelligence; and, that while giving Gaelic its proper place in our system of Highland education, we can also show that we are taking a more direct and more natural course, in the end, to secure a more intelligent and vastly superior English education.

No one approaching the subject with an unprejudiced mind, after giving the smallest consideration to the subject, can maintain that a system which wholly ignores the only language known to the child when he enters school for the first time, can be either a sensible, a reasonable, or a

successful one. It is doubtful if ever such a system was adopted anywhere else, at home or abroad, out of the Highlands of Scotland, and the Gaelic-speaking districts of Ireland; but whether, or not, it was ever adopted in the past we are unable, at the present day, to discover any trace of such an unnatural, senseless, and, we might say without exaggeration, idiotic system in any other part of the world. The disadvantages of such a plan of teaching are so apparent to every one except those teachers and their friends, who are totally ignorant of the language of the children they are so well paid to teach and who, from the manner in which they disregard the necessities of children in Highland districts, must, we are afraid, be held to place their own interests and that of their class far above the requirements of the country; forgetting that the Legislature passed the Education Act not so much in the interest of teachers as with the view to secure a really substantial education to the pupils. We much regret that there should be any necessity to point this out, as the interest of both teachers and children should be identical; but this clearly cannot be, so long as teachers maintain and advocate a system contrary to reason and common sense, and opposed to every system of education throughout the civilized world; and, indeed, quite the reverse of what they do themselves in the case of all other languages taught by them, except that of English to Gaelic-speaking children. When the pupil is sufficiently advanced in English to justify the teacher in taking up any of the Special Subjects, does he, for instance, while teaching Latin or Greek, French or German, begin by throwing aside the knowledge of English already acquired by his pupil, and commence to teach these foreign languages in the same way adopted by him in teaching the child English—a language quite as foreign to him as Latin or Greek, French or German? Does he begin with a Latin spelling book without any translations in English and teach him these languages on the same parrot system by which he managed to get him to pronounce and read English, in most cases without ever having carried with him the intelligence of his pupils? Not he. He knows better. If he were foolish enough to teach Latin and other foreign languages in such a way, he would soon discover that his labours were mainly thrown away, and that he would earn few special grants by the time his pupils left him. If it be so very absurd to teach all other languages, on such a false and ruinous plan, upon what reasonable grounds can the system be maintained in the case of teaching English to a Gaelic-speaking child? We are afraid the only valid reason which can be given is,—that our teachers are, as a rule, quite ignorant of Gaelic, and unable to teach it; and forsooth! the interests of the rising Gaelic-speaking generation are to be sacrificed to suit the convenience of those paid officials who are quite unsuitable, and who should never have been appointed to teach Highland children until they had acquired a knowledge of the language; any more than we would think of engaging a teacher innocent of any knowledge of English to teach foreign languages to a child born and bred in the Midland Counties of England. Would any one in his senses ever think or dream of such a proposal? and yet this is what some people maintain to be the correct thing to do in the Highlands of Scotland.

Government has already admitted and provided in the Code for testing the intelligence of the children through their native tongue; but this concession is quite useless where the teacher is ignorant of Gaelic, and worse than useless where the examining inspector is positively unable to test them as provided for by the Education Department. Would it not have been better still had it made provision to reach and rouse the intelligence through, and by means of it. The Legislature has also made other special provisions for the peculiar situation and educational requirements of the Highlands, and we feel sure, if it can be shown to be a necessity, that the Education Department will also alter the Code so as to put teachers who may possibly be kept back a little in the first two standards, in consequence of any time that may be lost in teaching Gaelic, in a more favourable position, and so enable them to draw the same grant as if they devoted their whole time to the exclusive teaching of English. We feel sure that no one whose opinion is worthy of the slightest consideration, will, for a moment, attempt to argue against a system of teaching children through the only language which they understand.

To teach thus, successfully, it would be best to adopt class books and grammars in the earlier stages, in both languages, as is done elsewhere, in every case where a foreign language is taught. These might be given up, when the pupil arrived at the third standard. After this he could pick up all the requisite knowledge of Gaelic with little difficulty; for be it observed, we are at present only advocating the use of Gaelic as a *medium* for imparting a sound and intelligent English education. We are happy to know that it is still the practice, particularly in those districts where a snobbish aping of Cockneyism has yet failed to overpower and crush out the old devotional spirit of the Gael, for the parents to conduct family worship, at least twice a day, by the reading of a Chapter and a Psalm out of the Gaelic Bible, while the children, who come to the age of discretion, have to follow the reader in their Gaelic Bibles, and thus they soon learn to read Gaelic perfectly. We think it, therefore, quite unnecessary to teach Gaelic beyond the stage at which it fails to be useful in helping to a better and more intelligent understanding of their English class-books, except to those who are to become ministers or schoolmasters; when the teacher, in the case of smart boys, should be encouraged to take it up and teach it as a Special Subject.

We fully appreciate, and make allowance for, the difficulty to be overcome in providing a special set of Gaelic and English elementary school-books specially suited for the Highlands, and would be disposed to forego the unquestionable advantages derivable from them were we satisfied that the teachers were capable and willing to make up to some extent for the defect by fully explaining the meaning of the elementary English lessons to the children through their mother tongue; and then teach Gaelic as a Special Subject in the more advanced standards to those who intended to continue their education with the view of following any of the learned professions. We had ample and conclusive proof that Gaelic reading can be acquired by Gaelic-speaking children in a very short time. Not long ago the Gaelic Society of Inverness offered prizes in the Parish of Gairloch to the best Gaelic scholars; for the best reading, the best spelling, and

the best translations from Gaelic into English, and from English into Gaelic. We were informed by some of the teachers that before these prizes were offered they never taught Gaelic to the children; and even when they decided to compete, only taught it privately after ordinary school hours. The progress made, as exhibited by the examination was, on such short notice, really marvellous. The reading and spelling were almost perfect, and the translations were such that we believe translations from English to Latin and Greek, or *vice versâ*, of equal faithfulness would secure a bursary in some of our Universities. We are writing from actual experience, having taken a part in the examination; and one single fact of this kind ought to have more weight in argument than all the theories which those who are ignorant of the facts can propound.

We have repeatedly heard and seen objections made that a Gaelic education was calculated to hinder the Gaelic-speaking child in his progress in English, and that he could not overcome the difficulty of acquiring a correct English pronunciation with the same ease and facility as if first taught to read it. We have even heard it stated seriously that a Highlander who read and wrote Gaelic could never be a good English writer, and were challenged to prove the contrary.

When we first went to school we knew not a single word of English. We attended one where it was the rule that no English was to be taught until we were able to read the Gaelic Testament, after which we had to translate our Bible lesson on alternate mornings from English into Gaelic, and from Gaelic into English. There were eight or nine other schools in the Parish, in one only—the girls' school—in which the same rule was applied. We had an excellent teacher who taught Latin and Greek (and we think, in one instance, Hebrew) to the more advanced pupils. We have made enquiries as to the result, and find that from forty to fifty of the boys who were taught in our school have raised themselves to good social positions throughout England, the South of Scotland, and the Colonies. The few who remained at home are known to be the most intelligent and best informed in the Parish; and the great majority of those who have been educated on the system now in fashion have forgotten all they have ever learned and have taken to the herring fishing, while a miserable existence about their parents' crofts is enough to satisfy their highest ambition.

It is quite unnecessary to prove that those who advanced their social position from home, have acquired a better pronunciation than those who have never left it, and who have forgotten all they were ever taught; and in reply to the objection that those who are taught Gaelic can never write English with the same ease and fluency as those who obtain an exclusively English education, we assert that those of our Highland countrymen who knew, spoke, and wrote Gaelic best are pre-eminent amongst us as the best writers of English—such, for instance, as "Old" Norman Macleod; the late Dr Norman Macleod; Dr Macleod of Morven and his three sons; Sir James Mackintosh; Dr Mackintosh Mackay; John Mackenzie of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry;" Dr Maclauchlan; Dr Clerk, Kilmallie; Sheriff Nicolson; Mr Cameron of Renton; James Macpherson, of Ossianic fame; Dr Kennedy, Dingwall; Mr Blair, Glasgow; "Nether-Lochaber;" D. Mackinnon, Edinburgh; The Macdonalds of Fort-William and of the

"Times;" and many others we could mention. We shall be delighted to see produced a list of writers from the Highlands, even if possessed of the so-called qualification of a total ignorance of the Gaelic language to equal these men in English composition. The contention of our opponents is really so irrational and absurd as to be unworthy of notice, were it not that we see men of position seriously giving expression to such absurdities. We have even seen a gentleman who has been elevated since, much to the surprise of the profession, to the position of an inspector of schools, stoutly maintaining it in large type in the columns of one of our northern newspapers. Such arguments amount to this—that a real and thorough knowledge of his native language, whether it be Gaelic, English, or French, is a drawback and a disqualification for acquiring and writing a foreign one, and that the greater his ignorance of his native tongue the greater the proficiency of a scholar in a foreign one; while common sense, (which is unfortunately, in educational circles, sometimes, and especially on this question, very uncommon), and all the experience of the past go to prove the very opposite.

It is pleasant to find the rational view making steady progress even among those who were understood for a long time to hold a different opinion. Mr Jolly, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, who is unfortunately ignorant of the native language of the children whom he examines professionally, expressed himself unfavourable to teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, before he had time to examine the question for himself; but having looked the matter in the face, and given it serious consideration, we are gratified to find him stating at the last annual meeting of the Gaelic Society that he belonged to the class who desired that Gaelic should be used for getting at the intelligence of the children when reading English; and who afterwards wished the Gaelic language and literature to be introduced when the children had mastered the mechanical difficulties of reading, and were able to enter into the meaning and spirit of what they read. "Although a Lowlander he had every sympathy with those who desired to preserve the Gaelic; and he held exactly the same views on the subject of Gaelic teaching as are held by Professor Blackie, the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, and Dr Clerk, Kilmallie." We have a pretty good idea as to what the Rev. Mr Macgregor's views on the question are, as well as Professor Blackie's, and are therefore quite satisfied with Mr Jolly's. The Professor, we are happy to say, has engaged to give expression to his, in a definite form, on an early date in these pages; and we feel sure that they will satisfy all reasonable men.

We attach great value to the expression of such an opinion as Mr Jolly's, arrived at after mature deliberation and observation of the requirements of the Highlands; from one who is himself a stranger to the language, and who would naturally be prejudiced against it; for we must keep in mind that in expressing such a favourable opinion he was to some extent weakening his own position as an Inspector of Schools, unable to examine in a language which he honestly affirmed, and with a candour which deserves acknowledgment, ought to be used, and at a certain stage taught in the schools. We are quite satisfied to place this opinion against the views of another inspector in the north, whose only reply to

the advocates of Gaelic in our schools is—that such a system would limit the sphere from which to choose teachers—forgetting, or choosing to ignore, that the teachers ought and must accommodate themselves to the system which all rational men admit to be the only true and successful one, and the only one practised everywhere else out of the Highlands. A gentleman who could publicly use such an argument as, "If the language ought to be kept alive by being taught in school, surely Edinburgh and Glasgow are the places where this should be done, where the children know nothing of it, and not in the Highlands where the children already speak it with fluency,"—is perfectly innocent of the real question at issue, and deserves little notice or attention in the controversy.

We have by no means exhausted the subject, but shall, meanwhile, content ourselves by laying down the following propositions:—(1), That it being an acknowledged educational principle that the unknown can only be made successfully known through the known; and as this principle is not only acknowledged but practised everywhere else out of the Scottish Highlands we must hold it to be the only rational one to adopt there also; unless it can be shown that the Highlander is constructed intellectually entirely different from the rest of humanity. We must therefore, to be rational, teach the unknown English through the known Gaelic: (2), We must adapt the Code to the requirements of the special circumstances of the case: (3), Our teachers must keep in mind that after all, they are only a part (although a very important part), of the system by which Parliament has wisely decided to place education within the reach of every child in Scotland, and if it can be shown—and it is self-evident—that teachers who are ignorant of the Gaelic language are not competent or suitable to carry out the intentions of the Legislature, they must just accommodate themselves to the requirements of their position, and qualify properly to discharge their duties by acquiring a sufficient knowledge of Gaelic to enable them to impart education according to the only rational system, in use, in all civilised communities: (4), To get the full benefit of the concessions already made by the Education Department as to the testing of the child's intelligent understanding of his English reading by means of his native language, it is absolutely necessary that our Inspectors of Schools should have a sufficient knowledge of Gaelic to enable them to test the understanding of the children as intended by the Department, and now provided for, in the Code.

The great and primary question is, how to impart a sound education to the rising generation? The means—the teaching staff—are only important in so far as they serve to bring about the great end and principal object of all—an education in the true sense of the term.*

A. M.

* Since the above was in type Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., has given notice of his intention, upon Friday, 31st March, to call attention to the Scottish Education Code of 1876, and to move a resolution on the subject of Gaelic teaching in the schools in Gaelic-speaking districts.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

[CONTINUED].

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CHAPTER IX.

THE first duty which Major Cameron had now (1794) imposed on him by his "Letter of Service" was to recommend the officers from the "half-pay list" to be associated with him in raising the regiment. In the disposition of these he was to a certain extent under the guidance of his own inclination to have as many as he could, of his old American brother-officers, with him in the undertaking. After the selection was made, the names were submitted to the War Office and approved. Reference to the list of officers selected will prove that Major Cameron was not unmindful of his brother-officers of the "Royal Emigrant Regiment," his choice consisting of five officers of the Clan M'Lean, while two only belonged to his own. The reason of the numerical difference will be understood to be, in consequence of the above stated restrictions. When the "half-pay list" was exhausted, by distribution among the numerous corps being embodied, and Major Cameron was released from the War Office regulations, the commissions in the regiment were always given to his Lochaber relatives, as the army list of subsequent years will testify.

Although Major Cameron had been, by this time, absent from Lochaber a number of years, yet he was not an entire stranger, for he was from time to time heard of. He had been advised by his brother that the rage and irritation occasioned by the result of the duel had greatly subsided, if not, indeed, entirely disappeared, and that his arrival in the country was not at all likely to revive them. On receipt of this intelligence Major Cameron, with politic calculation, arranged that he should arrive in his native place on one of the first days of November, which arrangement would give him the opportunity of meeting the greater part of the country people of all classes, this being the week of the winter market at Fort-William. The idea also struck him that, as he was to be engaged in "His Majesty's service," the Government might give him, for his own and his officers' accommodation, quarters in the garrison. His application to the Board of Ordnance, to this effect, proved successful, and the building known as "Government House" was placed at his disposal. His family, at this time, consisted of three sons, respectively named Philips, Donald, and Nathaniel; the first and last after their mother's father, and the other after his own father (he of the '45). The eldest two accompanied him to the Highlands, and remained there long enough to acquire some acquaintance with the Gaelic language, an acquisition which they often declared afterwards to have served them advantageously in their relationship with the soldiers of the 93d.

The day at last arrived when Alan, after an absence of twenty-one years, was to look again on his native hills, an event which, no doubt, gladdened and warmed his Highland heart. It is stated that he timed his first appearance to take place on the last day of the market, and he

observed it punctually. This enabled the people, if so inclined, to meet him without interfering with their business affairs. His brother was most useful to him in making proper preparations for his reception. Quite a multitude went out to meet him and his companions, a mile or so, and accorded him a most enthusiastic reception. It has, indeed, been said, that the ovation and the escort of that day resembled more that usually awarded to an illustrious conqueror than that to a mere field-officer of the British army. Alan gave instructions to make that and subsequent days a carnival of hospitality—feasting and rejoicing without limit. After a reasonable time, however, festivities must terminate, and business commence. A writer of ripe experience, on Highland subjects, adverts to the anxious state of public feeling at this time*—"In 1793, and the succeeding years, the whole strength and resources of the United Kingdom were called into action. In the northern corner a full proportion was secured. A people struggling against the disadvantages of a boisterous climate and barren soil, could not be expected to contribute money. But the personal services of young and active men were ready when required for the defence of the liberty and independence of their country." Producing so many defenders of the State, as these glens have done, they ought to have been saved from a system which has changed the character of, if not altogether extirpated, their hardy inhabitants.

Chapter X.

The business of "raising" the regiment was now (1793-94) to commence in real earnest, and as it was the Major's desire that the complement should be made up of as many as he could induce to join from his own and the adjacent districts, his officers and himself visited every part round about, and with so much success that, between Lochaber, Appin, Mull, and Morven, 750 men were collected at Fort-William, within a period of less than two months; at any rate the official accounts record that number to have been inspected and approved by General Leslie on the 3d January (1794).† General Stewart states, "in the instance of the embodiment of the 79th no bounty was allowed by Government, and the men were therefore recruited at the sole expense of Mr Cameron and his officers; nevertheless the measure of the success will be understood by the early date of their inspection at Stirling, where they received the denomination of the 79th Cameron Highlanders." The Major was now desirous to repair as quickly as possible to the place appointed for inspection, that he might get his corps numbered, and with that determination, ordered every man to be in readiness for the journey southwards. Great was the excitement in the little village adjoining the garrison of Fort-William, on that winter's morning, when Cameron and his followers collected on its parade-ground, to have the roll called by "old Archie Maclean" (their first Adjutant), preparatory to bidding farewell to Lochaber—a last farewell by the greater part of them. The nearest and dearest must part, and such was the case with the Lochabermen and their friends, now that "they promised to help King George." With Alan at their head, this devoted band filed off in well regulated order,

* General Stewart's Sketches, vol. II., pp. 245-6.

† Historical Record of the 79th Regiment by Captain Robert Jamieson, Edinburgh, 1863.

marching with steady step through the village, the pipers leading, playing the well-known march—"*Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor*" (We'll keep the high road), while large numbers of the country people convoyed them on their route a considerable distance, reluctant to give the final farewell; deferring it till they were reminded that they had now a long way to go back. Their affection probably laid them under a spell that "farewell was such sweet sorrow, they could not say farewell till to-morrow." A string of horses preceded them, to different stages, with their creels well provided with creature comforts desirable for their long journey, along indifferent paths, and over bleak mountains, to Stirling. At that season of the year, the weather was very severe, and the absence of any habitations on the way did not admit of any halting; therefore it was decided to continue their onward course without interruption, except the short intervals necessary for refreshments. This decision enabled them to reach the rendezvous at noon of the third day, when after a day or two's rest, drilling was resumed without intermission, in consequence of which persistency, the corps were in a fair state of order by the time the inspecting officer arrived. "The Cameron Highlanders" underwent this ordeal of military and medical inspection to the General's entire satisfaction, and he duly reported the result to the War Office, and, being the first to be so reported the corps received the first and subsequent number of 79th (the 78th, Mackenzie's Ross-shire regiment, had been completed in the month of March of the previous year). Meanwhile the exigencies of the service becoming pressing, the "Office" was induced to dispatch urgent orders to Cameron to augment the regiment with the necessary 250 men to raise it to a total strength of 1000 rank and file. In obedience to this summons, he, with others of his officers, lost no time in returning to the districts of the Highlands from whence they came. If further proof were needed of the popularity of Cameron, the fact that he collected the 250 recruits wanted, and reported them at the same place (Stirling), in the short space of five and twenty days, will be sufficiently convincing. When the 1000 men were completed on the 30th January (1794), Alan was advanced to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the regiment!* This marvellous rapidity may be contrasted with the fact, that when Mr Cameron of Fassifern was offered a company in the corps being raised by the Marquis of Huntly in the following month of February, he was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of his brother-in-law, Macneil of Barra, to complete the number of 100 men. He could only secure nineteen men in his own district of Lochaber, notwithstanding that he was aided by the personal influence of his cousin Lochiel. Alan Cameron did not seek, nor did he receive the slightest favour from the Chief of his clan, for reasons which may be subsequently referred to.†

Chapter XI.

The colours for the 79th had been prepared, and immediately on its being registered they were presented (1794), after which the regiment received the route for Ireland. There they remained till the following June, where their

* Captain Jamieson's Historical Record, Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1863.

† The Rev. Mr Clerk's Memoir of Colonel Cameron of Fassifern, p. 109.

uniform reached them, which, being the Highland dress, was similar to that of the other Highland corps, except in the matter of "facings," which were green. Although the tartan of the Clan Cameron is one of the handsomest patterns; the ground and prevailing colour being red, it was thought unsuitable for wear with the scarlet jacket; but that was not a sufficient reason for its non-adoption as the tartan of the "Cameron Highlanders," inasmuch as the tartan worn (the Stewart) by the 72d is of still brighter colour than the Cameron. Neither of these was the real reason which caused the clan tartan's non-adoption by the 79th.* Alan choose rather to have a tartan of his own (or rather his mother's) design. That pattern is so well known as to need no description. The first supply was provided by Messrs Holms of Paisley (now of Greenhead, Glasgow), and designated the "Cameron Earrachd," as distinguished from that of the Cameron proper. It is the pattern chosen by the Highland company of the Liverpool Rifle Corps, and by the 2d Lochaber Company, of which Lochiel was captain.†

The Cameron Regiment had scarcely completed its equipment, when it was ordered to embark for Flanders to reinforce the British and Austrian armies under the command of the Duke of York, against the French. They were joined in this expedition by their countrymen of the 42d and the 78th. Their arrival proved to be of the utmost consequence, inasmuch as that by their support, in reserve, they helped, by a victory over Picheqru to retrieve a disaster experienced by the Duke shortly before that. This engagement lasted from an early hour till the afternoon, and its decision was weighing in the balance, when the Duke charged with the British troops into the centre of the French army, bayonet in hand, and thus, brought hostilities to an end for the day. This success, however, was of small advantage, as the allies were subsequently compelled to retreat before the overwhelming forces of the French, and, retiring towards Westphalia, endured the most dreadful hardship and suffering, both from its inhospitable inhabitants, and the rigour of its climate (the winter and spring of 1794-5), the elements of which proved more fatal to the British army than the fire of the enemy. The Camerons lost 200 men. The contingent of the British army withdrew from the Continent after this fruitless campaign, embarking in April at Bremen. The 79th was ordered for quarters to the Isle of Wight, where it remained till the month of July, when it received the route for India, and Colonel Cameron was ordered to recruit the regiment to the extent of its losses in Flanders.

(To be Continued.)

* Mr Cameron of Lochiel, and Mr Cameron of Earrachd (Alan's father), had been, or were, at differences about the ownership of part of the property, when it was alleged that the latter was hardly used in the matter, by the former and his trustees, of whom Cameron of Fassifern was the most active. This misunderstanding led to a coolness between the families.

† It was returned to the Lord-Lieutenant by this company under the designation of "Cameron Lochiel." The captain's attention was drawn to the misnomer, who disclaimed any knowledge of the error. It has transpired since to have been the act of an officer of the corps, now deceased, who must have committed this paltry piece of piracy, either from ignorance or subserviency.

THE SONGS AND MELODIES OF THE GAEL.

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THE Gael, their language, their songs, and their melodies, will live or die together. If the one sinks they shall all sink. If the one rises they shall all rise. If the one dies they shall die together, and shall all be buried in the same grave. Is it possible that a people, with such a language, such songs, and such delicious melodies, shall vanish and disappear from the earth, and their place become occupied by others? It cannot happen, and I candidly assert for myself that, were the whole of the Breadalbane Estate mine, I would willingly part with it for the sake of being able to master the songs and the melodies of my Highland countrymen. I have reason to be thankful for the circumstances in which I was placed in the days of my youth. I had eight brothers and a sister. My father had a fine ear for music, and an excellent voice, and frequently gratified our young ears, during the long winter evenings, by playing on the Jew's harp and singing the words connected with the different Highland airs. There was also a man in our immediate neighbourhood who was frequently in the house, who played on the violin, and who was one of the best players of our native airs I ever listened to. The consequence was that as I grew up I was very fond of singing, and to this moment of my life I do not think that it had any bad effect upon me; and certainly my fondness for Gaelic songs was the first thing that led me to read the Gaelic language. From fifteen to the age of twenty I herded my father's sheep among the Grampians. The following is a true description of my state then:—

'Nuair bha e 'na bhalach	A laddie so merry
Gu sunndach, 's lan aighear,	'Mong green grass and heather,
'S mac-talla 'ga aithris	The voice of the echo
A cantuinn nan oran,	Rehearsing his story:
Toirt air na cruaidh chreagan,	The mountains so rocky
Le 'n teangannan sgeigeil,	To mimic and mock him,
Gu fileant 'ga fhreagradh,	Becoming all vocal
Gu ceileireach ceolmhor.	Like songsters so joyful.

About the age of twenty a change came over me, when I forsook the songs, but not their melodies, and had recourse to Buchanan's, M'Gregor's, and Grant's hymns as a source of gratification. I was, in a measure, prepared to enjoy them, as I found several of the melodies I used to sing, in the hymns. M'Gregor was my great favourite. He was every inch a man, a Gael, a scholar, a poet, a Christian, and a great divine. I regret that his hymns are not more extensively known. Forty-two years ago I composed several hymns—six or seven years afterwards a few more—but during the last ten years, I suppose, nearly fifty. I have done as much as I could to regenerate the songs of my country. My predecessors carefully avoided cheerful and lively airs, especially those with a chorus, but I find these generally, when the subject is applicable to them, the most powerful and the most appropriate for use in connection with the preaching of the gospel. Last summer I sang one of them in a Free Church, on a Sabbath evening, to

the Gaelic part of the congregation. As I was descending from the pulpit, the Gaelic precentor, and a deacon, whispered in my ears, "*Tha i sin fad air thoiseach air laoidhean Shanci.*" (That is far before Sankey's hymns.)

So far as I know, singing Gaelic songs has had no evil effect upon our countrymen. Indeed, singing is one of the prettiest, and one of the most harmless things connected with human nature, even in its degenerate state. A man who can sing a Gaelic song well is properly considered a favourite. It is felt that he spreads kindness, and infuses joy and happiness in the social circle—the language and the sweet melody of the piece will banish all melancholy and bitter feelings from the mind. A man influenced by a wicked malicious disposition is certainly not disposed to sing. The practice they have of fulling or shrinking cloth in the West Highlands has had a great tendency to keep up the native melodies. Five, six, or seven females are seated in a circle facing one another. The cloth having been steeped, is folded in a circle. Each holds it in both hands, while they raise it as high as the breast, and then bring it down with a thump on the board. In this way it goes gradually round from the one to the other. A person standing outside would only hear one thump. The chosen leader commences the song, all unite, and by raising and lowering their hands they beat time to the tune. This generally attracts a crowd of listeners. I have seldom listened to finer singing.

Lachlan M'Lean, the author of "Adam and Eve," and one of the greatest enthusiasts for the language, the songs, and the music of the Gael, that ever lived, was one day on board a steamer going from Tobermory to Oban. A number of Skye females were on board. He placed them seated in a circle on deck, and they commenced singing, with their handkerchiefs in their hands, to the great delight of all on board, with the exception of an elderly austere professor of religion, who frowned upon them and silenced them. If such be the effect of real religion, I have yet to learn it. I have no doubt the same man, if he could, would prevent the larks from singing; and as well attempt to do the one as the other. I am certain that he would rather have his ears stuffed with cotton than listen to *Piobaireachd Dho'il Duibh* played on the bagpipes.

Robert Burns has been greatly vilified by a certain class of preachers. He and his songs have been held forth as a great curse to his countrymen; but when these Rev. Divines and their hot, but mistaken, zeal is forgotten, Robert Burns will shine forth, and in the long run will be found to be a greater blessing to his country than his accusers. For certainly no man ever did more to keep up the native language and the melodies of the Lowland Scotch than he has done. The same is equally true respecting our Highland bards. *Taing dhuit a Dhonnachaidh Bhain, agus do d' chomh-Bhaird airson nan oranan gasda, agus nam fuinn bhinn a dh'fhag sibh againn.* I am certain that the Scotch must return to the melodies in their native language. Sankey's melodies may do for a short time, but will never find a lasting lodgment in the Scottish heart like their own delicious melodies. There is as inseperable a connection between *their* melodies and their native language, as there is between our Highland melodies and our native Gaelic. The Gaelic may easily take up their melodies, but the English never.

Those tunes that are used in public worship have no melody to my oul like our native airs, and it is utterly impossible for me to feel otherrise. This assertion will find a testimony in the bosoms of men, although heir prejudices may be opposed to it. Where is the man that would comose a song in praise of his fellow-creature, that would attempt to sing it to psalm tune? Should he do so, all men would look upon him as a blockead. And what is the great difference between praising a fellow-creature nd praising the Redeemer? I can conceive none, except that the latter eserves a sweeter, and, if possible, a more delicious melody. I think it as Rowland Hill who wisely said that "he could not see why the devil hould have all the finest tunes," and I quite agree with him.

It is also a fact, although I understand English as well as Gaelic, that t has not the same effect upon me in singing it. Although the English ere sung with the greatest art, and in the best possible style, it would either warm our hearts nor melt our souls like singing in Gaelic. I feel hat the great "mistress of art" has a tendency to puff me up, whereas I ave no such feelings in my Gaelic. Perhaps one-third of the songs of he Gael are love songs, and the delicacy of feeling which is manifest n most of them is extraordinary. They will not offend the most refined ar; so that we have reason to be proud of our race in that respect. Our ngs may be divided into two classes—the cheerful and plaintive. In he former we have M'Lachlan's "*Air fatll-ir-inn, ill-ir-inn, uill-er-inn o.*" I'Intyre's song to his spouse, "*Mhairi bhan og,*" and "*Ho mo Mhairi aghach*"—translated by Professor Blackie in the first number of the eltic. These are instances of lyric poetry as beautiful as ever saw the ght, and melodies as sweet as can be listened to. In the other may e placed "*Fhir a bhata 's na ho ro eile,*" which was lately sung in Ineraray Castle in the presence of Her Majesty. Another is :—

A Mhalaidh bhoidheach,
A Mhalaidh ghaolach,
A Mhalaidh bhoidheach,
Gur mor mo ghaol duit,
A Mhalaidh bhoidheach,
S tu leon 's a chlaoidh mi,
'S a dh'fhag mi bronach
Gun doigh air d'fhaotainn.

What a delicious piece! how full of sweet melody! Can the English nguage produce its equal? Poor fellow, he was sincere. The deer ould be seen on wings in the air, fish on tops of mountains high, and *lack* snow resting on the tree branches, before his love to her would ndergo any change.

Perhaps one-fourth of our songs are Elegies to the departed; and he melodies to which these are sung are as plaintive and melting s can be listened to. I place at the head of this class the "Massacre of Glencoe," and Maclachlan's Elegy, to the same air, in memory of Professor Beattie of Aberdeen. I said in my "Address to Highlanders" that the Fort-William people might, on the top of Ben Nevis, defy the English nd broad Scotch to produce its equal :—

" Ghaoil, a ghaoil, de na fearaibh,
'S fuar an nochd air an darach do chrè,
'S fuar an nochd air a bhord thu,
Fhiuran uasail bu stold ann a'd bheus,
'N cridhe firinneach soilleir,
D'am bu spideal duais foille na sannt,
Nochd gun phlosg air an deile
Sin mo dhosguinn nach breugach mo rann.

It is utterly impossible to give a proper expression of that piece in any other language.

Lachlan M'Lean, already referred to, composed an elegy, to a daughter of the Laird of Coll, who died in London and was buried there, to the same air :—

Och ! nach deach do thoirt dachaidh
O mhearg nigheana Shassuinn 's an uair,
Is do charadh le mōrachd,
Ann an cois na Traigh mhor mar bu dual ;
Fo dhidean bhallachan arda
Far am bheil do chaomh mhathair 'na suain,
'S far am feudadh do chairdean,
Dol gach feasgair chuir failte air t'usigh.

I entered his shop soon after this appeared in the *Teachdaire Gaelach*, and sung him some verses of it. He could scarcely believe that it was his own composition. He seemed in a reverie, his eyes speaking inexpressibles.

" *Gaoir nam Ban Muileach* "—(The wail of the Mull women)—is another extraordinary piece. I am sorry that I could not get hold of it. M'Gregor also has three hymns suited to this beautiful air. There is a good deal of monotony in singing the few first lines, but it reaches a grand climax of expression at the sixth. The last line is repeated twice. When two or three sing it together, and the whole join in chorus at the sixth line, I have seldom heard singing like it.

Dr M'Donald composed an elegy, to the Rev. Mr Robertson, with a very plaintive air—the air of a song occasioned by the great loss at Caig—

Ochan nan och, is och mo leon,
Tha fear mo ruin an diugh fo'n fhoid,
Tha fear mo ruin an diugh fo'n fhoid,
'S cha teid air ceol no aighear leam.

Many of the songs of the Gael might be called patriotic songs, and they make us feel proud that we are Gaels. Their daring feats in the field of strife against the enemies of our country, as at Bannockburn, Waterloo, Alma, &c., are celebrated in song. Their quarrels, amongst themselves, is the only thing that makes us feel ashamed of them. Several of their songs raise us in our own estimation, with good cause, above our neighbours the Lowlanders, the English, and the French. The songs of the Gael embrace every variety—their language, mountains, corries, straths, glens, rivers, streams, horses, dogs, cows, deer, sheep, goats, guns, field labour, herding, boats, sailing, fishing, hunting, weddings—some of them as funny as they can be, and some the most sarcastic that was ever written. There is always something sweet and pretty about them. The artless simplicity of the language, with its extraordinary power of expression, gives them an agreeable access to the mind, which no other language can ever give.

The power these melodies have over the Gael is really extraordinary. I was told by a piper, who was at the Battle of Alma, that when on the eve of closing with the Russians, he, contrary to orders, played "*Sud mar chaidh 'n cal a' dholaidh, aig na Bodaich Ghallda,*" which had a most powerful effect upon the men, on which account alone he was pardoned. I saw a man who heard a piper playing "*Tulloch gorm*" in the East Indies, and it made him weep like a child. About two years ago a young man, a native of Oban, was out far in the country, in Australia, and having entered a hotel, he saw a man who had the appearance of being a Highlander, in the sitting-room. He (of Oban) was in a room on the opposite side of the passage, and thought to himself "If he is a Gael I'll soon find out," and leaving the door partially open, that he might see him without being seen, he commenced playing, on the flute, the most plaintive Highland airs. No sooner did he begin than the other began to move his body backward and forward. At last he bent down his body, covering both his eyes with the palms of his hands, and began to sob out "*Och! och mise; och! och mise.* He (my informant) then played some marching airs, and instantly the other raised his head and began to beat time with both feet. At last he played some dancing airs, when one foot only was engaged in beating time. He then raised a hearty laugh and closed the door with a bang. The man rushed forward, but finding the door closed he settled down a little. The door was opened, and what a meeting of friends! what union of hearts! what kindness of feeling! what joy! What was the cause of all these? What but the melodies of the Gael.

Now, I am certain that were I to listen to the native melodies of my country in distant parts of the world, I would also weep. But there is nothing that ever I listened to that would affect me so much as "*Crodh Chailean.*" Many a cow has been milked to that air, and many a fond mother soothed her child to rest with it, and I am sure it would be a greater accomplishment for young ladies to be able to sing it properly than any German or Italian air they could play on the piano:

Bha crodh aig Mac Chailean,
Bheireadh bainne dhomh fhein,
Eadar Bealtuinn is Samhainn,
Gun ghamhuinn, gun laogh,
Crodh ciar, crodh ballach,
Crodh Alastair Mhaoil,
Crodh lionadh nan gogan,
'S crodh thogail nan laogh.

Shaw composed several hymns to this air.

I suppose there is not a class of people on the face of the earth that have finer imaginations than the Gael. This has arisen partly, no doubt, from their language, so adapted for lyric poetry and composition, and verses calculated to give scope to the imaginative faculty. It has arisen likewise from the place of their birth. The roaring Atlantic, the grandeur of the resounding flood in their rocky glens. Waterfalls, down dashing torrents, fast flowing rivers. The scream of the curlew, the lapwing, the plover, and the shrill whistle of the eagle. The shadows of the clouds seen moving majestically along in the distance—all these have a great tendency to move and to give wing to the imagination. But I believe that

the ditties they have been accustomed to hear sung in their youth have had a far greater effect upon them. Could these be all collected they would form a rare collection. How often has "*Gille Callum*" been sung—

Gheibh thu bean air da pheghinn,
Rogh is tagh air bonn-a-se,
Rug an luchag uan boirionn,
'S thug i dhachaidh cual chonnaidh.

When one begins to tell what is not true, it is better to tell falsehoods which no one can believe. Now I am certain that children at the age of four would not believe "Gille Callum's" lies, and would understand at once that they were all for fun, and still it would have the effect of setting them a-thinking, perhaps more than had it been sober truth.

The following I have frequently heard :—

H'uid, uid eachan,
C' ait am bi sinn nochdan,
Ann am baile Pheairtean,
Ciod a gheibh sinn ann,
Aran agus leann,
'S crap an cul a chinn,
'S chead dachaidh.

Huid, uid is used in Perthshire for making horses run. The boy is set astride on a man's knee, which is kept in motion like a trotting horse. Stretching both his hands, the boy, in imagination, is trotting to Perth, where he expects bread and ale; and as a finish to the whole, a knock on the back of the head, and leave to go home. Many a hearty laugh have I seen boys enjoy when they got the knock on the head. Another is—seizing a child's hand, and beginning at the thumb giving the following names—"*Ordag, colgag, meur fad, Mac Nab, rag mhearlach nan caorach 's nan gobhar, cuir gad ris, cuir gad ris.*" Reaching the small finger, the thief is seized and severely scourged with the rod, and a roar of laughter is raised by the youngsters. Placing a child between the knees and slowly placing the one foot before another with the following words, is another—

Cia mar theid na coin do n' mhuileann
Mar sud, 's mar so,
'S bheir iad ullag as a phoc so,
'S ullag as a phoc sin,

And then moving them quicker—

'S thig iad dachaidh air an trot,
Trit, trot, dhachaidh.

Ullag means the quantity of meal raised by the three fingers. What a glee of hilarity is raised when the quick motion commences?

The following is a very imaginative piece, descriptive of a flighty individual who proposes to do more than he can accomplish :—

Cheann a'n Tobermhuire	Head in Tobermory,
'S a chollainn 's a Chrianan,	Body in Crianan,
Cas a'm Boad hoi-e,	Foot in Boad (Bute) hoi-e,
'S a chas eil a'n Grianaig	Other foot in Grianaig (Greenock).

It is a most melancholy fact, that at present there is a combined and

a determined effort put forth to banish the native language, and the native melodies of the Gael entirely from the country, and to bring the whole population under the sway of the artificial language taught in our schools, and of its artificial melodies. The foreigner represents our language as low and vulgar, quite destitute of the sterling qualities peculiar to his own; and consequently not deserving either to be held fast, or to be worthy of attentive study. And in order that he may be the more successful in his effort, he pretends to be our greatest, our only friend; heartily disposed to make us learned, wealthy and honourable, yes, and, of course, pious too. I say to him at once, without any ceremony, keep back, sir, give over your fallacious, your blustering bombast, we know the hollowness of your pretensions. The Gael has a language and melodies already, superior to any that you can give him, and would you attempt to rob him of his birthright and inheritance, which is dear to him as his heart's blood? Every true friend of the Gael would certainly give him a good English education; but instead of doing away with his own language and melodies, it would be such an English education as would ground him more than ever in a knowledge of his own. Is it not an acknowledged fact that, there is nothing that grounds students more thoroughly in a knowledge of a language than to translate it from his own. This mode of teaching is perhaps more troublesome to school-masters at first, but when once fairly tried and put in practice, it will, without doubt, be the most agreeable and the most successful part of their work, and would not have such a deadening effect, either upon their own minds, or upon those of their scholars.

ARCHD. FARQUHARSON.

ISLAND OF TIREE.

THE HARP BRINGETH JOY UNTO ME.

—o—

O autumn! to me thou art dearest,
Thou bringest deep thoughts to me now,
For the leaves in the forest are searest,
And the foliage falls from each bough.

And then as the day was declining,
While nature was wont to repose,
A sage on his harp was reclining
Who sang of Lochaber's bravoes.

He played and he sang of their glory,
Their deeds which the ages admire;
Then softly, then wildly, their story
He told on the strings of his lyre.

While praise on the heroes he lavished,
And lauded their triumphs again,
A maid came a-list'ning, enravished—
Enrapt by his charming refrain.

O! bright were the beams of her smiling,
I sigh for the peace on her brow,
Not a trace on her features of guiling,
My heart singeth songs to her now.

Inspired by the rapturous measure,
This fair one skipt over the lea:
One morning I sought the young treasure,
Now dear as my soul she's to me.

DONALD MACGREGOR,

Member of the Gaelic Society of London.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

—o—

"*Oh! nach be 'n ceatharnach am fleasgach, bu mhor am beud cuir as da gun chothrom na Feinne*" (Ah! what a valiant youth, it would be a pity to extinguish him without according him Fingalian fair play), shouted several voices at once. "Did you ever hear the story about Glengarry and his old castle, when he was buried alive with Macranuil under the foundation?" asked *Alastair Mac Eachain Duibh*. "I heard it, when, last year in Strathglass, and you shall hear it." At this stage "Norman" exhibited signs of his intention to go away for the night, when several members of the circle, backed up by the old bard, requested the favour of one more story ere he departed. Norman would rather hear *Alastair's* story of Glengarry, and would wait for it. "No, no," exclaimed *Alastair*, "you can have my story any time; let us have one more from Norman before he leaves, and I will give mine afterwards, for he may never come back to see us again." "That I will," says Norman, "as often as I can, for I have just found out a source of enjoyment and amusement which I did not at all expect to meet with in this remote corner of the country. However, to please you, I'll give you a story about Castle Urquhart; and afterwards recite a poem of my own composition on the Castle, and on the elopement of Barbara, daughter of Grant of Grant, with Colin Mackenzie, "High-Chief of Kintail."

Glen Urquhart, where Castle Urquhart is situated, is one of the most beautiful of our Highland valleys, distant from Inverness some fourteen miles, and expands first from the waters of Loch Ness into a semicircular plain, divided into fields by hedgerows, and having its hillsides beautifully diversified by woods and cultivated grounds. The valley then runs upwards some ten miles to Corriemonie, through a tract of haughland beautifully cultivated, and leading to a rocky pass or gorge half-way upwards or thereabouts, which, on turning an inland valley, as it were, is attained, almost circular, and containing Loch Meiglie, a beautiful small sheet of water, the edges of which are studded with houses, green lawns, and cultivated grounds. Over a heathy ridge, beyond these two or three miles, we reach the flat of Corriemonie, adorned by some very large ash and beech trees, where the land is highly cultivated, at an elevation of eight or nine hundred feet above, and twenty-five miles distant from, the sea. At the base of Mealfourvonie, a small circular lake of a few acres in extent exists, which was once thought to be unfathomable, and to have a subterranean communication with Loch Ness. From it flows the Aultsigh

Burn, a streamlet which, tumbling down a rocky channel, at the base of one of the grandest frontlets of rock in the Highlands, nearly fifteen hundred feet high, empties itself into Loch Ness within three miles of Glenmoriston. Besides the magnificent and rocky scenery to be seen in the course of this burn, it displays, at its mouth, an unusually beautiful waterfall, and another about two miles further up, shaded with foliage of the richest colour. A tributary of the Coiltie, called the Dhivach, amid beautiful and dense groves of birch, displays a waterfall, as high and picturesque as that of Foyers; and near the source of the Enneric river, which flows from Corriemonie into the still waters of Loch Meigle, another small, though highly picturesque cascade, called the Fall of Moral, is to be seen. Near it, is a cave large enough to receive sixteen or twenty persons. Several of the principal gentlemen of the district concealed themselves here from the Hanoverian troops during the troubles of the '45.

On the southern promontory of Urquhart Bay are the ruins of the Castle, rising over the dark waters of the Loch, which, off this point, is 125 fathoms in depth. The castle has the appearance of having been a strong and extensive building. The mouldings of the corbel table which remain are as sharp as on the day they were first carved, and indicate a date about the beginning of the 14th century. The antiquary will notice a peculiar arrangement in the windows for pouring molten lead on the heads of the assailants. It overhangs the lake, and is built on a detached rock separated from the adjoining hill, at the base of which it lies, by a moat of about twenty-five feet deep and sixteen feet broad. The rock is crowned by the remains of a high wall or curtain, surrounding the building, the principal part of which, a strong square keep of three storeys, is still standing, surmounted by four square hanging turrets. This outward wall encloses a spacious yard, and is in some places terraced. In the angles were platforms for the convenience of the defending soldiery. The entrance was by a spacious gateway between two guard rooms, projected beyond the general line of the walls, and was guarded by more than one massive portal and a huge portcullis to make security doubly sure. These entrance towers were much, in the style of architecture peculiar to the Castles of Edward I. of England, and in front of them lay the drawbridge across the outer moat. The whole works were extensive and strong, and the masonry was better finished than is common in the generality of Scottish strongholds.

The first siege Urquhart Castle is known to have sustained was in the year 1303, when it was taken by the officers of Edward I. who were sent forward by him, to subdue the country, from Kildrummie near Nairn, beyond which he did not advance in person, and of all the strongholds in the north, it was that which longest resisted his arms.

Alexander de Bois, the brave governor and his garrison, were put to the sword. Sir Robert Lauder of Quarrelwood in Morayshire, governor of the Castle in A.D. 1334, maintained it against the Baliol faction. His daughter, marrying the Earl of Strathglass, the offspring of their union, Sir Robert Chisholm of that Ilk, became Laird of Quarrelwood in right of his grandfather. After this period it is known to have been a Royal fort or garrison; but it is very likely it was so also at the commencement

of the 14th century, and existed, as such, in the reigns of the Alexanders and other Scottish sovereigns, and formed one of a chain of fortresses erected for national defence, and for insuring internal peace. In 1359 the barony and the Castle of Urquhart were disponed by David II. to William, Earl of Sutherland, and his son John. In 1509 it fell into the hands of the chief of the Clan Grant, and in that family's possession it has continued to this day.

How it came into the possession of John Grant the 10th Laird, surnamed the "Bard," is not known; but it was not won by the broadsword, from Huntly, the Lieutenant-General of the king. It has been the boast of the chiefs of the Clan Grant that no dark deeds of rapine and blood have been transmitted to posterity by any of their race. Their history is unique among Highland clans, in that, down to the period of the disarming after Culloden, the broadswords of the Grants were as spotless as a lady's bodkin. True it is, there were some dark deeds enacted between the Grants of Carron and Ballindalloch; and at the battles of Cromdale and Culloden, the Grants of Glenmoriston were present, but far otherwise was the boast of the Grants of Strathspey—a gifted ancestry seemed to transmit hereditary virtues, and each successive scion of the house seemed to emulate the peaceful habits of his predecessor. That this amiable life did not conceal craven hearts is abundantly evident from the history of our country. There is a continual record of gallant deeds and noble bearing in their records down to the present time, and there are few families whose names, like the Napiers and the Grants, are more conspicuous in our military annals. But their rise into a powerful clan was due to the more peaceful gifts, of "fortunate alliances," and "Royal bounties."

It is much to be regretted that so little has been transmitted to posterity of the history of this splendid ruin of Castle Urquhart.

The probability is that it is connected with many a dark event over which the turbulence of the intervening period and the obscurity of its situation have cast a shade of oblivion.

The most prominent part of the present mass, the fine square tower of the north-eastern extremity of the building is supposed to have been the keep, and is still pretty entire. From this point, the view is superb. It commands Loch Ness from one end to the other, and is an object on which the traveller fixes an admiring gaze as the steamer paddles her merry way along the mountain-shadowed water. On a calm day the dashing echo of the Fall of Foyers bursts fitfully across the Loch, and when the meridian sun lights up the green earth after a midsummer shower, a glimpse of the distant cataract may be occasionally caught, slipping like a gloriously spangled avalanche to the dark depths below. "My story," said Norman, "in which the castle was the principal scene of action is quite characteristic of the times referred to. A gentleman of rank who had been out with the Prince and had been wounded at Culloden, found himself on the evening of that disastrous day, on the banks of the river Farigaig, opposite Urquhart Castle. He had been helped so far by two faithful retainers, one of whom, a fox-hunter, was a native of the vale of Urquhart. This man, perceiving the gentleman was unable to proceed further, and seeing a boat moored to the shore, proposed that they

should cross to the old Castle, in a vault of which, known only to a few of the country people, they might remain secure from all pursuit. The hint was readily complied with, and, in less than a couple of hours, they found themselves entombed in the ruins of Urquhart Castle, where sleep shortly overpowered them, and, the sun was high in the heavens next day ere any of them awoke. The gentleman's wound having been partially dressed, the fox-hunter's comrade yawningly observed 'that a bit of something to eat would be a Godsend.' 'By my troth it would,' said the fox-hunter, 'and if my little Mary knew aught of poor *Eoghainn Brocair's* (Ewan the fox-hunter) plight, she would endeavour to relieve him though Sassenach bullets were flying about her ears.' 'By heaven! our lurking-place is discovered!' whispered the gentleman, 'do you not observe a shadow hovering about the entrance.' 'Tis the shadow of a friend' replied the *Brocair;* and in an instant a long-bodied, short-legged Highland terrier sprung into the vault. '*Craicean, a dhuine bhochd,*' said the over-joyed fox-hunter, hugging the faithful animal to his bosom, 'this is the kindest visit you ever paid me.' As soon as the shades of evening had darkened their retreat, *Eoghainn* untied his garter, and binding it round the dog's neck, caressed him, and pointing up the Glen, bade him go and bring the *Brocair* some food. The poor terrier looked wistfully in his face, and with a shake of his tail, quietly took his departure. In about four hours '*Craicean*' reappeared and endeavoured by every imaginable sign to make *Eoghainn* follow him outside. With this the *Brocair* complied, but in a few seconds he re-entered accompanied by another person. *Eoghainn* having covered the only entrance to the cave with their plaids, struck a light and introduced, to his astonished friends, his betrothed young Mary Maclauchlan. The poor girl had understood by the garter which bound the terrier's neck, and which she herself had woven, that her *Eoghainn* was in the neighbourhood, and hastened to his relief with all the ready provision she could procure; and not least, in the estimation of at least two of the fugitives, the feeling maiden had brought them a sip of unblemished whisky. In this manner they had been supplied with aliment for some time, when one night their fair visitor failed to come as usual. This, though it created no immediate alarm, somewhat astonished them; but when the second night came and neither Mary nor her shaggy companion arrived, *Eoghainn's* uneasiness, on Mary's account, overcame every other feeling, and, in spite of all remonstrance, he ventured forth, in order to ascertain the cause of her delay. The night was dark and squally, and *Eoghainn* was proceeding up his native glen like one who felt that the very sound of his tread might betray him to death. With a beating heart he had walked upwards of two miles, when his ears were saluted with the distant report of a musket. Springing aside he concealed himself in a thicket which overhung the river. Here he remained but a very short time when he was joined by the *Craicean* dragging after him a cord, several yards in length. This circumstance brought the cold sweat from the brow of the *Brocair.* He knew that their enemies were in pursuit of them, that the cord had been affixed to the dogs neck in order that he might lead to their place of concealment; and alas! *Eoghainn* feared much that his betrothed was at the mercy of his pursuers. What was to be done? The moment was big with fate, but he was determined

to meet it like a man. Cutting the cord and whispering to the terrier, "*cùl mo chois*" (back of my heel) he again ventured to the road and moved warily onward. On arriving at an old wicker-wrought barn, he saw a light streaming from it, when creeping towards it, he observed a party of the enemy surrounding poor Mary Maclauchlan, who was, at the moment, undergoing a close examination by their officer. 'Come girl,' said he, 'though that blind rascal has let your dog escape, who would certainly have introduced us to the rebels, *you* will surely consult your own safety by guiding me to the spot; nay, I know you will, here is my purse in token of my future friendship, and in order to conceal your share in the transaction you and I shall walk together to a place where you may point me out the lurking place of these fellows, and leave the rest to me; and do you,' continued he, turning to his party, 'remain all ready until you hear a whistle, when instantly make for the spot.' The *Brocair* crouched, as many a time he did, but never before did his heart beat at such a rate. As the officer and his passive guide took the road to the old Castle, *Eoghainn* followed close in their wake, and, when they had proceeded about a mile from the barn, they came upon the old hill road when Mary made a dead halt, as if quite at a loss how to act. 'Proceed, girl,' thundered the officer, 'I care not one farthing for my own life, and if you do not instantly conduct me to the spot where the bloody rebels are concealed, this weapon,' drawing his sword 'shall, within two minutes, penetrate your cunning heart.' The poor girl trembled and staggered as the officer pointed his sword to her bosom, when the voice of *Eoghainn* fell on his ear like the knell of death, 'Turn your weapon this way, brave sir,' said the *Brocair*, 'Turn it this way,' and in a moment the officer and his shivered sword lay at his feet. 'Oh, for heaven's sake,' screamed the fainting girl, 'meddle not with his life.' 'No, no, Mary; I shall not dirty my hands in his blood. I have only given him the weight of my oak sapling, so that he may sleep soundly till we are safe from the fangs of his bloodhounds.' That very night the fugitives left Urquhart Castle and got safe to the forests of Badenoch, where they skulked about with Lochiel and his few followers until the gentleman escaped to France, when *Eoghainn Brocair* and his companion ventured once more, as they themselves expressed it, 'to the communion of Christians.' The offspring of the *Brocair* and Mary Maclauchlan are still in Lochaber."

ALASTAIR OG.

(To be Continued.)

THE LAST OF THE CLAN.

"After many years he returned to die."

—o—

The last of the clansmen, grey-bearded and hoary,
Sat lone by the old castle's ruin-wrapt shade,
Where proudly his chief in the bloom of his glory
Oft mustered his heroes for battle arrayed:
He wept as he gazed on its beauties departed,
He sighed in despair for its gloom of decay,
Cold-shrouded his soul, and he sung broken-hearted,
With grief-shaking voice a wild woe-sounding lay.—

"Weary, weary, sad returning,
Exiled long in other climes,
Hope's last flame, slow, feebly burning
Seeks the home of olden times:
In my joy why am I weeping?
Where my kindred? Where my clan?
Whispers from the mountains creeping,
Tell me 'I'm the only man.'

"Yon tempest-starred mountains still loom in their grandeur,
The loud rushing torrents still sweep thro' the glen,
Thro' low-moaning forests dim spirits still wander,
But where are the songs and the voices of men?
Tell me, storied ruins! where, where are their slumbers?
Where now are the mighty no foe could withstand?
The voice of the silence in echoing numbers,
Breathes sadly the tale of fate's merciless hand.

"Ah me! thro' the black clouds, one star shines in heaven,
And flings o'er the darkness its fast waning light,
'Tis to me an omen so tenderly given,
Foretelling that soon I will sink in my night:
The coronach slowly again is far pealing!
The grey ghosts of kinsmen I fondly can trace!
Around me they gather! and silent are kneeling,
To gaze in deep sorrow on all of their race!

Slowly, slowly, sadly viewing
With their weird mysterious scan,
Desolation's gloomy ruin!
All of kindred! all of clan!
Ah! my heart, my heart is fainting,
Strangely shaking are my limbs,
Heav'nward see! their fingers pointing,
And my vision trembling swims.
Slowly, slowly, all-pervading,
O'er me steals their chilly breath,
See! the single star is fading,
Ling'ring in the joy of death,
Darkness swiftly o'er me gathers,
Softly fade these visions wan,
Welcome give, ye spirit fathers,
I'm the Last of all the Clan!"

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

LITERATURE.

—o—

BARON BRUNO OR THE UNBELIEVING PHILOSOPHER, AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES. *By* LOUISA MORGAN. Macmillan & Co.

WE do not care for Fairy Tales, as a rule, but we have read this book with genuine pleasure. It is written in a pleasant, easy style, and though it has the full complement of witchcraft, enchanted princesses, and, sudden transformations, it deals more with human sympathies and affections than is usual, in this class of literature. There are five different stories, of which the scene of two is laid in Germany, one in Denmark, one in Wales, and the other in the Highlands of Scotland. Baron Bruno, or the Unbelieving Philosopher, is the story of the Prime Minister at the Grand Ducal Court of Rumple Stiltzein. The Baron is not only a clever Statesman, but a Philosopher and Astronomer; albeit, a sceptic in religious matters. He is so wrapt up in his abtruse studies that he ignores the pleasures of domestic life, and lives a solitary man without wife or children. At last he begins to feel the loneliness of his home life, and overcome in spite of himself, he cries aloud—"To you distant stars! I nightly offer the homage of a constant worshipper; would that you in return could give me to know the spell of love, and teach me what it is that inspires the painter, the poet, and the lover." This impassioned address is immediately answered by the appearance of a beautiful maiden, who informs him that she is sent to teach him the spell of love, and to try to lead him through the influence of human affections to believe in the immortality of the soul. She becomes his wife, but exacts a promise from him, that once every month she is to spend the evening hours in undisturbed solitude, as her life depends on the strict observance of this. She also tells him that if he doubts her faith even for a moment she will have to leave him and return to her celestial home. They live happily for a time, but at length, through the machinations of a wicked Countess Olga, a spinster of uncertain age, who had hoped to have gained the Baron for herself, he becomes uneasy, and one night is so worked upon by the wily insinuations of the spiteful Countess, and irritated at the non-appearance of his wife at a Grand State Ball, that he rushes home in a frenzy of suspicion, and regardless of his promise, breaks in on the Baroness' seclusion. The result is disastrous, the child dies and his wife returns to her starry home; but her mission is fulfilled, for over the death-bed of his infant—a scene full of pathos—his heart softens and he avows his belief. This story is capitally told, and considerable humour is displayed in the account of a grand Court Dinner, at which the young Prince and his mischievous companions amuse themselves by

sticking burrs on the footmen's silk stockings, much to the discomfiture of the poor flunkeys, the dismay of the high officials, and the indignation of the Grand Duke.

"Esgair: The Bride of Llyn Idwyl," is founded on an old Welsh Legend, and is a graceful, though rather weird story. "Eothwald, the young sculptor," tells how a Mermaiden was wooed and won, but in Eothwald's breast the artist was stronger than the lover, and the poor Mermaid died broken-hearted.

"Fido and Fidunia" is the longest of the tales, and will, we think, be the favourite with young folks. Fido is the very embodiment of canine sagacity, and poor, plain, unsophisticated Fidunia is a well drawn character, though she seems to be rather hardly dealt by. There is one thing which may be considered a defect in this otherwise charming book; all the heroines, though amiable and faultless, come to a sad end. They are made the scapegoats of their masculine companions. Though this is too often the case in real life, it is much more pleasant in a Fairy Tale, that all the amiable characters should be married and "live happy ever after."

Eudæmon, the hero of the Highland story, is the son of Valbion, the wild sea-king, who has deserted him and his mother. Eudæmon, as may be supposed from his mixed parentage, is a singular being, living a hermit-like life in the lonely Castle Brochel, on the Island of Raasay. Carefully educated by his mother, he knows all the medicinal properties of herbs and minerals. This, combined with magic lore inherited from his father, enables him to perform such wonderful cures that he is known far and wide as "The Enchanter of the North." His fame reaches the Lowlands, where lives a beautiful princess, afflicted, through the magical spells of Valbion, with dumbness. Her parents bring her to Castle Brochel in the hope that Eudæmon may work her cure. He begins by teaching her the game of chess, and then tries the power of music. This enables her to sing but not to speak. To complete the cure it is necessary that she should visit the abode of the powerful Valbion himself in the mysterious submerged halls of Thuisto—an expedition fraught with great danger; and which, though it proves the means of restoring speech to the princess, proves fatal to Eudæmon, through the indiscretion of the Queen. The poor Princess in gaining the use of her tongue loses her heart, and, like a second Ophelia, goes distracted, for the loss of her lover.

The following is given as the Highland Legend of Castle Brochel, on which the story is founded:—

On the eastern side of the Isle of Raasay there still stands a lonely ruin known as Castle Brochel. Perched upon precipitous rocks at the very verge of the ocean, it is easy to imagine how, armed and provisioned, this fortress held its own amid the perpetual warfare of early Celtic times. Castle Brochel has always borne a doubtful reputation. According to tradition, it was originally built with the price of blood, for the ancient legend runs somewhat after this fashion. Shiel Torquil went forth with his dogs one morning to hunt the red deer on the wild mountains Blaven and Glamaig, in the neighbouring Island of Skye. Sheil Torquil had with him only one retainer, but he was a host in himself, being surnamed, from his immense size and strength, the Gillie More. After some time they sighted a stag. In the ardour of the chase the dogs soon ran out of sight, pursuing their quarry towards the shore at Sligachan. Now it so happened that the young Kreshinish in his galley was anchored on that side of the island within sight of the beach. He saw the hunted animal about to take to the water, and swim, as deer are often known to do, across the narrow strait which lies between Skye and Raasay. Kreshinish and his men at once landed and took possession, not only of the stag itself,

but of the dogs which, panting and exhausted, were unable to offer any resistance. Shiel Torquil presently appeared on the scene and angrily asked for his deer and his hounds. Kreshinish refused to deliver them up. A bloody struggle ensued, during which the Gillie More inflicted a fatal wound upon the ill-fated young chieftain who unwittingly (at first) had interfered with the sports of another. This brought the affray to a speedy conclusion, and Shiel Torquil with his follower carried off deer and dogs in triumph. Not long after this the poor old father of Kreshinish came to Skye to seek for the murderer of his son, and publicly offered the reward of a bag of silver to any one who would show him the guilty man. The Gillie More, hearing of the promised guerdon, boldly entered the presence of the elder Kreshinish. Confessing that he himself had slain the youthful chieftain, he urged in self-defence the young man's overbearing conduct in attempting to carry off Shiel Torquil's stag-hounds and game. The bereaved father, obliged by the stringent laws of Highland honour to fulfil his solemn promise, reluctantly bestowed the bag of silver on the very man who had cut off his only child in the early bloom of manhood. The Gillie More, however, haunted by remorse, and still fearing the avenger's footstep, entreated his master to accept the money and build therewith a retreat for them both. Shiel Torquil granted his henchman's request. After some time spent in searching for a suitable site, they at last selected the wild easterly shore of Ramsay. Here were speedily raised the frowning walls of Castle Brochel. Secured from sudden attack by the inaccessible situation of their refuge, the Gillie More and his master lived in peace for many years. Their retired habits, and their dislike to intruders, coupled with this strange tale of robbery and murder, caused the Castle, though newly-built, to be regarded with no friendly eye. When they died, it was left untenanted for a considerable time. Many reports were circulated concerning the strange sights and sounds to be seen and heard at the eerie hour of twilight, or amid the silent watches of the night, by the belated traveller who chanced to pass that way by sea or by land. At the period of which we speak, Castle Brochel had, however, for some time been inhabited by a being whose origin was partially shrouded in mystery, the gloomy Eudæmon, known as the "Enchanter of the North."

It will be seen that our author is ignorant of the Gaelic language; for she thinks *Shiel Torquil*—or correctly, *Siol Torquil*—is a proper name, and applies it to a person, instead of a sept or branch of the Macleods. She is also defective in her knowledge of Hebridean geography. Old *Kreshinish*—correctly *Grishernish*—comes *to* Skye, while we all know the place, and the man, who was called after it, to be *in* Skye.

We are divulging no secret however, in stating that, although the author appears to be but indifferently acquainted with the Highlands, she is of Highland extraction. And now that the connection is re-established by her brother, John Darroch, Esq., by his recent purchase of the Estate of Torridon, she will enjoy better opportunities of making herself more fully acquainted with the country of her ancestors.

The book is beautifully illustrated by R. Caldecott.

LOGAN'S SCOTTISH GAEL.—This publication, by Hugh Mackenzie, Bank Lane, has reached the fourth part. In the third we have coloured and well executed plates of the Bonnets of the Highlanders, and the Sporans of the different Highland Regiments; after which we have an account of the peculiar Oaths of the Gael; the Chief's Body Guard; Mode of Drawing up the Highland Armies; Right of certain Clans to certain positions; Military tactics and Mode of Attack; Valour of the Celtic Females; Duties of the Bards; Origin, Adaptation to the country, and Equity of Clanship; Fosterage; Mode of Electing Chiefs, and Titles of Celtic Nobility; Origin of Feudal Tenures; Creachs; Blackmail; &c., &c. Part four treats of Gaelic Law and Law Terms; Judges; Punishments; Manner of Dress; Painting the Body; Animal's Skins; Origin of Clan Tartans; Native Dyes; Costumes; Bonnet; Shield Ornaments; Women's Dress; Defensive Armour; Mail and Helmets; Shields, and other interesting matter. Great credit is due to the publisher for the expeditious progress he is making in bringing out the work.

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CRAIG PHADRUIG, AND OTHER VITRIFIED FORTS IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND, WITH GEOLOGICAL REMARKS.

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GEOLOGY is a very difficult, but highly interesting science. Its importance may be conceived, when it is considered that it has engaged the attention and called forth the profound researches of such men as Lyell, Buckland, Agassiz, De la Beche, Philips, Murchison, Miller, and many others of less elevated standing. The difficulty of the science is manifested by the variety of opinions which are entertained on certain points by such learned gentlemen as those just mentioned. Different theories have been framed by different men, and combated by others, while in regard to certain important features, all are fortunately agreed. As to the visible structure of the earth's surface, the entire group of these "savans" call to their aid the supposed existence at one time of floods of water, upheavings of the earth, internal fires, volcanic eruptions, and such like. Professor Geikie, in a lecture lately delivered in Glasgow on "Mountain Architecture," remarks that it was a common and popular belief that the mountains of the globe belonged to the primeval architecture of our planet, and that they were usually spoken of as types of eternity and emblems of permanence. The learned Professor, however, explained that, from careful investigation, it clearly appeared that, instead of being a piece of the original framework of the world, mountains rose comparatively late in the annals of the earth, and that in consequence, they bear evident traces of the successive stages of their growth, from the time their sites were covered by a deep ocean, until after, perhaps, many vicissitudes and revolutions, they took the shape and semblance which they now wear. It may be farther remarked that this gentleman prosecutes his theory, by directing attention to three things in reference to the formation of mountains, and these are, their materials, their building, and their sculpture. The materials are the crystalline and the fragmental—the first of these forming the centre and nucleus of all mountain ranges; while the fragmental rocks formed the outer nucleus or surface. He further maintains that all the mountain chains of the globe were originally sea-bottoms, which theory is strengthened by the fact of marine fossils being found in the rocks out of which these mountains were built. The learned gentleman adduced a train of arguments to show that mountains were usually divided into three classes, indicative of the age of the rocks of which they

were formed; that is, the primary, the secondary, and the tertiary. As an example of the former, he instanced the mountains of the Highlands, as it is an indisputable geological fact that our Highland mountains are so old, and have so long been exposed to the processes of waste that they have altered their original character, and presently bear very little semblance to the forms under which they appeared when first upheaved. The secondary mountains are represented by the dales and wolds of Yorkshire and Lancashire, while the tertiary class includes all the great mountain chains of the globe, such as the Alps and Pyrenees, the Andes and the Hymalayas. The learned lecturer observed further, that the present mountains of our Highlands were not mountains because they were upheaved as such, but because they had been left as immoveable elevations when the glens and valleys had been cut out of the existing mass. But to effect all this, various instrumentalities were required, consequently no fewer than four sculpturing agencies are enumerated as requisite—viz., ice-wedges, snow and glaciers, rain and rivers. These were the mighty tools that operated on the formation of our mountains and hills—and the character, shape, and general appearance of these lofty elevations depended much on the nature of the materials to be operated upon.

In addition to these interesting remarks, it may be stated, that no doubt the agency of fire has effected many changes on the surface of the globe. In various quarters of the world orifices appear, which receive the name of volcanoes. At irregular intervals, masses of melted substances, gases, stones, and cinders are heaved up from these orifices, which are known under the general name of lavas. These huge openings commonly appear on the summits of lofty mountains, and are called craters. In different parts of the globe may be seen what are called extinct volcanoes, being such as have ceased to act within the records of history. Others are active still, such as Mount Etna in Sicily, Vesuvius in Italy, Hecla, Jokul, and Krabia in Iceland. There are traces of extinct volcanoes in every region of the earth. Although dormant from the earliest ages, yet unmistakable vestiges of them appear in the open craters, scoriæ, and bituminous substances which are still distinctly visible. It must be acknowledged, however, that the exciting or primary cause of volcanic action still remains a matter of doubt and conjecture in the minds of the most learned of our philosophers.

Having thus premised with a few general observations on the structure of the globe, and the formation of its mountains, the attention of the reader is respectfully directed to the subject of Vitrified Forts in Scotland, and particularly so of "Craig Phadruig" in close vicinity to the Capital of the Highlands. Learned and scientific gentlemen have differed so vastly as to the nature, formation, and purposes of these forts, that it cannot fail to be both amusing and instructive, to give a brief account of the opinions set forth on both sides.

Craig Phadruig is a round, wood-covered hill of considerable elevation, about a mile to the north-west of Inverness. The view from the top of it is both extensive and interesting. To the south, the Monaliadh and Stratherrick hills are seen in their variegated forms in the distant back-

ground. To the north, the Ross-shire mountains, with the proud Ben Wyvis towering in the midst of them, are distinctly visible. In the low grounds the Highland Capital, with its romantic environs, and intersecting river, and beautiful islands, may be viewed to every advantage; while to the north-east the Moray Frith, lessening in breadth as it approaches, and the turretted fortifications of Fort-George in the distant horizon, decorate the attractive landscape.

On the top of this hill there are the vestiges of a vitrified fort of extensive dimensions. There are likewise many other similar forts in various parts of Scotland, but the greater number of them lie in the counties of Aberdeen, Forfar, Fife, Kincardine, Banff, Moray, Argyle, Bute, and Inverness. But those that have been discovered and described, are far more numerous in the county of Inverness than in all the other counties put together. The only Lowland shires in which forts of this description have been observed, are Galloway and Berwick. Dr Hibbert describes a number of "Cairns" in the Orkneys, containing masses of vitrified substances, which he calls Beacon-cairns.

It is curious to remark how the same appearances to different observers lead to the most opposite conclusions. The majority of scientific gentlemen who have visited these forts, have entertained no doubt that the vitrified substances on the tops of those hills are vestiges of the works of art, and the remains of structures reared for the purpose of defence. The Bishop of Derry, Pennant, and a few others, were of a different opinion, and maintained that they were not the remains of any artificial work, but the traces of volcanic agency. The Bishop of Derry inspected Craig Phadruig, and carried specimens from it of what he called the lava, to the Royal Society of London. In the Transactions of that Society for 1777, there appeared an account of Craig Phadruig, called a "volcanic hill," near Inverness, in which the writer pronounces that hill to be an extinguished volcano; and the Secretary adds a note stating, that these specimens, having been examined by some of the members well acquainted with volcanic production, were judged by them to be real lava. Such was likewise the opinion of Andrew Crosbie, Esq., who in 1780 furnished the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh with a paper, in which he offered some curious conjectures, by which he supposed the whole of this hill to have been thrown up from the bottom of the sea, by the operation of intestine fire.

Lord Woodhouselee, so well known in his day for his legal acumen, scientific knowledge, and genial manners, made a personal visit to Craig Phadruig in 1782, and to other similar forts in the north. Having read the published accounts of Mr Williams, of the Bishop of Derry, of Crosbie, and others, his lordship stated that the perusal of these different opinions excited his curiosity to examine such of the hills as lie in that country, and that he proposed to speak of the result of that examination, but to confine himself chiefly to Craig Phadruig. Craig Phadruig, said he, is a small conical hill which forms the eastern extremity of that ridge of mountains which bounds Loch Ness upon the north side. It is situated about a mile to the north-west of Inverness, and is accessible on two different quarters. On approaching Craig Phadruig upon the west side,

what first presents itself to view, is a road cut through the rock from the bottom to the summit, in most places about ten feet in breadth, and nearly of the same depth, winding in a serpentine direction for about seventy feet, by which means an ascent is gained over a steep rock, which is otherwise quite inaccessible from that quarter. The form alone of this road leaves little room to doubt of its being an operation of art.

From the nature of the stone itself, of which the hill is formed, and from the compound appearance of water-worn pebbles, sticking in a cementing mass, it has been conjectured that these pebbles, together with the bed in which they are lodged, had been forced up from the bottom of the sea, by internal fire.

With regard to the nature of the stone of the hill, it may be observed only, that this compound appearance in the rock at Craig Phadruig affords no more presumption of this particular hill being forced up by fire from the bottom of the sea, than it does of all the surrounding hills—for many miles—having the same origin. The greatest part of the hills that bound Loch Ness are composed of the same materials, or at least contain large strata of the same stone already mentioned. Yet none of these hills exhibit the smallest appearance of the effects of fire, though being infinitely higher than Craig Phadruig, and consequently demanding a much greater force to raise them up, had fire been the agent, its effects on them probably would have been much more conspicuous than on the hills which are incomparably smaller.

Woodhouselee also states, that the stone of which the whole of this, and most of the neighbouring hills are composed, is a mixed mass of round water-worn pieces of different coloured granite, greyish or spreckled quartz, and the common white quartz. This compound stone, which is well known to miners, has, from its appearance, been termed plum-pudding stone. Those who have entertained the notion of Craig Phadruig's being an extinguished volcano, have maintained that this compound stone is of the nature of the volcanic "tufas." This, however, will be acknowledged to be a mistake by all who have examined and compared the two substances. The volcanic tufas are all composed of materials which have undergone a change by fire; but the plum-pudding stone has undergone no such change.

In his lengthy paper, Lord Woodhouselee describes a small platform which overhangs the serpentine road already mentioned, and on the edge of that platform are placed, evidently by art, four immense stones, which, if pushed over, as they might easily be, would crush invaders into atoms, or at least effectually block up the ascent. The fort on the top of the hill is guarded by an outer bulwark, which is separated by a few feet from the inner wall. The external wall may be traced round the whole fort, while a line of vitrified matter, sticking to the rock, marks its course. On the east side, where the fort is most accessible, there is an immense rampart of vitrified matter, fully forty feet in thickness.

These forts have undoubtedly been built in primeval ages, as places of protection and defence. They are invariably situated in sight of each other, and suitable, in consequence, for giving and receiving warnings by beacon lights on the approach of an enemy. The want of lime and other

cementing materials, caused the builders of these forts to make use of such stones for cement as they found to be fusible.

Dr M'Culloch, speaking of a fort in Argyleshire, called Dun Mac Sniochain, says that it is situated on a small rocky hill, which forms a kind of island in the plain, of a narrow prolonged shape, and scarped all round, except at one extremity, which affords access to the summit and the fort. The height of this hill, or rock, above the plain seems to be about forty or fifty feet; and it is even, in the modern military sense, a strong position. It is important to remark, that the rock consists of limestone and slate intermixed, the plain itself being chiefly alluvial, and the nearest hill and rocks being of trap, and of the plum-pudding stone so well known to all travellers, which also abounds in the vicinity of Oban. That stone is itself formed of fragments of various trap rocks, which is remarkable for its ready fusibility, while the rock on which the fort stands is of an infusible nature. The fort itself is so contrived as to occupy nearly the whole summit, which is about 250 yards long, and consists of three distinct parallelogrammic enclosures.

The walls of this fort are but partially vitrified, and the cause which M'Culloch assigns for this, is the infusible nature of many of the stones. The general result is, that in some parts the wall forms a solid mass, but of an irregular composition, consisting of scoria, slag, burnt stones, and stones scarcely altered, united together, but with vacant intervals; while in other places it is separable into lumps of various size, and into single stones.

There is a remarkable fort in Aberdeenshire on the hill of Noth, which occupies a higher position, perhaps, than any other fort in Scotland. The hill is nearly two thousand feet in height, and is visible from the most distant parts of the country around. This fort must have been a powerful place of defence, and was supplied with water from a well within its walls. It is also conjectured that Craig Phadruig, and several others of these forts had draw-wells, by means of perforation made within the ramparts. Speaking of Noth, M'Culloch says:—"We may indeed wonder how any one could have imagined such a work the produce of a volcano, and not less, how any one, capable in the least degree of observation or reasoning, could have conceived it the effect of beacon fires."

There is another fort at Dunadeer in the same county, but not so lofty as Noth. The walls of Dunadeer are composed of fusible black granite, and in many points they much resemble those of Dun Mac Sniochain. If space would permit, several other duns or forts might be mentioned, which are all of similar appearances with those already described. Among these is Dun Jardel, a lofty hill that rises in a beautiful, irregular, conic-figure on the south side of Loch Ness, about two miles to the eastward of the celebrated Fall of Foyers. Opposite to Dun Jardel, on the north side of Loch Ness, is another conical hill called Dun Screbin, on the top of which there are similar remains of a fortification. To the westward, and near Fort-Augustus there is Tor Dun, which is likewise fortified on its summit. In the county of Nairn there is the hill of Dun Evan, which has been, no doubt, originally a place of defence.

Mr Williams, the earliest discoverer of these ruins, had his attention

first attracted to Cnoc Farril in the county of Ross. The ruins on this hill are very extensive, and unlike those already mentioned, they present the vestiges, not of one structure, but of many. It must have been a place of great importance in ancient times. The vitrified ruins extend for a considerable distance along the ridge of the hill. Different from all the other forts, the vitrification pervades only the outside face, or the outermost stones of the external wall. The importance of this garrison is likewise shown by the fact of two wells being found within the ramparts of the fort.

There is one circumstance already alluded to which is worthy of notice, that these forts are visible from each other. Tor Dun is plainly discernible from Dun Jardel. Again, Dun Jardel is plainly seen from Dun Screbin, and Dun Screbin from Craig Phadruig. In the same way, Dun Farril and Dun Evan are visible from Craig Phadruig. Thus, there is a chain of fortified hills so situated, that signals of alarm could be made over an extensive range of country, and that in the shortest space of time.

When every circumstance connected with the formation and appearances of these forts is duly and reasonably considered, one can hardly fail to arrive at the conclusion that they have been constructed in the earlier ages as garrisons and places of defence. To maintain, as some have done, that the vitrifications discovered in most of them are volcanic productions, appears to be a theory devoid of evidence. It would be unreasonable to suppose that volcanic agency should be visible in the burnt stones, scoria, and vitrified substances on these hills, only when visible traces of walls and fortifications are manifested, while the remnants of volcanic agency are not met with on other hills in the same districts, whereon no such forts had ever been built. They are undoubtedly the works of art, which the aboriginal races in these realms had skilfully practised in self-defence. While in these forts stones have been found only partially fused, and these stones of a different consistency with the rocks on which the forts were built, it is reasonable to think, that the fusible materials had been taken to the hill tops from such quarries or localities as could furnish them, in order to cement the most unprotected portions of their walls. This is the opinion of Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Williams, Sir George Mackenzie, and many others. Various theories have been maintained as to the *modus operandi* in rearing these forts. Dr Hibbert, Sir George Mackenzie, and many others have adopted the theory, that these forts were beacons, and that the great signal fires lighted up in them on occasions of alarm, converted the walls by degrees into vitrified masses. Other writers of no mean repute object to this theory, on the ground, that in hundreds of places where ancient beacon fires were lighted, there are no traces of vitrification. Lord Woodhouselee adopted a still more absurd theory, that the vitrification of the stones in these forts was the result of accident, arising from the attempts of besiegers to burn out the garrisons, by means of flaming materials placed against the external walls. Mr Williams, who was supported by Dr M'Culloch and several others, maintained a more reasonable and sensible theory, that the vitrification was intentional, and carried on in the process of building. The plan of vitrification, in the Doctor's opinion, was the construction of certain furnaces, by means of

earthern mounds, in which stones and flammable substances were placed until the structure was reared.

In Skye, and on the sea coasts of most of the Western Isles, there are the ruins of numberless duns or forts, which must be of far less remote origin, than that of the inland vitrified forts already described. These forts in Skye and elsewhere, have no traces of vitrification in their walls, and appear to have been reared by the aboriginal Celts in early Druidical periods, to protect themselves from the inroads of their Scandinavian piratical enemies. Within the distance of about fifteen miles of sea coast in the north end of Skye, there are no fewer than six of these Danish forts—viz., Dun Scuddeburgh, Dun Liath, Dun Tuilm, Dun Bhanneran, Dun Barplacaig, and Dun Deirg. Dun Deirg, the last mentioned, is the Fort of Dargo, and its ruins are more extensive and entire, than are those of any of the other forts alluded to. It is known that Dearg, or Dargo, was a brave and warlike Druid, who attempted to restore the fallen dignity of his order. Ossian, the Celtic Bard, of whom so much is said and written in these latter times, makes mention of "Dearg nan Druidhean," that is, "Dargo of the Druids." The ruins of Dun Deirg, the Fort of Dargo, are still interesting, being several feet in height, and built of large uncemented stones. In reference to this fort, many traditions are still afloat among the old men of the place. Several tiers of stone as yet remain in some of these forts, and from the great size of most of the blocks which were used, it seems astonishing how they could have been raised from the ground by a rude people, unless very strong mechanical powers had been made to act upon them. It is evident, from the situation of these forts, that they were intended to give each other an alarm at the approach of their enemies by sea. The inland vitrified forts, such as Craig Phadruig and Cnoc Farril, of much older date, were intended to give warnings in a similar manner, of the approach of enemies, not by sea, but of hostile tribes from the districts around. The signal which was given, perhaps, from all these forts, as may be gathered from ancient traditions and songs, consisted of something which was set on fire for the purpose, and the burning light was set up upon the turrets of the fort, by what was called the "crann-taraidh" or the "fiery cross." We have it thus in the poetic words of the aged Ullin :—

"Ach ciod so'n solus ann Innisfail,
O chrann-taraidh an fhuathais?
Togaibh bhur siùil, tairnibh bhur raimh,
Grad ruithibh gu traigh, is buaidh leibh."

"But what light is this in Innisfail,
From the gathering beam of terror?
Unfurl your sails, ply your oars,
Make haste to the beach, and may victory be yours."

One of the most securely fortified duns in Skye, and perhaps one of the most extensive was Dunscaith, in the parish of Sleat. Ossian relates that Cuchullin, the son of Semo, was the chief of the Isle of Mist, and resided in his stronghold at Dunscaith. The Cuchullin hills in Skye, as well as other localities in that island, still bear his mighty name. There is a large stone close by Dunscaith Castle, in which there had

evidently been bolts, or links of iron, to which, as tradition says, Cuchullin usually chained "Luath," his favourite hunting dog. While other forts in that island were early permitted to fall into ruins, Dunscaith was preserved for fourteen or fifteen centuries, and latterly by the Highland chiefs. This fort became famous in the history of the Isles. Scotland fell into a state of great confusion by the death of King James IV., and of so many of his nobles at the Battle of Flodden, and the disastrous effects of that event reached the Western Isles. The Highland chiefs, taking advantage of these disturbances, proclaimed Sir Donald of Lochalsh to be Lord of the Isles. He made Dunscaith one of his principal residences. In 1513 he collected a strong force of Islesmen, and being assisted by Glengarry, Chisholm of Comer, and others, he seized and plundered the Castle of Urquhart on Loch Ness, and the adjacent lands, all which then belonged to John Grant of Freuchy. At that very time, in consequence of a long standing feud, Lachlan Maclean of Duart, aided by Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, and other hostile chiefs, seized the stronghold of Dunscaith, and eventually demolished it as a place of protection. Its grey ruins are still distinct, and bear evidence of its ancient greatness and strength. So much, therefore, as to these comparatively modern Danish forts; but the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* will observe the antiquity of the vitrified fortifications already taken notice of, and the race of men who constructed them, are matters regarding which there is not a vestige of historical evidence. They are generally attributed to the Celts, the aboriginal settlers in this kingdom. Lord Woodhouselee, however, has endeavoured to show, by an elaborate train of argument, that these forts must have been erected previously to the introduction of the Druidical system, or in other words, at a period of time antecedent to the first visitation of this island by the Celtæ or Gauls. This supposition carries the date of the building of these structures up to a period of antiquity far beyond the existence of all historical records, and connects them with some unknown tribes of human beings, which must have been of barbarous manners, and of a lawless condition of life.

ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

NEXT month we hope to issue the *Celtic Magazine* in a new dress—a Cover with a beautiful design, by C. Stanton, A.R.S.A., and engraved by Paterson of Edinburgh. We also intend to add a Supplement of eight or ten pages, to enable us to give our Gaelic friends a valuable Gaelic Paper on "IONA," read before the Gaelic Society of London, by one of its members.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

[CONTINUED].

CHAPTER XII.

THE destination of India was suddenly countermanded and exchanged for the Island of Martinique. With this change the following incident may have had something to do. While Colonel Cameron was making the most laudable endeavours to complete his regiment to the required strength, he received private information that it was intended to draft one of the newly raised corps to others at the time serving in India, to make up for their deficient numbers, and that the measure was resorted to solely on the potent plea of economy. Rumour, moreover, gave it that the Camerons were those to be sacrificed. This report reached the Colonel, and although through an unofficial channel, yet he considered the source of his information to be too important to be treated with indifference, and it naturally caused him much uneasiness. While in this state of uncertainty he learned that the Commander-in-Chief (Duke of York) was expected on a tour of inspection, and he determined to await his arrival at Portsmouth, and seek an interview with reference to the truth or falsehood of the rumour regarding the drafting of the 79th. Of the nature and result of this audience we have read two accounts which will be transcribed as briefly as possible. The first is from the pages of the Record of the 79th.* "Colonel Cameron respectfully, yet firmly, remonstrated on the extreme hardship and injustice of the proposed measure, which, besides, being a breach of faith towards himself personally, would also be in open violation of a specific clause in His Majesty's 'Letter of Service' for raising the regiment. These representations had their effect, and, if an order so vexatious ever existed, it was rescinded, as nothing was afterwards heard of drafting." To this account the following "foot-note" is added, and we shall reproduce it, that an opportunity may be given to compare the uncompromising nature of the language, with the other account to follow:—"At this interview Colonel Cameron plainly told the Duke 'that to draft the 79th was more than his Royal father dare do.' The Duke then said, 'the King will certainly send the regiment to the West Indies.' The Colonel, losing temper, replied, 'you may tell the King from me that he may send us to h—l if he likes, and I will go at the head of them, but he *daurna draft us*,' a line of argument which proved perfectly irresistible." The following is the version of this incident by Mr Thompson (the Chaplain).† "The regiment had not returned many weeks from the Continent when it was rumoured that it was to be drafted among others in India. Colonel Cameron, however, was not the man to be disposed of in a manner so

* Jamieson's Historical Record of the 79th Cameron Highlanders.

† Military Annals compiled by Sir John Phellepart (Colburn, London, 1819).

summary, and he lost no time in waiting on the Commander-in-Chief, who admitted that it was contemplated to distribute one of the young regiments to reinforce those in India, but that its officers would not suffer in rank or pay meanwhile. The Colonel then unfolded a copy of his 'Letter of Service,' and begged the Duke would listen to the last clause of its terms, viz., '*No levy money will be allowed by the Crown, but in consideration of which it will not be drafted into other regiments.*' His Royal Highness remarked, that 'if the 79th would be thus exempted you must not be disappointed if your Highlanders are sent to a climate more trying than India—Martinique will probably be the destination.' To this Colonel Cameron answered, 'I have performed my duty to collect corps for general and permanent service, therefore that you may order us to the hottest spot in the King's dominions, and it will be cheerfully obeyed, and myself at the head of them; but I trust His Majesty will not be advised to compromise his commission.' After some complimentary allusion to the appearance of the regiment, the Duke shook hands with the Colonel, saying, 'Your protest will be taken into consideration.'" It is not of much consequence which version is the correct one, yet we incline to the belief that the Chaplain's has the better claim for acceptance. There is a rudeness and defiant tone throughout the first that Colonel Cameron would not be likely to commit himself to. He was by nature too courteous, and he would be politic enough to avoid language that might be construed into an act of insubordination. Whether it was from the necessities of the service, or as a matter of punishment for his remonstrance against the drafting, has not transpired; at any rate, within a few days after the interview, the regiment was directed to sail for the Island of Martinique. In this unhealthy place they remained for two years, where, and in which time, diseases carried off more officers and men than did the swords of the enemy in any of their subsequent battles. The regiment was reduced to less than 300 men, and Sir Ralph Abercromby (commanding the station) ordered Colonel Cameron, with his remaining officers and sergeants, home, while he directed the convalescent soldiers to be attached to other corps in the adjacent island. However welcome, the order was, to quit such sickly quarters, the Colonel demurred to the unreasonable proposition of the General, in detaining the men on stations where they had lost so many of their comrades by fevers. Sir Ralph's command, however harsh and cruel, was supreme, and the result to them was, that few returned alive.

In addition to grief for the loss of so many of his men, the Colonel had also the misfortune of losing his wife while stationed in Martinique. What, between the fevers, and the orders of Abercromby, drafting was accomplished most effectively, and Colonel Cameron had but a scanty number of his regiment to return home with. On arrival at Gravesend, Chatham was assigned as their station, but they did not rest long there ere they received orders to proceed to the north of Scotland to recruit for 800 men. As no place was specified in the warrant, Colonel Cameron selected Inverness for his headquarters, from whence himself, his officers, and sergeants, travelled over the northern counties as far as Sutherland, where they were most successful (the 93d had not then been raised), and also westward through the districts of the Great Glen. These

exertions were rewarded by Colonel Cameron being able to leave Inverness for Stirling at the head of 780 men to be inspected. Thus, in less than nine months after his return from Martinique he produced a fresh body, equal to a new regiment, and procured them, notwithstanding that the 91st and 92d had nearly denuded the country, a few years before, of all those eligible for soldiers!

Chapter XIII.

Colonel Cameron and his new regiment were (1798) ordered to occupy the military stations of the Channel Islands, and there they lay for twelve months, and until they received instructions to hold themselves in readiness for joining another expedition for the recovery of Holland from the French. The Duke of York again commanded in chief, while his generals of divisions were Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir James Pultney, his brigadiers being Coote, Dundas, and Moore. The 79th formed part of Moore's brigade, with their countrymen, the First Royals and the 92d. Several actions took place with varying success, and considerable losses on both sides. The principal engagements were, one near a village named Egmont-op-Zee (Oct. 2d), and the other, in the vicinity of Alkmaar. Moore's brigade may be said to be alone the victors in the first, while the other British brigades shared as conquerors in the latter. The loss of the 79th in this, their first, encounter with the enemy, was two officers and several men killed, and nearly half the officers and men wounded. Among the latter was the Colonel, and so severe was the wound considered that his recovery was dispaired of. The brigade received the thanks of His Royal Highness, the commander-in-chief, who in passing it the day after the battle, approached the 79th, and, addressing Major M'Lean, inquired for the Colonel, and expressed a hope that his wound was not so severe as reported; then taking off his hat, and turning to the regiment, he said, "Major M'Lean, nothing could do your Highlanders more credit than their conduct yesterday."* By this time the season was so near winter that the Duke, sensible that operations during it would not be attended with much advantage, entered into a capitulation, and thus ended the second expedition to the Continent, which may be considered almost as ineffectual as that of 1793-4. It has been observed that although this was not the first campaign in which the Cameron Highlanders served, yet it was their maiden one, as far as regards personal conflict with the enemy. On the subject of the engagement on this occasion, an incident is said to have occurred which, not being without interest, may be fairly introduced in the narrative. It need not be denied now, that, for centuries, and down to a considerable period in the reign of George III., there existed in the breasts of the Highlanders, and especially those of the Jacobite clans, a feeling of kinship for their ancient allies, the French, as against their mutual foes. That amity, however, would last then only so long as the French did not provoke the wrath of the King, to whom the 79th had now sworn fealty. Alan Cameron and his officers had already proved *their* loyality in defending the rights of the British crown in the American War, but that test had not yet been applied to his

* Captain Jamieson's Historical Records of the 79th Regiment, p. 7.

Highlanders, and there was no suspicion that the slightest defection existed, nor was there any, when the moment of action arrived.

The incident referred to is hereafter transcribed on the authority of a gentleman, himself one of the heroes of Albuera, from an interesting work on congenial subjects.* "Without quoting the other verses of this song,† I cannot help remarking that the feeling against the English nation expressed in the song, came down, at least, among the adherents of the Stuart family, to my own time, the commencement of the war resulting from the French Revolution. This was shown by the 79th Highland Regiment at a critical moment, on its first meeting the French under its illustrious founder and chief, *Alain an Earrachd* (Allan of Erracht). This splendid officer heard a murmer passing through its ranks as the enemy was in front—'The French are our old friends, and of our own race.' Colonel Cameron said not a word, but ordered a slight movement forward, which brought his Lochaber men within range of the fire—upon which he exclaimed in his own thundering voice, 'Now my men, there they are, and if you don't kill them, by —— they will kill you.' The Camerons, on hearing this threat, and finding the bullets whistling freely in their midst, soon gave a speedy account of their ancient allies. From that day (Egmont-op-Zee) there has not been in the army a regiment more distinguished for loyalty and bravery." The sentiments of the song were entirely reversed during the Peninsular War, and the consequent companionship of the natives of the three Kingdoms, in many glorious victories, during the long years of that sanguinary strife.

Chapter XIV.

The prowess of the British on this occasion (1800) is commemorated by the Gaelic bard, Alexander Mackinnon, an enthusiastic soldier, who shared in the campaign, as a non-commissioned officer in the 92d Regiment. In his epic *Blar-na Holaind,* he celebrates the deeds of the two Highland regiments (79th and 92d) and their leaders, the Marquis of Huntly and Colonel Cameron, thus—

'S dh'fhag iad sinne mar a b' annsa,
Fo cheannardach Mhorair Hunndaidh,
An t-og smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
N'an leannadh ain-neart ga'r ionnsuidh.
* * * *

Bha'n leoghann colgarra gun ghealtachd
Sa mhile fear sgairteil lamh ruinn,
An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd
Mar ursainn chatha 's na blaraibh.

The army left the shores of Holland and arrived in England, where they remained undisturbed to the following August, when a demonstration against Ferrol was determined on. The force sent included Colonel Cameron and his regiment, but the laurels attendant thereon were too slight to deserve notice. Another and more important expedition followed, of which the then unknown land of the Pharoahs was the destination.

* Traditions of the Highlands, its Poetry, Music, &c., page 130, by Captain D Campbell, late 57th Regiment.—Collie, Edinburgh, 1862.

† An old Gaelic Song of inimical sentiments towards the opponents of the Stewart dynasty.

During the time the British were aiding the Continentals, they were themselves on the defensive, protecting their interests in India, against the ill-feeling of its petty princes. It became known that the Prince of Mysore—Tippoo Saib—was intriguing with the French in the Mauritius (Isle of France) for the purpose of obtaining their assistance in expelling the British from India; and to thwart this project it became urgently necessary that the force in India should be augmented with as little delay as possible. Seringapatam was the fortress of Mysore, and the residence of its savage ruler, Tippoo. Lord Mornington, the Governor-General, determined to anticipate any hostile operations, and dispatched a force against this place. One of the divisions was under the command of his Lordship's brother, Colonel Wellesley. An action took place, and Tippoo and the Mysoreans were defeated. The place was invested, an assault on its citadel made, and Tippoo was killed.* This capture of Seringapatam, and the death of its governor put a complete extinguisher on the prospects of the French in that quarter; but they still continued in alliance with other powerful chieftains in the north and west of India. At this time a French army, with Bonaparte at its head, arrived in Egypt, preparatory to a movement on India. To drive this force out of Egypt was next determined on by the British ministry. The comparative failures hitherto experienced in Holland had not impaired the confidence of the country in its soldiers, or in the skill of its leaders. Sir Ralph Abercromby proceeded with a force of 12,000 men, arriving at Aboukir in March 1801. Bonaparte had, meanwhile, departed to look after his personal interests in France, leaving the command with General Menou. The British fleet had scarcely appeared in the bay ere Menou was prepared for resistance. This demonstration, however, did not daunt the former from attempting to leave their ships. To land in the face of an opposing army was a task of great hazard. A murderous fire galled them as they approached the beach. The men nevertheless landed, forming in order as best they could, bravely charged, and drove back the enemy, with great gallantry. The French retired and entrenched themselves in the vicinity of Alexandria. Abercromby followed him. Generals Hutchinson and Moore ably assisted. The French commenced the attack on the night of the 20th. The 42d Highlanders, who displayed their accustomed valour, were the first encountered. The commander was in their midst encouraging them, and it was on that occasion that he, with such effect, reminded them of "their ancestors." As day dawned a numerous body of cavalry bore down again on the shattered ranks of the Black Watch. Simultaneously with this, the brigade, of which Colonel Cameron and the 79th formed part, met dense swarms of the enemy's riflemen, with whom a contest lasted, more or less, throughout the day (21st). Their ammunition had been expended, and charges with the bayonet were their only recourse. The enemy, despairing of success, collected his scattered columns, and withdrew to his original position. The British then, laying siege to Alexandria, closely invested it, and in a few days it surrendered. Thus ended a short but arduous campaign. The result being, the total and rapid expulsion of the French army from Egypt. The four Highland

* The name of Sir David Baird will ever be honourably associated with the storming of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo Saib.

regiments (42d, 79th, 90th, and 92d) gained imperishable honour in this campaign, and so also did their comrades, the Welsh Fusiliers, the 50th, and 28th (the Slashers). The latter regiment was attacked before and behind; the rear faced about and fought valiantly in this double position, and for this act of splendid discipline they are honoured by being allowed to wear their number on the *back* as well as on the front of their regimental caps.

The Egyptian campaign was fatal to few of Colonel Cameron's regiment; but he was badly wounded, and the largest number of his men were wounded more or less severely.

(To be Continued).

OBAN'S BONNIE BAY.

O'er Morven's blue mountains the gloaming is falling,
Night's grey clouds are sleeping on lofty Ben More,
Wee silver-ridged waves pour their music enthralling,
Light dancing afar on the shell-studded shore:
I love the calm beauties of gloaming's soft splendour,
I love the dream songs of the wavelets at play,
I revel in joys ever hallowed and tender,
When wantonly wand'ring by Oban's sweet bay:
By Oban's bonnie bay,
Loved Oban's bonnie bay,
There's no a spot in all the west
Like Oban's bonnie bay.

Low murm'ring the breeze o'er Dunolly is sweeping,
Rocked gently, flow'rs joyously close their bright eyes,
Slow-floating pale clouds on their night march are creeping,
And deep is the blue of the star-blazoned skies:
The moon o'er Ben Cruachan mildly is stealing,
Cold-chasing the kisses of gloaming away,
Her sceptre of light all its love is revealing,
For throned are her glances in Oban's sweet bay:
By Oban's bonnie bay, &c., &c.

Night shadows in beauty of darkness are trailing,
Deep fringed with a halo of glistering sheen,
Far-sounding, the echoes of peace are prevailing
In cadence that nurtures the soul to the scene:
Tell me if on earth nature's virginal smilings
Can ever be found in such gorgeous array?
O! no, all alone in its beauteous beguilings,
Supremely and purely glows Oban's sweet bay:
'Tis Oban's bonnie bay, &c., &c.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN M'ARTHUR OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS OF CAROLINA.

——o——

UPON the defeat of the Royal forces in Carolina, related in a previous article, Captain M'Arthur of the Highland Regiment of Volunteers, was apprehended and committed to the county jail in the town of Cross-Creek. But the gallant officer determined to make a death grasp for effecting his escape; and happily for him the walls of his confinement were not of stone and mortar. In his lonely prison, awaiting his fate, and with horrid visions of death haunting him, he summons up his muscular strength and courage, and with incredible exertion he broke through the jail by night, and once more enjoyed the sweets of liberty. Having thus made his escape he soon found his way to the fair partner of his joys and sorrows. It needs hardly be said that her astonishment was only equalled by her raptures of joy. She, in fact, became so overpowered with the unexpected sight that she was for the moment quite overcome, and unable to comply with the proposal of taking an immediate flight from the enemy's country. She soon, however, regains her sober senses, and is quite able to grasp the reality of the situation, and fully prepared with mental nerve and courage to face the scenes of hardship and fatigue which lay before them. The thought of flight was, indeed, a hazardous one. The journey to the sea board was far and dangerous; roads were miserably constructed, and these, for the most part, had to be avoided; unbroken forests, immense swamps, and muddy creeks were almost impassable barriers; human habitations were few and far between, and these few could scarcely be looked to as hospitable asylums; enemies would be on the look out for the recapture of the "Old Tory," for whose head a tempting reward had been offered; and withal, the care of a tender infant lay heavy upon the parental hearts, and tended to impede their flight. Having this sea of troubles looming before them, the imminent dangers besetting their path, you can estimate the heroism of a woman who was prepared to brave them all. But when you further bear in mind that she had been bred in the ease and delicate refinements of a lairdly circle at home, you can at once conceive the hardships to be encountered vastly augumented, and the moral heriosm necessary for such an undertaking to be almost incredible, finding its parallel only in the life of her famous countrywoman, the immortal "Flora." Still, life is dear, and a desperate attempt must be made to preserve it—she is ready for any proposal. So off they start at the dead hour of midnight, taking nothing but the scantiest supply of provisions, of which our heroine must be the bearer, while the hardy sire took his infant charge in his folded plaid over one shoulder, with the indispensable musket slung over the other. Thus equipped for the march, they trudge over the heavy sand, leaving the scattered town of Cross-Creek behind in the distance, and soon find themselves lost to all human vision in the midst of the dense forest. There is not a moment to lose; and onward they speed under

cover of night for miles and miles, and for a time keeping the main road to the coast. Daylight at length lightened their path, and bright sunrays are pouring through the forest. But that which had lightened the path of the weary fugitives had, at the same time, made wonderful disclosures behind. The morning light had revealed to the astonished gaze of the keeper of the prison the flight of his captive. The consternation among the officials is easily imagined. A detachment of cavalry was speedily dispatched in pursuit; a handsome reward was offered for the absconded rebel, and a most barbarous punishment was in reserve for him in the event of his being captured. With a knowledge of these facts, it will not be matter of surprise that the straits and perplexities of a released captive had already commenced. Who can fancy their terror when the noise of cavalry in the distance admonished them that the enemy was already in hot pursuit, and had taken the right scent. What could they do? Whither could they fly? They dart off the road in an instant and began a race. But alas, of what use, for the tall pines of the forest could afford no shelter or concealment before the pursuers could reach the spot. In their extremity they change their course, running almost in the face of the foe. They rush into the under brush covert of a gum pond which crossed the road close by, and there, in terrible suspense, awaited their fate, up to the knees in water. In a few moments the equestrians, in full gallop, are within a gunshot of them. But on reaching the pond they slackened their speed, and all at once came to a dead halt! Had they already discovered their prey? In an instant their fears were relieved on this score. From their marshy lair they were able, imperfectly, to espy the foe, and they saw that the cause of halting was simply to water their panting steeds. They could also make out to hear the enemy's voice, and so far as they could gather, the subject was enough to inspire them with terror, for the escaped prisoner was evidently the exciting topic. Who could mistake the meaning of such detached phrases and epithets as these —"Daring fellow," "Scotch dog," "British ship," and "Steel fix him." And who can realize the internal emotion of him whom they immediately and unmistakably concerned? But the fates being propitious, the posse of cavalry resumed their course, first in a slow pace, and afterwards in a lively canter, until they were out of sight and out of hearing.

This hair-breadth escape admonished our hero that he must shift his course and avoid the usual route of communication with the coast. The thought struck him, that he would direct his course towards the Cape Fear River, which lay some ten miles to the right; feeling confident, at the same time, that his knowledge of the water in early days could now be made available, if he could only find something in the shape of a boat. And, besides, he saw to his dismay that his fair partner in travel, however ardent in spirit, could not possibly hold out under the hardships incident to the long journey at first meditated. For the Cape Fear River then they set off; and after a wearisome march, through swamp and marsh, brush and brier, to the great detriment of their scanty wardrobe and danger of life and limb, they reached the banks of that sluggish stream before the sun had set, foot sore and dispirited, exhausted and downcast. But what is their chance of a boat now? Alas, not even the tiniest craft could be seen. There is nothing for it but to camp in the open air all night and

try to refresh their weary limbs and await to see what luck the following morn had in store. Fortunately for them the climate was warm, too much so indeed, as they had found, to their great discomfort, during the day that was now past. In their present homeless situation, however, it was rather opportune; and there was nothing to fear, unless from the effects of heavy dew, or the expected invasion of snakes and musketeers. But for these there was a counteracting remedy. The thick foliage of a stately tree afforded ample protection from dew, while a blazing fire, struck from the musket flint, defied the approach of any infesting vermin or crawling reptiles, and also answered the needed purpose of setting to rights their hosiery department which had suffered so much during the day. Here they are snug and cosy, under the arching canopy, which nature had provided, and prepared to do fair justice to the scanty viands and refreshments in their possession, before betaking themselves to their nocturnal slumbers which nature so much craved. But can we take leave of our pilgrims for the night without taking a glance at the innocent babe as it lay upon the folded plaid in blissful ignorance of the cares and anxieties which racked the parental breast. The very thought of its sweet face and throbbing little heart as it breathed in unconscious repose under the open canopy of heaven, was enough to entwine a thousand new chords of affection around the heart of its keepers, like the clasping ivy around the tree which gave them shelter, and to nerve them anew, for its sake, for the rough and perilous journey upon which they had entered. The fond mother imprints a kiss upon its cheek, and moistens it with tears of mingled joy and grief, and clasping it to her bosom is instantly absorbed in the sweet embrace of Morpheus. The hardy sire, it was agreed, would keep the first watch and take his rest in turn, the latter part of the night. He is now virtually alone, in deep and pensive meditation. He surveys with tender solicitude his precious charge, which was dearer to him than his own life, and for whose sake he would risk ten lives. He paces the sward during the night watches. He meditates his plans for the following day. He deliberates and schemes how he can take advantage of the flowing sheet of water before him, for the more easy conveyance of his precious belongings. The mode of travel hitherto adopted, he saw, to be simply impossible. The delay involved might be ruinous to his hopes. With these cogitations he sat down, without bringing any plan to maturity. He gazed at the burning embers as if in a reverie, and as he gazed he thought he had seen, either by actual vision or by "the second sight," in which he was a firm believer, the form of a canoe with a single sable steersman coming to his rescue. He felt tempted to communicate the vision to his sleeping partner; but, thinking it unkind to disturb her slumbers, he desists from his resolution, reclines on the ground, and without intending it, he falls fast asleep. But imagine his astonishment and alarm when he came to consciousness, to find that he had slept for three full hours without interruption. He could hardly realize it, the interval seemed like an instant. However, all was well; his wife and babe were still enjoying unbroken rest, and no foe had discovered their retreat; and withal, the gladsome light of day is now breaking in around them and eclipsing the glare of the smouldering embers. Up starts our hero much refreshed and invigorated, and exult-

ing in surprising buoyancy of spirit for running the race of the new day now ushering in. He withdraws a gunshot from the camp; and what does he descry in the grey dawn but, apparently, a small skiff with a single rower crossing the river towards them, but a short distance down the stream. The advancing light of day soon confirmed his hopes. He at once started in the direction of the skiff, having armed himself with his loaded musket, and resolved to get possession of it by fair means or by foul. A few minutes brought him to the spot, and to his great astonishment he found himself in the undisputed possession of the object of his wishes, a tiny little canoe drawn, up on the beach. In connection with the night's vision he would have positively declared that there was something supernatural in the affair, but having marked the bare footprints of its late occupant on the muddy soil, and heard the rustling of leaves in the distance, calling attention to the woolly head of its owner getting out of sight through the bush, and making his way for a neighbouring plantation. He could explain the event upon strict natural principles. The happy coincidence, however, filled him with emotions of joy, in so readily securing the means of an easier and more expeditious transit. He retraces his steps and joins his little circle, and in joyous ecstacy relates to his sympathetic spouse, just aroused from her long slumbers, the tenor of his lucky adventure. There is now no time to lose. The crimson rays of the rising sun peering through a dense morning atmosphere and a dense forest, are reflected upon the surface of the stream to which they are about to commit their fortune, and admonish them to be off. They break their fast upon the remnants of the dry morsels with which they last appeased their hunger. This dispatched, they hasten to the beach, and speedily embark, seating themselves with the utmost caution in the narrow hull, which good luck and Sambo had placed at their disposal, and with less apprehension of danger from winds and waves than from the angry billows of human passion. A push from the shore and the voyage is fairly and auspiciously begun, the good lady seated in the prow in charge of the tender object of her unremitting care, and giving it the shelter of her parasol from the advancing rays of the sun, and the skilful Palinurus himself, squatted in the stern, with a small paddle in hand, giving alternate strokes, first to the right and then to the left, and thus, with the aid of the slow current propelling his diminutive barque at the rate of about six knots an hour, and enjoying the simultaneous pleasure of "paddling his own canoe." Onward they glide, smoothly and pleasantly, over the unruffled water, the steersman taking occasional rests from his monotonous strokes, while having the satisfaction of noting some progress by the flow of the current. Thus, hours passed away without the occurrence of anything worth noting, except the happy reflection that their memorable encampment was left several leagues in the distance. But lo! here is the first interruption to their navigation! About the hour of noon a mastless hull is seen in the distance. Their first impulse was fear, but this was soon dispelled on discovering it to be a flat or "pole boat," without sail or rigging, used for the conveyance of merchandise to the head of navigation, and propelled by long poles which the hardy craftsmen handled with great dexterity. It was, in fact, the steamer of the day, creating upon its arrival the same stir and bustle that is now caused by its more agree-

able and efficient substitute, the "Flora Macdonald." The sight of this advancing craft, however, suggested the necessity of extreme caution, and of getting out of its way for a time. The Highland Royalist felt greatly tempted to wait and hail the crew, whom he felt pretty sure to be his own friendly countrymen, and who, like their sires, in the case of Prince Charlie, thirty years before, would scorn to betray their brother Celt, even for all the gold of Carolina. Still, like the Royal outlaw in his wanderings, he also deemed it more prudent to conceal his whereabouts even from his most confidential friends. He at once quits the river, and thus for a good while suspends his navigation. He takes special precaution to secure his little transport by drawing it a considerable distance from the water, a feat which required no great effort. The party stroll out of the way, and up the rising beach, watching for a time the tardy movement of the "flat." Tired of this they continue their slow ramble further into the interior, in hopes, at the same time, of making some accidental discovery by which to replenish their commissariat, which was quite empty, and made their steps faint and feeble, for it was now considerably past noon. As "fortune favours the brave" they did succeed in making a discovery. They saw the "opening" of a small plantation in the forest, an event which, in Carolina, is hailed with immense satisfaction by those who chance to lose their way in the woods, as suggestive of kindness and hospitality. Nothing short of such a treatment would be expected by our adventurers as a matter of course, if they could only afford to throw themselves upon the hospitality of settlers. In their situation, however, they must take their bearings with anxious circumspection, and weigh the consequences of the possibility of their falling into the hands of foes. But here, all of a sudden, their path is intercepted by the actual presence of a formidable foe. One of the pursuers? No, but one equally defiant. It is a huge serpent of the "Whip snake" species, which never gives way, but always takes a bold and defiant stand. It took its stand about fifty yards a-head, ready for battle, its head, and about a yard of its length, in semi-erect posture, and displaying every sign of its proverbial enmity to Adam's race. It has no poison, but its mode of attack is still more horrible, by throwing itself with electric speed in coils around its antagonist, tight as the strongest cord, and lashing with a yard of its tail, till it puts its combatant to death. Knowing its nature, the assailed levels his piece, and in an instant leaves the assailant turning a thousand somersaults until its strength is spent, and, is at last, wriggling on the ground.

JOHN DARROCH, M.A.

(To be Continued.)

THE LESSONS IN GAELIC GRAMMAR, which appeared in the *Highlander*, by LACHLAN MACBEAN, are, we understand, going through the press, and will be published shortly. Mr Macbean is a Celtic student of great perseverance and promise, and deserves encouragement.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

—o—

"WELL done the *Brocair* and his warm-hearted Mary." "Not a bad sapling either, and well plied." "What a fine story." "What fine Legends? and what a lot you know sir!" addressing Norman, was the general chorus of the circle. "Your poem now if you please sir, on the elopement of Barbara Grant from Urquhart Castle with young Colin Mackenzie of Kintail?"

"I may as well tell you," says Norman, "who these Grants and Mackenzies were, that you may the better understand my bit poem, and take a livelier interest in it, as I proceed with its recitation.

"John Grant, the elder son of John of Freuchie, and tenth laird, obtained four charters under the great seal, all dated 3d December 1509, of various lands, among which were Urquhart and Glenmorriston. His eldest son James, called (from his daring character) *Seumas nan Creach*, was much employed during the reign of James V. in settling insurrections in the North. His lands in Urquhart were, in 1513, laid waste by the adherents of the Lord of the Isles, and again, by Clanranald in 1544, when he took possession of the castle.

"His elder son John, called *Ian Baold* or the *Gentle*, was a strenous promoter of the Reformation, and a member of the Parliament which, in 1650, abolished Popery. By his first wife, Margaret Stewart, daughter of the Duke of Athol, he had two daughters and two sons, Duncan and Patrick. The latter was ancestor of the Grants of Rothiemurchus; John died in 1585.

"Colin Mackenzie, 11th chief, son of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, fought on the side of Queen Mary at the Battle of Langside, for which he obtained remission in August 1569. He, and Donald Gormeson Macdonald of Skye, were forced, in presence of the Regent Moray and the Privy Council at Perth to settle their clan feuds. On this occasion Moray acted as mediator. Colin was a Privy Councillor of James VI. He died 14th January 1594.

"His first wife was Barbara, daughter of Grant of Grant, referred to in the poem. His second wife was Mary, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie of Davoch Maluak. From Barbara Grant came this family name, so common in the families of the descendants of Colin Mackenzie. Colin was the father of Kenneth, created Lord Mackenzie of Kintail by patent, in November 1609. From Colin sprang Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Tarbat, ancestor of the Earls of Cromarty, Colin ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kennock and Pitlundie, and Alexander ancestor of the Mackenzies of Kilcoy. From Alexander, by his second marriage, came the Mackenzies of Gairloch, Applecross, Coul, Delvin, Assynt, and others."

Norman proceeded with his poem, delighting, and calling forth the approval of his audience at the end of every stanza. The following is an English and faithful version:—

CASTLE URQUHART.

—o—

A sunny smile is gilding every leaf ;
A summer's sun is glowing all the sky :
The wild bees droning hum, so sweetly brief,
Floats softly on the light breeze stealing by.
Round Urquhart's towers the clinging ivy creeps,
Veiling the walls fast crumbling to decay ;
Yet o'er them, while the trembling aspen weeps,
The rose and hawthorn blossom bright and gay ;
And sith that none may mock the mighty dead,
Flora, her mantle o'er the corpse has spread.

Old Urquhart's towers look calmly proudly down,
Upon a scene all lovely passing fair ;
Not even the tempest's shadow deep'ning frown
Can break the charm of radiant beauty there.
The shaded silence of the dark green groves,
The emerald bank so fragrant, gowan-decked ;
The joyous swelling notes of feathered loves,
The lake's soft rippling music all unchecked ;
The gorgeous wild flowers o'er the pathways flung,
By potent spell of Nature's sweet May Queen,
The careless branch-formed arches flowing hung
With woodbine gay and myrtle glossy green :
The deep still shades of cushat haunted woods
Sombring the brightness of the clear blue sky !
And screening oft Loch Ness—save when its floods,
Like bright eyed beauty's glances, coy and shy,
Peep forth in glistening flash thro' openings green
In brilliant blue and radiant silver sheen.

Would that those towers, those crumbling walls, could tell
The stirring tales of pomp and bye-gone years—
Of war and feud, in glen or heath clad fell,
Of love and beauty, tyranny and tears ;
What knight the laurel wreath of vict'ry wore ?
What victim of a ruthless, savage might,
Died terribly a hundred deaths, his manhood's sun,
His brightest hopes, all crushed in endless night ?
Time was, when floated—proudly borne—on high
A king's broad banner from the flagstaff tower
When beauty's song and beauty's tender sigh,
The night breeze stole entranced from beauty's bower.
Time was when lady fair and lord and knight,
The ruby wine from mantling goblets quaffed ;
In festal hall, and woke the ear of night
With song and dance, till e'en the moodiest laughed.
Time was, when wild Mealfourvonie afar
Flung broad and wide, its summons to the war ;
And dark Loch Ness, a mirrored burning beam,
Threw back the flashes of the battle gleam.
All ! all is o'er and gone, like evening's sigh,
Or flashing stars that only gleam to die.

The banner waves on Urquhart's towers;
The bagpipe peals through Urquhart's bowers;
Not for the war, no martial sound
Of gathering foemen spreads around,
Nor to the chase, that day the lord
Sat joyous at the festive board.
That day a Southern baron's heir
Had sought as bride his daughter fair;
Waiting, there stood in Urquhart's hall
Server and page and seneschal.
The Gothic hall with trophies graced,
Of chase and battle interlaced,
Echoed with sounds of lordly cheer:
While joyous notes fell on the ear.
The feast was spread in Urquhart hall,
And beauty graced the mazy ball;
With sparkling eyes and snood bound hair,
And swan like bosoms, pearly fair.
On wings of joy the happy hours
Flew quickly past in Urquhart's towers;
Till toil and care-worn hearts gleamed high
Like sun-bursts in an April sky.

Night's shadowy hours had passed away,
The fleet roe deer had brushed away
The dewdrop from its chalice fair.
The lark was carolling in air—
The blue mist rising from the lake
Was curling over tree and brake;
When Urquhart's guest sought Urquhart's lord
Before once more he graced the board;
And all impatient of delay
Begged he would name the happy day;
When as his own by holy band,
His own should be his daughter's hand.
'Twas fixed—Alas! that ought should dim
Joy's sparkling cup filled to the brim!
Pity! that morning's blushing rose
Should dread the storms of evening's close,
Or summer rain clouds burst and fall,
Or music's tones up sadness call;
Or dreams that float athwart the brain,
Like those vague wanderings of pain,
That oft the anxious bosom press;
When all around seems happiness,
Who hath not oft when hope deferred,
Hath rapt the doubting heart in sorrow,
Felt all his troubled fancies stirred
Some presage of despair to borrow?
With grim uncertainty oppressed,
Thus felt and looked the wooer guest.

The dewdrop hung on flower and brake,
The hills were mirrored in the lake,
The songsters of the day were dumb,
The wandering bee had ceased to hum;
And silent, beautiful, and blessed,
All nature was absorbed in rest.

In peace below and peace above,
While every zephyr breathed of love,
In gentle sighs as if to shed
Its inspiration o'er her head
And cast oe'r her angelic face
That loveliness, that matchless grace,
That innocence, which renders youth
The symbol of celestial truth;
Who from the window of a tower
Gazed sadly through the twilight hour,
Sighing with anxious dread, "to-morrow,
One word may bring an age of sorrow,
One accent of my faltering voice
Will cast my fate against my choice.
Ah me! how swells this heart of mine,
How dim the shadowy glass of time?"
With moistened eyes and fear—full heart,
The maiden hastening to depart
Threw o'er the water's rolling maze
A lingering dreamy listless gaze,
And there where bends the forest green
With silvery lake and sky between,
A single warrior met her view
In belted plaid and bonnet blue.
His brow one eagle's feather bore,
His right hand held his good claymore.
"Ah me!" the lovely maiden sighed,
"One more to greet the heartless bride,
One more to see me cast away.
A heart as chill and dead as clay,
A heart that must through life in vain
Chafe with the shackles of my chain."

Again the sun's rays sank to rest
Behind the curtains of the west;
And night on twilight's wings of grey,
O'er hill and loch assumed her sway.
The banquet hall with dazzling light
Blazed with the sconce and torches bright.
The festive board was nobly crowned,
The wine cup passing quickly round.
To valiant men and ladies fair
Flashing with jewels rich and rare:
While music's soul in whispering sighs
Breathed round her softest melodies.
Each ruffled brow was smoothed in peace,
Nor suffered dance nor lay to cease,
The minstrels woke their loudest strains,
The dancers sped their swiftest trains.
Loud swelled the sounds of joy on high
And gladness filled the lover's eye,
When quick the gate-horn's piercing blast
Aside the softer music cast.

The folding doors flew open to the wall
And quick the stranger strode into the hall,
In youth's first strength and gallant bearing high,
In look the very flower of chivalry.

His blue eye bright, his cheek like opening flower,
Ruddy as ever decked, e'en May's sweet bower,
His form as light and lithe as mountain deer,
In graceful motion modestly drew near;
Blushing, with crested bonnet in his hand,
Yet through his blushes seeming to command,
"My lord," said he, "a stranger craves to share
Thy hospitable roof and eke thy fare
For but one night, for with the morning ray
I must be onward on my distant way."
"We part not thus; I bid thee welcome—come,
Welcome again. Pray make my home thy home,
From maid to wife the morn my daughter makes
She shall beseech thy stay for all our sakes;
And though unknown by lineage and by birth
I'll ask them not, come join our day of mirth."

With eye like summer's lightning ray,
He glanced o'er all the joyous scene,
Guiding his steps—love winged his way
Where sat the maiden. Beauty's queen,
The thoughts within his bosom raised
Words are so weak they cannot tell,
Nor all his rapture as he gazed
On her beloved so long, so well,
She felt the captive of his power;
And like the bird in evil hour
Which tries in vain to further flee;
And cowering folds its drooping wing
So met the maiden timorously,
Him who would hope deliverance bring.
Upon her ear his gentle voice
Fell like the whisper of the breeze,
That used to bid her heart rejoice
As round her home it fanned the trees.
Like timid fawn her startled look,
Deep to the chieftain's bosom spoke.
Bowing he clasped her trembling hand
Nestling in his her hand remained,
Resigned, but pleading love's command,
Her eyes looked all his will constrained.
Then with a courteous knightly air
He led her through the assembled fair,
And soothed with words whose sweetness stole
All deeply to the maiden's soul,
And almost hushed those fears to rest
Which late alarmed her virgin breast.

High rose the revels in the castle towers:
And flew on joyous wing the gladsome hours;
Seated aloft the bards with harp and voice
Gave song or tale as suited Urquhart's choice;
Now softly singing love's complete control,
Now rousing strains to stir the martial soul;
Now wondrous tales of kelpies, elves, and gnomes,
Of knights and fairies and their fairy homes;
Of wild night cruises on the western tide,
Of mad pursuit of Shona's spectral bride.

Each had his part assigned to add a zest,
Or aid the splendour of the sumptuous feast,
When rose the bardic chief and straight advanced,
While round the hushed assembly quick he glanced,
And bowing to the maid he swept the chords
As if he felt how weighty were his words.

SONG.

Knowest thou the land where the sun loves to rest
Ere he journeys afar, o'er the Western main,
Where the storm spirits ride on the waves hissing crest
And the raving winds shout forth their mocking refrain.

Like an emerald set in the midst of the waves
Are the green vales of Lewis the birth-place of worth,
Of the lovely, the loving, the true and the brave,
'Tis the eagle king's eyrie far, far, in the north.

Why floats the broad banner of bold *Cabar-Feigh*,
Past Loch Alsh and Loch Carron, Gairloch and Tormore,
Past castle and cottage, past headland and bay,
Past forest and wild wood by rock and by shore?

Lonely the eagle king roams from his clansmen,
Kindly he comes to our sweet lovely vale,
Then welcome Mhic Coinnich with warm hearts and hands then,
Thou'rt welcome Mhic Coinnich, young chief of Kintail.

The smiles that mantled o'er her lips
Were like the sun's first ray that tips
With burnished gold the mountain brow,
Flushing her cheek with love's bright glow;
And his was not the heart that lies;
For in the flash of his proud eyes
His truth and love as clearly shown
As in the mirror of her own.
Mysterious love who can control
Thy mighty power within the soul
Of such as own thy power in all
Its purity and feel its thrall.

Now springs the morn in living light
O'er nature's charms in beauty bright,
Bidding each spangled floweret rise
And wave abroad its verdant dyes.
Silvering alike the sparkling tides,
Or brattling burns on mountain sides
Quaffing the dew that fell by night
Upon the lily's bosom white,
Chasing the night o'er hill and lake
With joyous shouts, awake, awake.

And Urquhart's guest and Urquhart's lord
Again surround the festive board,
In all the pomp and state of birth,
In joy and happiness and mirth;
Waiting the coming of the bride,
The bridegroom's hope, her father's pride.

But where was she? Her couch unpressed,
Woke gloomy fears and thoughts distressed.
They searched in tower, and sought in hall,
By mountain tarn, and waterfall,
In brake, on hill, in gloomy wood,
And o'er the strand of Ness' dark flood;
But fruitless sought. Then where was he,
Chief of the Minch's stormy sea?
Soon as the moon from darkness round
Broke on the silence all profound,
Long ere a gleam of morning light
Had tipped Mealfourvonie's cloud height,
Chieftain and bride had fled together,
O'er hills, through moors and blooming heather,
O'er sunny braes to green Glenshiel,
Where clansmen bold and true and leal,
With joyous shouts the maiden hail,
"*Ceud mille failt, 'bhan-tighearn Chinntail.*"

Correspondence.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

ARGYLL LODGE, KENSINGTON, *March* 29, 1876.

SIR,—I have read the article [in the *Celtic Magazine*] on the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools with much interest.

I agree very much in the view it takes. There can be no doubt whatever that the joint use and teaching of two languages has in itself a highly educating influence. The habit of translating from one language to the other tends to bring out the intelligence of the child, and to increase his powers, both of thought and of expression.

But the extent to which this system can, or ought to be, insisted upon, must depend very much on the general familiarity of the children with Gaelic in their own homes, and this varies in every parish.

Where the homes are not really and generally Gaelic it cannot be insisted on; and every year the number of such parishes is decreasing.—Your obedient servant, ARGYLL.

THE LADIES OF OSSIANIC TIMES.

—o—

For contemplation he, and valour formed:
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

To give an exact description of the Ossianic ladies, of their social position, and the estimation in which they were held by their contemporaries is now impossible. Not only is Celtic nature entirely changed since then, but the very appellatives applied to females in Ossianic compositions are untranslatable into English. "Bean" may be Englished *wife, woman, spouse;* "gaol" nearly means *love* or *loved one;* but how shall we translate *an oigh,* or how express the inexpressible sweetness and delicate feeling of *ainnir,* or the tender affection applied in the phrase *mo run?* Yet our knowledge of ancient Celtic female matters largely depends on a proper understanding of such and similar appellatives. Tyros in Celtic affairs know that the practice of giving meaningless names is with us a custom acquired from the polished nations around. When, therefore, we read the name of a beauty of ancient Caledon we should know something of her character or appearance. Such names as Oilavina, smooth-handed maid; Malvina, smooth-browed; Crimina, the tender-hearted; Crimora, the large-hearted; Sulmalla, languid eyes; and Vinvela, melodious mouth, tell their own tale of the more conspicuous charms of the bearer, and of the female qualities which pleased the Fingallian gallant.

We have said that Celtic nature is different from what it was; nor is that wonderful when we consider the vast changes that have taken place in our education and circumstances. The race has within the past two hundred years been subjected to such powerful alterative circumstances that it is only by reading such ancient compositions as Ossian's poems that we can have any idea of what the world of Celtic thought was sixteen or twenty centuries ago. The Caledonian of to-day bears about as much resemblance to the Feinne of antiquity as a modern Italian bears to the Romans of the Republic. Nineteenth century Highlanders may be called Celts as far as blood is concerned; morally they are Hebrews; mentally they are Greeks; in manners they are English. That we have, in some things, gained by the change is unquestionable; that in many things we have deteriorated is certain. But, putting aside all moral and intellectual questions, there is a solemnity, a pathos, and a sensitiveness to the influences of nature in the old Celtic character which have for us a powerful and pleasant fascination. The ladies not only had their full share of this pathos and plaintiveness, but were from their more delicate constitution more open to receive impressions from nature. We believe that the influences of "mountains, winds, and cataracts," contributed considerably to a corresponding purity and greatness in their characters. This education of nature along with their appreciation of the bravery of their gentlemen friends led them to exhibit such heroism of conduct and grandeur of character that it is now sceptically questioned whether such beings could exist after the Fall.

Perhaps among no other people was the characteristic tenderness and self-sacrificing affection of woman displayed so frequently and so well as among the Feinne. At any rate Ossian, the poet of the period, sang of numerous and beautiful examples of female devotion and devotedness. And good cause he had to speak well of the sex, with the faithful Malvina attending on his blind and lonely old age with such unwavering patience and fidelity as only a woman and a Fingallian woman could exhibit. Our admiration of this lady's labour of love is not diminished but increased by the thought that it was all educed by the memory of her affection for his shortlived son.

To show that this strength of affection had nothing to do with mere feminine impressibility, or a helpless tendency to form romantic attachments, but was a natural and inherent female virtue, let us instance a story of sisterly love from the tale of Finan and Lorma. Lorma sees her brother's skiff swamped within a short distance of the shore. She shrieks and rushes to the beach. "The sea had shrunk from a dark rock. To its tops are the steps of the maid. Her looks and her cries are toward the deep. 'My brother, my only brother of love, dost thou not hear thy sister?' Dim appears a dark spot on the top of a stormy wave—'Is that the wandering ooze, or is it thou my brother?'" His two grey dogs rush into the sea and bring him ashore. "Lorma bore her brother to the rock. 'Here,' he faintly said, 'let me for a little rest for my strength is failed.' She wrapt her robe about his breast and made his pillow of the weeds that were driest. 'Let my brother of love sleep for his eyes are heavy. . . . But the flies of night disturb thee, Finan. How shall I keep them away? Thy face with my own I'll softly cover; but I will not dispel thy slumber. Ah! my brother thou art cold. Thou hast no breath—thou art dead! My brother! O my brother!' Her cries ascend on the rock. . . . The sea grows and she sees it not. . . . The gathering wave lifts my children from the rock; it tosses them on its breast to the shore. There dark rocks meet them with their force, and the side of Lorma is torn. Her blood tinges the waves; her soul is on the same blast with Finan."

The subject of antenuptial courtship is sufficiently hackneyed; but what poet would condescend to sing of anything so unromantic as the loves of married life? But it is the unabating affection of the connubial state which Ossian loves to celebrate. The tender and romantic feelings which surround the words, wooer, sweetheart, courtship, he associates with husband, wife, conjugal affection. And, *nos judice*, the affection of husband and wife is in itself more excellent and more likely to be sincere than the impulsive and often affected affection of suitor and sweetheart. It is beautiful to read of an aged couple, manifesting with unchanging freshness, the same gentleness, delicacy, devotedness, and admiration which they showed when they plighted their troth years before. Of many examples of such given by Ossian we select that of Evirchoma, the wife of Gaul. Gaul, one of the principal chiefs of Fingal, landing alone on a hostile isle, was surrounded, mortally wounded, and left to die by the savage islanders. All that night and next day his wife anxiously waits for him at home. "Evening comes, but no dark ship is seen light-bounding over

the deep. The soul of Evirchoma is mournful." At last she sets out in quest of him and finds him dying alone, but talking of her in his last soliloquy. "'Pleasant in thy valley of roes, be thy dreams O Evirchoma! let no thoughts of Gaul disturb thee. His pains are forgot when the dreams of his love are pleasant.' 'And dost thou think thy love could sleep and her Gaul in pain? Dost thou think the dreams of Evirchoma could be pleasant while thou wert absent? But how shall I relieve thee Gaul; or where shall Evirchoma find food in the land of foes? . . . These breasts shall supply, this night, thy soul. To-morrow we shall be safe on Strumon's shore.' 'Loveliest of thy race,' said Gaul, 'retire thou to Strumon's shore. Bid the warriors of Morven raise my tomb beneath this tall tree. The stranger will see it as he looks around him from his watery course. Sighing he will say—There is all that remains of the mighty.' 'And here too shall be all that remains of the fair; for I will sleep in the same tomb with my love. But let me bear thee to the skiff. Come, the burden of my love will be light. Evirchoma will be strong when her Gaul is in danger. Give me that spear, it will support on the shore my steps.' She bore him to her skiff. She struggled all night with the wave. The parting stars beheld the decay of her strength—why should Ossian remember all the griefs that are past? Their memory is mournfully pleasant, but his tears would fail." Tender and self-sacrificing as was the love of Evirchoma, it may be necesssary to remark that it was not the passion of a sentimental girl, but the matured love of a full-blown woman, for the veteran warrior with whom she had shared many a joy and sorrow.

Much as we admire the ladies of Ossian, we admit that their conduct in *affaires de cœur* was not supernaturally faultless. They were human, and wherever human ladies are found, coquetting, jilting, and other unamiable aberrations are—possible. Similar things are certainly noticed as taking place among the Fingallians. Yet it is but just to add that that basest and sordidest traffic yclept, "the commerce of love" was among them unknown. Ladies of high rank were frequently contested for in public tournament, and fathers and guardians claimed the right to give maidens in marriage. But, to their credit be it said, those who thus *nolens volens* became wives were never wanting in affection and dutifulness to their husbands. As might be expected, love at first sight was no rare thing among the Feinne.

We fear Mrs Grundy would discover an awful want of propriety in the then girls of the period. They were modest and sensible enough, but there was about them an unusual want of staidness and primness; why, on more than one occasion we read of these young ladies going out alone to hunt, row, or travel. Often we read of warriors being warned of danger by ladies to whom they were not previously introduced. When convenient they scrupled not to lend the civilizing and elevating influence of their presence at public feasts. Fingallian ladies were not straitlaced or affected, but we think no one could discover anything unchaste or indecorous in the conduct or conversation of the worst of them.

An essay on ladies, without mentioning their personal appearance, would be like a performance of *Hamlet* without the *Hamlet* part. And

yet we cannot trust ourselves to give even a general idea of their personal attractions, or to say whether blonde, brunette, or any other type was the dominant style. We shall, therefore, merely quote the following picture of a beauty, and remark that it bears a close resemblance to other Ossianic heroines:—

"She shone like a bright star over the broken edge of a cloud. White were the rows within her lips; and like the down of the mountain, under her new robe was her skin. Circle on circle formed her fairest neck. Like hills beneath their soft snowy fleeces rose her two breasts of love. The melody of music was in her voice. The rose beside her lip was not red; nor white beside her hand the foam of streams. Maid of Gormluba, who can describe thy beauty! Thy eyebrows mild and narrow were of a darkish hue; thy cheeks were like the red berries of the mountain ash. Around them were scattered the blossoming flowers on the bough of spring. The yellow hair of Civadona was like the gilded mountain tops, when golden clouds look down upon it after the sun has retired. Her eyes were bright as sunbeams; and altogether perfect was the form of the fair. Heroes beheld and blessed her." How the Fingallian lady dressed we cannot describe in detail, inasmuch as none of their fashion-plates or dressmakers' guides are extant. Their principal garment appears to have been a loose robe that hung in flowing folds from waste to ankle. Over this was worn the national toga or *breacan* of brilliant colours. A snow-white linen head-dress was added, but whether it hung in the shape of a veil, or was gathered up into a turban we cannot now be certain. It is probable, however, that this last article was usually dispensed with by the younger females.

Their general education appears to have been well looked after. Most, if not all of them, were well up in bardic literature. Poetic composition, vocal and instrumental music, and a skilful use of the bow were among their accomplishments.

Regarding the social and domestic positions of Highland ladies in Ossianic times, we will only remark that at a time when in many places woman was treated as a born slave, and when, even in most European countries, she occupied a semi-serfish position, the treatment of Caledonian females reflected credit on both sexes. Ossian refers to this fact with pride, and contrasts Feinan civilization with the rude manners of Scandinavia. "The maids are not shut in our caves of streams. They toss not their white arms alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the desert wild. We melt along the pleasing sound." If we wish to know the regard in which the sex was held of the Feinne, let us read their lament when the flower of their ladies were lost in the Fall of Tura. "We turn to the ruin our back. We bend in sadness over our spears, and loudly bewail our loss. Our hundred helmets and our hundred bossy shields, our coats of mail and swords of light; our hundred hounds, the children of the chase; our studded reins, the rulers of proud steeds; and all our banners, red-green meteors that streamed in air—all these were that day forgot; no hero remembered that they were in the hall. The burst of our grief was for our hundred fair. . . . . The days of many heroes in their darkly-silent heath were

few and mournful. They pined away like green leaves over which the mildew hath passed; they sink in silence amidst the mossy heath of the hill."

We have presumed to take up the space of the *Celtic Magazine* with this matter, because we think it of importance, not only to ladies but to the whole community. When poets speak of ladies being "adored" they express not a poetic hyperbole but a literal fact. At any rate it is a fact that they are more generally and more thoroughly adored than any other Adorable that ever was worshipped. It is also a fact that the love-struck adorer is more influenced by the opinions or whims of his particular goddess, than the generality of worshippers are by the laws of their Deity; and further, it is another fact that it is the best portion of mankind who are most influenced by the other sex, and it is during the best part of their lives that their thraldom is most complete and their obedience most enthusiastic. It is of the utmost importance then that the power of these divinities should be for good in our midst, and that their influence should be ennobling and elevating, and, not debasing and brutalising.

If it be asked how are we to ensure the ennobling effects of the influence of the sex, we answer—let them and us read Ossian's poems, and study the state of society therein depicted until we understand its beauty and simplicity, and as far as possible mould modern society after that pattern. There are many other writings, sacred and secular, which are useful and necessary, but in this matter we believe in Celtic instruction for Celts. There is much truth in what a later poet writes of our Edda:—

> But Ossian's song devoid of muse or art,
> Exalts the soul and melts the roughest heart,
> The voice of nature dictates every line,
> In every thought unequalled beauties shine.
> Read him, ye fair, he teaches virtuous love,
> His tender notes should tender bosoms move.

MINNIE LITTLEJOHN.

LITERATURE.

REMINISCENCES, &c., OF DUGALD BUCHANAN, with his Spiritual Songs, and an English Version of them by the Rev. A. SINCLAIR, A.M, Edinburgh, 1875.

THIS new edition of the poems of Dugald Buchanan will secure for Mr Sinclair the thanks of every lover of the life and poetry of that great poet. To earnest minds who are interested in the mental struggles through which lofty minds often pass to inward tranquility, and to actions in which their inmost convictions are embodied, Mr Sinclair's account of the history of Buchanan's spiritual life will be very welcome. That history is relieved now and then by incidents drawn from the outward career of the poet. That career was not very varied, but still it reveals much, that we are grateful for knowing. We are thus helped to see

the influences under which the mind of Buchanan was quickened and nourished into that splendid power of thought and feeling which both his autobiography and poems so signally display. To those who are unable to read Buchanan's own account of his life in the rich sappy language of the original, we cordially recommend the extracts taken from it and translated by Mr Sinclair, who connects them by a narrative of his own.

Mr Sinclair gives us also the Gaelic poems printed in a clear bold type—a great improvement in this respect on the small print of the older editions. We notice also some slight grammatical changes, some of which are open to doubt. Here and there the punctuation too is at fault, joining what should be detached, and *vice versâ*.

Mr Sinclair has undertaken a difficult task in translating Buchanan into English, whether into prose or verse. It is said that only a poet can translate a poet, as he alone can preserve the poetic flavour in pouring poetry from one vessel to another. Even then it is seldom that the original can be seen to advantage. Mr Sinclair's metrical version of the *Skull* is not without merit of a kind, but so far from being Buchanan's poem in a new dress, it can scarcely be called that poem at all, any more than a fairy changeling, is the real plump genuine baby.

In his prose version the translator has frequently caught very happily the fine essence of the original, so far as the bard's actual thought is concerned. Its warm colouring of course disappears. At other times we are obliged to say that the translator neither does justice to himself nor his author. Why should he so frequently make what is but a clause in the original, a complete sentence in English? He thus makes it impossible to represent the compactness and artistic texture of Buchanan's composition. Sometimes the delicate shades of meaning are lost, and happy points carelessly rendered. Take an illustration from that finished gem "The Hero." "Subdued" is not the word for *géill*. Cæsar did not subdue Rome, but *bent* it to his own will. The terse line, *cha'n uaisle inntinn ardan borb*, with its sly shot at "Highland pride" is slurred over. *Eagal beatha* is rendered *fears of life*, a different idea from "the fear of life," in the sense of fear of losing it. The stanza beginning "Le gealtach ciont" is hopelessly misrepresented. The next is not in so bad a plight, but is far from being exact. We cannot forgive Mr Sinclair for not bestowing a little more of the *labor limæ* on the beautiful Platonic thought before him—that the noblest life is order, where that which has authority reigns, and that which has not obeys. "His soul is fixed as on a rock" says the translator, making our hero uncomfortable, like Prometheus bound. Buchanan says, that "his mind is firm *as* the rock." These minutiæ may seem invidious. They are not so. It is because we respect and appreciate Mr Sinclair's work that we draw attention to what escaped his pen when, like Homer himself, he occasionally nodded. We hope to see soon a new impression of Mr Sinclair's work. Any streaks in the marble are merely external, and not ingrained, so that a thorough rinsing with revising soap and water will make the whole beautiful. We heartily commend Mr Sinclair's edition of Buchanan, and we hope our readers will help to clear away the present impression to make room for another, and an improved one, from the same pen.

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THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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THE FAITH OF OSSIAN.

In certain previous articles on the state of the Ossianic controversy we had an opportunity of discussing at some length the most important branches of the argument, new and old, on the question of Ossian's authenticity; but with special reference to the great matter-of-fact evidence which may now be adduced from the very geography of Western Europe—from Ireland to Iceland, including all intermediate ground—in support of his poems. Another branch of the same sort of argument, however, remains still to be investigated—that which refers to the condition of Ossian's own mind in relation to the universe at large, more especially to the atmospheric universe, without any immediate reference to time or place, as indicated in his poetry. Such relation, we maintain, is not only indicated, but very vividly embodied in his text, although Macpherson was practically unconscious of it; and if it can be fully traced and fairly systematised it will not only unfold a new phase of the poet's own nature extremely interesting to contemplate from a spiritual point of view, but will afford, at the same time, an additional argument of the loftiest kind in support of his authenticity. It is not so much, therefore, as mere matter of speculation that we propose now to investigate the faith of Ossian; but as matter-of-fact in the psychological history of the man who composed what we call Ossian's poems, and who has left in these, hitherto unrecognised, the most interesting traces of his existence.

Macpherson, in a note to Cuchullin's prayer in *Fingal* B. II.—"That if any strong spirit of heaven sat on the low-hung cloud it would turn the king's dark ships from the rock"—observes that "this is the only passage in the poem that has the appearance of religion;" by which he means belief in the saving power of some superior being who must be worshipped to insure his assistance; and in this sense it is perhaps the only distinct indication we have of such religious faith in Ossian. But there was faith enough in the influence of departed spirits—in their sympathy, foreknowledge, and aid, in all critical situations—when their friends on earth required it; and frequent communications by warnings and promises, and even by threats, are recorded between the inhabitants of the two worlds, on this understanding: which may be called the religion of spirit-relationship, and the faith of immortal affinities. Besides this, there are numerous instances, in the poems more especially which refer to the North, of superstitious rites being offered to the powers of the air, at stones or altars

consecrated to their worship by the natives; in which, however, Fingal and his people not only decline to participate, but hold them in contempt as absurd, and openly defy the imaginary deities to whom they are offered. There is possibly, also, one trace of revelation misunderstood in the *Battle of Lora*, where the "son of the distant land," who dwelt in the secret cell, with the voice of songs, might be either a Druid or Culdee in his grove, or one of the very earliest Christian missionaries chanting psalms. "Dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land, or the spirits of the wind?" In such varieties of allusion to the invisible world, however, we have a summary of almost all that can be called religion, in the ordinary sense of that word, in the poems of Ossian. Of an Infinite Eternal Being, "in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways," he seems to have had no idea; and no act of worship, addressed to such divine power, can anywhere be quoted from his pages.

But there was a sort of religion of his own which united him to the universe, or rather a sense of union in himself to the universe around him —essentially religious in its character, and strictly devotional in its expression—which Macpherson probably did not realise, but which is nevertheless pre-eminently worthy of recognition as a characteristic of the natural man; and this not quite so much—

> Like the poor Indian whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind;

as like the prophet of electricity himself who stood "upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice," at which the prophet wrapped his face in his mantle. Ossian's religious sense, in fact, was but the profoundest realization of his own relation to the universe—to the atmospheric universe especially, which was the fountain of his life, the breath of his nostrils, the home of his departed kindred, the paradise of immortal heroes, and the only true dwelling-place of his own soul—the nearest approach to union with the unknown and invisible God, which the mere natural man was capable of attaining.

About the origin of this faith, beyond what we see indicated in the tenor of his poems, more particularly in his monologues and apostrophes, it would be foolish to dogmatise. If it came by tradition, its fountain must have been very remote; if it was communicated by any teacher, priest, or prophet, no trace remains of such communication; if it came by revelation—"if a spirit or an angel spake unto him, let us not fight against God!" The probability, however, seems to be that it was purely instinctive or intuitional; the necessary and inevitable result of the finest physical organization, of the most sensitive nervous development—which connected him, not in imagination only, but in reality, with the surrounding atmosphere, as if he were part and parcel of its pervading volume—not so much a mere man, as a fragment of the firmament embodied. By such a constitution he would seem to be indeed actually identified with the air in which he lived, to rise and fall with its elevations and depres-

sions; to pass through its depths amazed, to be swept through its chambers transported, to penetrate its mysteries with awe, and to be inspired with its secrets, triumphant. Above all, he would be sensitively alive to every impending change; and his vital relation to it would be intensified by every intensification of the fluid. His very sight and hearing would be affected by it, to an extent which duller mortals could never know. Sounds and sighs of the tempest would be the speech of departed souls to him, and every swift-fleeting varied form in the clouds, awful or beautiful, would be a revelation of their presence. If to all this the deep spiritual consciousness of such a man himself be added—the power of concentration or expansion in thought, beyond mere nervous susceptibility—almost nothing else was required to constitute him the prophet of the atmosphere. What he felt physically was due to the air, and what he imagined mentally was transferred in return to the clouds; of which reciprocal action he was, perhaps, only half aware—"whether in the body, he could not tell; or whether out of the body, he could not tell"—but the result was the same; and the faith, and the hope, and the practical enlargement were the same. He might hear unspeakable words, as Paul did, which it was not possible for a man to utter; but the most of what he seemed to hear he did utter, and the substance of what he saw and felt he believed in as a divine reality. The upper world with its sunlights and its shadows, with its soft rustling breath and its scathing electrical currents, was *his* world. Though no God was there, it was all a familiar heaven to him; and though no special mansion that he knew of had been prepared for him within its precincts, it would be the welcome and eternal home of his liberated spirit—a sort of faith which, as regards the passage of the soul from earth to heaven at least, will be found on comparison to be not so very different from that of the New Testament after all, for "a cloud would receive him out of our sight." What then could the poems of such a man be, but the loftiest representations of all earthly things, and the sublimest musings on all heavenly things—so far as he could see or feel them? All meanness and puerility; all "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," would be removed; and nothing but the deepest sorrows, or the grandest triumphs in his estimation upon earth, and the glories of an aerial existence thereafter, in the clouds above, or in the memories of men below, would remain, as we see them represented on his pages.

But is such a theory, it may be said, imaginable? It was certainly not imagined by Macpherson; and has never been suggested, so far as we are aware, by any of his traducers—although it is as legible in the text of Ossian's poems as the letters of the alphabet are in a spelling book. Does such faith amount to revelation then? To revelation through the senses, it does. It is a species of intuition, in fact, the subtlest and most suggestive, of which the mere natural man is perhaps capable, and unfolds a sort of relation between the soul and very body of a man with the earth on which he lives and the atmosphere he breathes that philosophers have not yet fully investigated, and which no poet perhaps in the world has so profoundly, yet unconsciously, illustrated. It was no discovery to him, the result of pragmatic experiment; but only a fact in his existence, which he proclaims in song without an effort, and rejoices to believe in

when all other relations cease. It is worth while at least in looking beyond the earth, or in surveying the heavens now, to listen to such an interpreter of their forces, whether we believe in his inspiration or not; and as regards the fact itself we have the teaching of Moses and Elias, of David and Isaias, of Peter, of Paul, of John, and of Jesus himself to authorise the faith of it; and if these divine, or divinely-inspired teachers could see God himself beyond the clouds, and realise the presence of the Eternal there, Ossian, at least, was more fitted than most other men, by actual experience, to accept their teaching on a practical basis.

THE CHARIOTS OF GOD: AS MEN MAY SEE THEM.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of Angels; the Lord is among them, as in Sinai in the holy place.—Ps. lxviii.
Who maketh the clouds his chariot.—Ps. civ.

—o—

Viewless they wheel on the floor of the ocean,
Silent they mount with no visible motion;
The breath of a zephyr can marshal and range them,
The touch of a sunbeam to glory can change them:
The Lord God of Light takes his station among them.

Softly they wend on the path of the morning,
Dew from their axles the hill-tops adorning;
Closely they muster, their shadows extending,
To shelter the desert from noon-tide impending:
The Lord God of Peace is reposing among them.

Swiftly they sweep over forest and prairie,
Lightly they roll over battlements airy;
Gulfs they surpass on cerulean bridges,
'Twixt Grampian, Apennine, Lebanon ridges:
The Lord God of Battles is hasting among them.

Portentous they gather—'tis night all around them:
Heretic hosts, this array shall confound them!
Deep unto deep at their passage is calling;
Hail from their hollows, like millstones, is falling:
The Lord God of Hosts is commanding among them.

Fast on the ether His ministers bind them;
Thick fly his arrows before and behind them;
Long roll their terrors, the echoes renew them;
Loud screams the trumpet of triumph all through them:
The Lord God of Might is prevailing among them.

Bright they defile through the portal of Even,
The many ribb'd archway between earth and heaven;
Their train, as they pass, in a flood is descending;
Their wheels, in a blaze, with the rainbow are blending:
The Lord God of Grace is repenting among them.

See them to Tabor resplendently turning!
Angels around, on the summit are burning;
Mortals, asleep, in their circle are walking;
Moses, Elias, and Jesus are talking:
The Lord God of Glory is shining among them.

Quick they disperse, and round Olivet wheeling,
Settle in troops amid seraphim kneeling;
Cherubs, in harness, above them are flying;
Man has been free'd from the terror of dying:
The Lord God of Life returns heavenward among them.

Yet comes the day when this planet shall tremble—
Far from the uttermost blue they assemble;
White-winged souls, on their pathway collecting,
Shout their hozannas, His advent expecting:
The Lord God of Love shall come reigning among them.

P. HATELY WADDELL.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

CHAPTER XV.

THE 79th Highlanders, on their return from Egypt, were settled for a year at the Island of Minorca, from which they embarked for Britain, and remained till 1804. By this time, in view of further active service, Colonel Cameron was favoured with a "Letter of Service" to raise a second battalion, which he completed within a twelvemonth of the date of his missive. While the Colonel was recruiting for the completion of this battalion, a considerable amount of feeling and controversy had been abroad about superseding the kilt in the Highland regiments by the tartan trousers, and from the following correspondence between the Horse Guards and Colonel Cameron, it will be clear that an inclination to that effect had some existence:—

I am directed to request that you will state for the information of the Adjutant-General your *prirate* opinion as to the expediency of abolishing the kilt in Highland regiments and substituting the tartan trews, which have been represented to the Commander-in-Chief from respectable authority as an article now become acceptable to your countrymen—easier to be provided, and calculated to preserve the health and promote the comfort of the men on service.

(Signed) HENRY THORPE.

Colonel Alan Cameron.

Colonel Cameron's reply to the suggestive official above quoted, is worthy of space in the *Celtic Magazine*, notwithstanding its great length, its elaborate sentences, and discursive reasonings:—

GLASGOW, 27th October 1804.

SIR,—On my return hither, some days ago, from Stirling, I received your letter of the 13th inst. respecting the propriety of an alteration in the mode of clothing Highland regiments, in reply to which I beg to state freely and fully my sentiments upon that subject, without a particle of prejudice in either way, but merely founded upon facts as applicable to these corps—at least as far as I am capable from thirty years' experience, twenty of which I have been upon actual service in all climates with the description of men in question, which, independent of being myself a Highlander, and well knowing all the conveniences and inconveniences of our native garb in the field and otherwise; and, perhaps, also aware of the probable source and clashing motives from which the suggestions, now under consideration, originally arose. I have to observe progressively that in course of the late war several gentlemen proposed to raise Highland regiments, some for general service, but chiefly for home defence; but most of these corps were called from all quarters and thereby adulterated with every description of men that rendered them anything but real Highlanders, or even Scotchmen (which is not strictly synonymous), and the Colonels themselves generally unacquainted with the language and habits of Highlanders, while prejudiced in favour of and accustomed to wear breeches, consequently averse to that free congenial circulation of pure wholesome air (as an exhilarating native bracer) which has hitherto so peculiarly befitted the Highlander for activity, and all the other necessary qualities of a soldier, whether for hardship, on scant fare, *readiness in accoutring*, or making *forced marches*, &c. Besides the exclusive advantage, when halted, of drenching his kilt in the next brook as well as washing his limbs, and drying both, as it were, by constant fanning, without injury to either; but on the contrary, feeling clean and comfortable, while the buffoon tartan pantaloon, with all its fringed frippery (as some mongrel Highlanders would have it) sticking wet and dirty to their skin, is not easily pulled off, and less so to get on again in *cases of alarm* or any other hurry, and all this time absorbing both wet and dirt, followed up by rheumatism and fevers, which ultimately make great havoc in hot and cold climates, while it consists with my knowledge that the Highlander in his native garb always appeared more cleanly, and maintained

better health in both climates than those who wore even the thick cloth pantaloon. Independent of these circumstances, I feel no hesitation in saying that the proposed alteration must have proceeded from a whimsical idea more than the real comfort of the Highland soldier, and a wish to lay aside the national martial garb, the very sight of which has upon many occasions struck the enemy with terror and confusion, and now metamorphose the Highlander from his real characteristic appearance and comfort, in an odious incompatible dress, to which it will, in my opinion, be difficult to reconcile him, as a poignant grievance to and a galling reflection upon Highland corps, as levelling that material distinction by which they have been hitherto noticed and *respected*; and from my own experience I feel well founded in saying that if anything was wanted to aid the rack-renting landlords in destroying that source which has hitherto proved so fruitful for keeping up Highland corps, it will be that of abolishing their native garb which His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Adjutant-General may rest assured will prove a complete death-warrant to the recruiting service in that respect. But I sincerely hope that His Royal Highness will never acquiesce in so painful and degrading an idea (come from whatever quarter it may) as to strip us of our native garb (admitted hitherto our regimental uniform) and stuff us into a harlequin tartan pantaloon which composed of the usual quality that continues as at present worn, useful and becoming for twelve months, will not endure six weeks' fair wear as a pantaloon, and when patched makes a horrible appearance; besides that the necessary quantity to serve decently throughout the year, would become extremely expensive, but above all, would take away completely the appearance and *conceit* of a Highland soldier, in which case I would rather see him *stuffed in breeches* and abolish the distinction at once.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) ALAN CAMERON, Colonel 79th Cameron Highlanders.

To Henry Thorpe, Esq., Horse Guards, London.

The reader on perusal of this reply will be driven to the conclusion that the gallant Colonel had not strictly adhered to his promise of impartiality at the outset, at any rate it is clear that the Adjutant-General had applied to the wrong quarter for sympathy or favour for his views of abolishing the kilt as part of the uniform of Highland regiments.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Napoleon left General Menou and his army in Egypt it was to take advantage of the acclamation in his favour by the Republic of France, whose directors created him First Consul; which act was followed by peace known in history as that of "Amiens." But it soon became evident that it could not last. Bonaparte was bent on excluding England from all continental influence or commerce. This inimical feeling was communicated to the Court of St James; also his studied rudeness towards our Ambassador at Paris, which conduct essentially brought the two nations again into war. He ordered all British residents or travellers found in France to be seized, of whom he had 10,000 put in the prisons of the various towns; and at the same time (1805) dispatched an army to displace our Viceroy from Hanover, and another to Boulogne, there to encamp for an opportunity to cross the Channel and chastise the British. This force was entitled the "Army of England"!! He next overran Italy, and was created its King, into which he introduced the conscription, and got 40,000 of its soldiers to abet his designs against Europe. He came to Boulogne and reviewed the 150,000 troops intended for the invasion, but while he was supposed to be ruminating on crossing the British Rubicon, the hostile operations by Austria took himself and his "Army of England" off rapidly to the Rhine. His victory at Austerlitz against the Russians and Austrians was more than vindicated by ours over his fleet at Trafalgar. The British nation had to lament the loss this year of two of her greatest sons—Nelson and Pitt. Public funerals were

awarded to the illustrious men; the Naval hero being borne to St Pauls, and the Minister to Westminster Abbey.

The former lay in state for a week at Greenwich Hospital, from which he was conveyed by way of the river with a magnificent procession of royal barges and those belonging to the Guilds of the city of London (1806). From London Bridge to the Cathedral the streets were lined with troops, of whom Colonel Cameron with the 79th and 92d regiments formed a portion. In the accounts of this grand and solemn funeral in the newspapers, reference is made to the presence of the Highlanders, who appeared to have quite won the admiration of the populace.

Although the French were nearly whipped from off the seas by the bravery and skill of our Admirals, Bonaparte was carrying victory before him over all Germany. The Prussians were badly beaten at Jena, which humiliation they richly deserved for their perfidy and selfishness in deserting at an earlier period, the cause of Germany, in hopes to be assigned the Kingdom of Hanover. Their capital was occupied by Napoleon and his generals (Oct. 1806). This was the occasion when the "Berlin Decree" was issued, forbidding all intercourse with England, and use either of her manufactures or any of her produce. By the subsequent submission of Russia to his dictates, a treaty known as that of "Tilsit" (1807) was agreed upon by which their fleet and those of Sweden and Denmark were secured to Napoleon.

These repeated acts of insolence by the French against this country could no longer be permitted to pass without action, and the British Cabinet directed a powerful armament, consisting of 60 war vessels with 380 transports to carry 27,000 troops, to be secretly fitted out and sail from Yarmouth Roads for the Baltic. The land forces were under Lord Cathcart, with Sir Arthur Wellesley second in command. Colonel Cameron and the 79th formed part of the force. Arrived at Elsinore, negotiations were opened up for the delivery of the Danish fleet, under solemn engagements that it should be restored on the conclusion of a peace with France. The proposal being indignantly rejected by the Crown Prince, preparations were made to enforce it. The fleet proceeded up to Copenhagen, the troops were landed, batteries were constructed, and a bombardment was immediately commenced both by sea and land, which lasted three or four days, after which the Danish commander surrendered. Colonel Cameron, at the head of the flank companies of the army, with two brigades of artillery, was directed to take possession of Copenhagen.* The loss to the Danes during this bombardment was very considerable. The grand cathedral and its steeple was laid in ruins, and the whole of their fleet was carried off to the Thames with its stores and artillery.

Much difference of opinion prevailed as to the policy or justice of this appropriation of the navy of a neutral power. When intelligence reached Bonaparte of this decisive operation of the British it is said his rage was terrific.

The Houses of Parliament voted their thanks to the Generals, Admiral, army and navy engaged in this expedition; and in additon,

* Life of the Duke of Wellington, Kelly, London,—1814.

Colonel Cameron received a special letter from Lord Cathcart, the latter part of which will be sufficient to quote—viz., "In communicating to you this most signal mark of the approbation of Parliament, allow me to add my own warmest congratulations upon a distinction which the force under your command had so great a share in obtaining for His Majesty's service, together with the assurance of the truth and regard with which I have the honour to be, &c."

Scarcely had the army returned from Denmark when another demonstration was directed towards Sweden, of which Sir John Moore had the command-in-chief, and Colonel Cameron was promoted to the command of a brigade. This was a bloodless campaign, and they returned pretty much as they went.

(To be Continued.)

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

[When the Highland system of clanship was abolished after the final fall of the Stuarts, hundreds of families left their homes for America. This was the result partly of the influx of the southern farmers, and partly because the chiefs being no longer allowed to keep vassals to carry on their feuds, had therefore no interest in retaining a large band of followers on their lands. The strength of the country was thus diminished, and many bold and patriotic men, whose ancestors had flocked round the standard of King Robert the Bruce, now left old Scotland to return no more. The following verses are supposed to be the parting adieu of an emigrant as he is leaving his native Caledonia]:

Farewell to the land of the mountain and wood,
Farewell to the home of the brave and the good,
My bark is afloat on the blue-rolling main,
And I ne'er shall behold thee, dear Scotland, again!

Adieu to the scenes of my life's early morn,
From the place of my birth I am cruelly torn;
The tyrant oppresses the land of the free,
And leaves but the name of my sires unto me.

Oh! home of my fathers, I bid thee adieu,
For soon will thy hill-tops retreat from my view,
With sad drooping heart I depart from thy shore,
To behold thy fair valleys and mountains no more.

'Twas there that I woo'd thee, young Flora, my wife,
When my bosom was warm in the morning of life,
I courted thy love 'mong the heather so brown,
And heaven did I bless when it made thee my own.

The friends of my early years, where are they now?
Each kind honest heart, and each brave manly brow;
Some sleep in the churchyard from tyranny free,
And others are crossing the ocean with me.

Lo! now on the boundless Atlantic I stray,
To a strange foreign realm I am wafted away,
Before me as far as my vision can glance,
I see but the wave-rolling wat'ry expanse.

So farewell my country and all that is dear,
The hour is arrived and the bark is asteer,
I go and for ever, oh! Scotland adieu!
The land of my fathers no more I shall view.

PETER CRERAR.

CRIEFF.

THE LATEST VERSION OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

—o—

WRITING in the March number of this Magazine the Rev. George Gilfillan describes the Massacre as "an event with which, even after a period of 200 years, all Scotland, and especially all the Highlands, ring from side to side."

Diabolical as the massacre undoubtedly was, both in its conception and execution, one would naturally suppose, as Mr Gilfillan evidently does, that the memory of it, in all its horrid details, would live, if anywhere, in Glencoe itself, and its immediate neighbourhood. Apparently, however, it does not.

Like everybody else I visited Glencoe years ago *as a tourist*. That is, I got out of the steamer at Ballachulish, scrambled with a crowd of other tourists, on to the top of a coach; was driven some distance up the Glen; walked the rest of the way, and was obliged to listen all the time to bits of Ossian badly recited by Cockneys who had "crammed" from the Guide Book for the occasion; and to various statements as to the proportion in which responsibility and culpability was attachable to the several parties connected with the massacre—from King William downwards. Every passenger on that coach had some knowledge, more or less accurate, of the facts of the case; some of us shuddered, as we strode along, at the remembrance of the atrocious crime; others viewed the Glen with interest, apart altogether from its associations—that interest which always attaches to the grand and sublime in nature; while a few joked and laughed as if MacIan had never lived, and quite unimpressed by the wild magnificence of the surroundings. Doubtless, however, had it not been for the event of 1692 we would not all, on the particular occasion referred to, have found our way up that Glen of Gloom.

I had no opportunity then of conversing with any natives, or of ascertaining from them whether any traditional account of the slaughter of the Macdonalds survived; but having, in the autumn of 1867, had occasion to pass a few days on Loch Leven side, and finding myself domiciled within a very short distance of the scene of the massacre, I being somewhat of an enquiring turn of mind,-not unnaturally got into conversation on the subject with one who was born and bred in the district.

The native from whom I sought information was a man in middle life, of average intelligence, occupying a respectable and responsible position, being then, and now for aught I know, head keeper or forester on an extensive deer forest in the neighbourhood. He had not, he told me, had much "schooling," and from books he had gained no knowledge of history. This pleased me much, because having had reason to doubt the accuracy of tradition in general, it occurred to me, a good opportunity offered for testing its accuracy in this particular instance. To my enquiry, as we were tramping through the forest one day, "Did you ever hear of the Massacre of Glencoe?" the forester replied, "To be sure I did, Sir!"

And on my asking him to tell me the story as he had heard it, he narrated so curious, and to me so new a tale—the tale of a massacre in Glencoe sure enough, but not the oft told and blood-curdling tale with which the students of history are familiar, and which Mr Gilfillan has again told so well, that when we returned to the Lodge I at once got out my note-book and insisted on a fresh recital.

Gaelic was the forester's mother tongue, but my acquaintance with that language being limited, he was obliged to *put* his narrative into English. Premising that it told much better in the Gaelic, he proceeded to give me what I have ventured to call "the Latest Version of the Massacre of Glencoe."

Here it is precisely as I noted it down at the time. To alter it into the ordinary English of books would destroy, what appears to me, its charm. The forester's very words and Gaelic idioms are therefore strictly preserved.

"The rents of Glencoe, you must understand," said he, "had not been collected for some years—twenty years or more. Two men of Edinburgh, strong men, came to the man who had the land and said, 'We'll collect the rent if you give us so much.' To their proposal he agreed. They came to Glencoe in due time, and called on the first tenant and got the rent; then they went through the whole Glen, and so formidable did they look that on hearing that their friends at the head of the Glen had settled, the others all paid up. Thus prosperously did the men proceed till they come to Glen Achunnie; they asked for the rent from the farmers there, telling them that the others had paid; to be neighbourlike these farmers paid also; and the two men, with the rents of Glencoe in their pouches, went up the Glen on their way back to Edinburgh, congratulating themselves upon their success.

"Shortly after their departure one old farmer thought to himself that he had done rather a foolish thing in so easily parting with his coins, and he called his son to him and said that two days had come on Glencoe when two men from Edinburgh would take rent from the whole Glen. The son said that it was so. The father then said that they must follow them and take the rent from them yet. The son saying 'yes,' off they went, and on their way going the father, who was short in the sight, was constantly asking the son whether he was seeing the two men; but after following them seven miles the son saw them before them, and he then said to his father 'I see them.' Soon afterwards they came up to them, and the father, who was of course spokesman, said they came after them for the rents, and they would have to take the rent to Edinburgh, or them to Glencoe back. The men from Edinburgh said they would have a fight for it, and to it they set. After a short time the father killed his man, and then he sat down, took a snuff and watched his son and the other man. Determined to see fair play done he didn't interfere; he quietly took his snuff, seated all the while on a rock, and beheld the deadly strife between his only son and the 'Gall' proceed. He uttered not a word but took his snuff. The fight at length was ended by the man from Edinburgh killing the son. The father then calmly rose up, approached the stranger and said, 'Well you have killed my only son,

and if you'll sit down, rest yourself and take a snuff we'll afterwards see whether you'll take the rent to Edinburgh or I'll take it back to Glencoe.' Having rested themselves they rose and the fight at once began, and whether from the exercise of skill or coolness the old man was at length victorious, and leaving his vanquished foes on the field, after easing them of the coins, he returned to his dwelling with the rents of the Glen in his own pocket. In consequence of this conduct, and it being found impossible to recover rent or taxes—they would pay nothing at all—an order came from the King to kill the whole of them; and I suppose it was done, but one child and a woman. It was very hard to kill the whole of them too.

"I have heard that it was on Sunday night that the massacre took place. I was told that each house contained one soldier. In one was a young lad against whose heart it went very hard to kill the people in the house where he lodged, because they had shown him great kindness; he dursen't disobey orders, however; in the evening, before the day fixed for the massacre, in presence of the people he went out, and from his pouch he took a grey stone, and in the sight of the people drew his sword and struck the stone saying the while, 'Well grey stone if you knew what was going to happen this night you wouldn't lie there;' thinking that the hint would be taken by his friends, but they not understanding him did not take the advice but remained in the house; and he rose during the night, and in obedience to his orders, killed them all.

"The woman and child who escaped were hidden in the hollow of a burn, and they heard soldiers approaching. The officer in charge thinking from the look of the place that some men might be hiding there, sent a soldier to kill any one he might find; the soldier made a search, but seeing only a helpless woman and child, left them alone; and on his return, being asked, boldly said that he had found a man and had killed him.

"Many years after an old soldier arrived one day at a house in Appin, and craved and of course got a night's lodging; in the course of the evening he happened to mention that he had been one of the soldiers engaged at Glencoe.

"It came into the mind of the man of the house, when he heard this, that he would rise in the night time and kill the soldier, but he didn't. In the morning they had some more talk about Glencoe, and the soldier mentioned how he had saved a woman and child when they were hiding on the side of a burn. On hearing this the man of the house at once jumped up, embraced the soldier, crying out, 'I am the man that was that child,' and he was glad that he had not followed his first thought to arise in the night to kill him."

Penetrated by the absurdity of this story, in so far as it dealt with the origin of the massacre, I was at first inclined to doubt its genuineness as a tradition. After a good deal of cross-examination, however, and knowing the narrator to be truthful, the conviction was forced on me that such was the account of the massacre told at this day in the district, and firmly believed by my informant as well as by others. Glencoe has to a great extent ceased to be occupied by human

beings; deer and sheep are now its tenants and occupants. The surrounding district is sparsely populated. Few, if any, among the unlettered residenters have ever heard any more than my decent friend the forester, of the connection of Stair, Breadalbane, or Glenlyon with the massacre. The forester, indeed, didn't even know the name of the King, and he listened to the true account with a very incredulous smile, which clearly meant, "Don't *you* think you can get *me* to believe *that* cock and bull story!" He *looked* exactly as I *felt* during the delivery of his version.

The object of this communication is to show, strange though the statement may sound, that little is apparently known among the uneducated classes, living in the very district of its perpetration, about one of the most cold blooded and cruel murders, on a wholesale scale, ever conceived and executed by so-called civilized men. Now, however, that the schoolmaster is being introduced into all our glens and straths, and presumably into Glencoe among others, the next generation, in all probability, will know more of the historic truth than did their predecessors for several generations.

Meantime it is quite evident, tradition, in so far at any rate as regards the details of a story, cannot always be relied on after the lapse of any such period as 200 years. Tradition, however, in this particular instance has, it may be said, not had a fair chance, because there are probably few, if any, persons now living in the district whose families have, in an unbroken line, occupied holdings therein for anything like the above period.

CHARLES INNES.

Our friend, *The Highland Pioneer*, which, for the first year, has been conducted, at least in name, as "a monthly journal devoted to the consideration and advancement of all matters relating to the welfare of Highlanders at home and abroad," has thrown the "Highland" and the "Highlanders" overboard in his last issue, and now sails simply under the more cosmopoliton flag of "*The Pioneer*, an illustrated monthly journal of special interest to all." We shall make every effort to aid the discarded—not necessarily drowning—Highlanders to a shore of safety, and we hope that this throwing overboard of such an uncongenial cargo will aid the Captain of the *Pioneer* to arrive in a harbour of refuge—safe from the storms and billows of a perilous voyage—without having to throw his *whole* cargo into the sea. In any case, it is well that the interests of Highlanders are not altogether bound up with the safety of the *Pioneer*, and to sink or swim with a Captain who, on the first appearance of a storm, casts into the sea the cargo with which he first specially left the shore. We had occasion, elsewhere, to suggest a little modesty when, on our first trip, the Captain of the *Pioneer* attempted to "run *us* down"!!!

THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

—o—

Torlutha's* tow'rs rang to the shouts of revelry and mirth,
Torlutha's chief a galley saw swift bounding from the north,
Torlutha's chief and warriors rose and sought blue Corriefin,†
Torlutha's chief saw Morven's seer! then still'd his warriors' din:

With broken and inconstant steps, with anguish-throbbing brow,
On Alpin's son he weary leans, be silent warriors now,
Be silent braves! the Minstrel comes: he comes with solemn tread,
Down with each shield and sword and spear, uncovered be each head:

His grey hair trembles in the breeze, his cheek is pale and wan,
His sightless orbs to heaven are raised with grief's unvisioned scan,
His limbs are yielding 'neath the yoke of time's remorseless years;
Behold the weird and hoary bard! behold his silent tears!

Those lips which oft in other times the deeds of heroes sung,
Or poured the battle songs of kings green Ullin's plains among,
Or woke dark Cona's echoes deep, and Selma's sounding halls,
Are quiv'ring songless as the oak which 'neath the tempest falls:

Those hands which shook dread Trenmor's spear by Lubar's rushing stream,
Or swept the harp till rolling fell the heavenly music dream,
Are shaking now, and with'ring hang bereft of ancient might,
No more the sword to grasp again, or strike the lyre of light:

Lead him unto his father's grave ere grief his soul consumes,
Where mighty Fingal sleeps amid a thousand heroes' tombs,
There let him mourn unhappy days, and far off happy years,
Let him the sward o'er Morven's king bedew with filial tears:

Where battle-scorning Oscar sleeps, lead him with tender hand,
There let him touch the mossy stones, there let him lonely stand,
There let him clasp the flow'rs that grow his warrior son above,
There let him weeping kiss the spot in agony of love:

He moves a fading meteor o'er dark Lutha's‡ narrow heath,
Where sleeps the daughter of his heart, within the house of death,
Lead him to where her cromlech lies, he longs his tears to shed
Upon the cold grey stone that marks his lov'd Malvina's bed:

Lead! Lead him where the south winds blow from Ullin's distant shore,
Still bearing on their noiseless wings his love-fraught songs of yore.
O! let them fan his pallid cheek and whisper in his ear
That dark-haired Evirallin's shade still fondly hovers near:

Warriors! around him gather! See! the hero-minstrel falls,
Hark! Hark! from every drooping cloud a voice triumphant calls,
The spirits of his fathers join in one far-sounding lay,
And o'er him circle joyously to bear his soul away:

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* Torlutha [illegible] Drumadoon. † Corriefin is Fingal's landing place. ‡ Lutha is the Blackwater. All these places are in the Island of Arran, and are unquestionably the scene of Ossian's decease and where he is buried. For further elucidation of this, all lovers of Morven's bard, nay all Scotsmen, should consult that noble tribute to Ossian's truth, and Scottish literature—viz., "Ossian and the Clyde," by Dr Hately Waddell. W. A.

Swift rushing to his ocean bed of golden-clouded fires,
The sad sun sinks in sorrow as his lover slow expires,
One ling'ring look of grief he casts, and lo ! in love's repose,
A glistering crown of living light illumes the minstrel's brows :

Moi-Lutha's oaks moan to the wind, and bow'd is every leaf ;
Dark Lutha's stream rolls fitfully and pours its song of grief.
Night's hollow blast is but a wail from every hero's grave,
Death's ghostly dirge peals mournfully from every surging wave :

Lone Selma trembles at the sound ! blue Morven hears it then !
Ghosts shriek from every mountain cave in Cona's gloomy glen !
Pale lightnings flash from every cloud ! and muffled thunders roar !
And Nature groans in agony ; her Ossian is no more !

Raise high ye braves the fun'ral pyre ! back to its source give ye
The soul that sung of heroes' deeds in deathless minstrelsy,
On to the cloudy halls where braves in glory gathered are,
Let it in majesty ascend upon its fiery car :

Raise high ye braves, The Minstrel's tomb ! where Ullin's breezes sweep,
Where ever peal the requiem songs and dirges of the deep,
Let coming ages mark the spot, let coming heroes trace,
The grey stones guarding Ossian's dust— the last of all his race.

Torlutha's tow'rs are clad in night, grief's silence brooding reigns,
Torlutha's unhelm'd warriors chant their low despairing strains,
Torlutha's chief stalks thro' his halls, and sees amid the gloom,
Dark shadows of the coming years which bode Torlutha's doom.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANTS.

SONG.

—o—

There's sighing and sobbing in yon Highland forest ;
  There's weeping and wailing in yon Highland vale,
And fitfully flashes a gleam from the ashes
  Of the tenantless hearth in the home of the Gael.
There's a ship on the sea, and her white sails she's spreadin',
  A' ready to speed to a far-distant shore ;
She may come hame again wi' the yellow gowd laden,
  But the sons of Glendarra shall come back no more.

The gowan may spring by the clear-rinnin' burnie,
  The cushat may coo in the green woods again :
The deer o' the mountain may drink at the fountain,
  Unfettered and free as the wave on the main ;
But the pibroch they played o'er the sweet blooming heather
  Is hush'd in the sound of the ocean's wild roar ;
The song and the dance they hae vanish'd thegither,
  For the maids o' Glendarra shall come back no more.

A. V.

ST. ANDREWS

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN M'ARTHUR OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS OF CAROLINA.

—o—

[CONTINUED].

The discharge of the musket was the signal to those within hearing that somebody was about. It awakened to his senses an old negro, the honest "Uncle Ned," and brought him to the edge of the "clearing," in order to satisfy his curiosity, and to see if it was "old Massa" making an unceremonious visit to the farm of which Ned was virtually overseer. Our disconsolate party could not avoid an interview even if they would. They summoned their courage and affected to feel at ease. And truly they might, for Ned, like the class to which he belonged, would never dream of asking impertinent questions of any respectable white man, his known duty being to answer, not to ask, questions. Our weary party invited themselves to "Uncle Ned's" cabin, which stood in the edge of the clearing close by, and turned out to be a tidy log cottage. The presiding divinity of its single apartment was our kind hostess, "Aunt Lucy," Ned's better half, who felt so highly charmed and flattered by the visit of such distinguished guests that she scarcely knew what she was saying or doing. She dropt her lighted pipe on the floor, bustled and scraped and curtsied to the gentle lady over and over, and caressed the beautiful little "Missie" with emotions which bordered on questionable kindness. This ovation over, our hungry guests began to think of the chief object of their visit—getting something in the shape of warm luncheon—and with this in view they eyed with covetous interest the large flock of fine plump pullets about the door. There was fine material for a feast to begin with. The hint was given to "Aunt Lucy," and when that aged dame became conscious of the great honour thus to be conferred upon her, she at once set to work in the culinary department with a dexerity and skill of art which is incredible to those who are ignorant of the great speciality of negresses. There was sudden havoc among the poultry, and fruit and vegetables found their way from the corn field in abundant variety to the large chimney place. Meanwhile the captain shouldered his piece and brought, from an adjacent thicket, two whapping big fox squirrels to add to the variety of the feast, extorting from the faithful Ned the flattering compliment "b' gollies Boss, you is the best shot I ever see'd." Preparation is rapidly advancing, and so is the appetite of the longing expectants. But such preparation was not the work of a moment, especially, from the scantiness of Lucy's cooking utensils. So the guests thought they would withdraw for a time in order to relieve the busy cook of all ceremony, and at the same time relieve themselves of the uncomfortable reflection of three blazing fires in the chimney place. After partaking of a few slices of a delicious water melon, they retired to the shade of a tree in the yard, and there enjoyed a most refreshing nap. In due course the sumptuous meal is ready; the small table is loaded with a most substantial repast, the overplus finding a receptacle upon the board floor of the apartment which was

covered with white sand. It is needless to say that the guests discharged their duty with great gusto, notwithstanding the absence of any condiments, save pepper and salt, in their case hunger being the best sauce. Who but an epicure could grumble at the repast before them? What better than stewed fowls and squirrels, boiled rice, Indian hoe cake and yams smoking hot from the ashes, squashes, pumpkin-pies and apple dumpling, and all this followed by a course of fruit, peaches and apples, musk and water melons, all of a flavour and size inconceivable by any but the inhabitants of the sunny climes which brought them to maturity. Her ladyship could not help making the contrast with a service of fruit upon an extra occasion in her home circle, which cost several golden guineas, and yet was not to be compared with that furnished for the merest trifle by these sable purveyors—so much for the sun rays of the latitude. There was, however, the absence of any beverage stronger than water, not even tea, a name which the humble hostess scarcely comprehended. But a good substitute was readily presented, in the form of strong coffee, without cream or sugar. It was now drawing late in the afternoon, and our party refreshed and delighted with their adventure, must begin to retrace their steps towards the canoe. The reckoning was soon settled. A few shillings, the index of the late regime of George in the colony, more than satisfied all demands, and surpassed all expectations. But the fair visitor was not content, without leaving an additional, and more pleasant memento. She took a beautiful gold ring, bearing the initials B.J.C., and placed it upon the swarthy finger of "Aunt Lucy," with many thanks and blessings for her kindness, on that eventful occasion. This kindly expression was heartily reciprocated by the negress, and responded to by a flood of tears from her eyes, and a volley of blessings from her lips. The party bade a final adieu to their entertainers, and they had to veto their pressing offer of escorting them to the river. Off they went, leaving the aged couple gazing after them, and lost in amazement as to who they could be, or whither they were going, and all the more astonished that the mysterious visitors had supplied themselves with such a load of the leavings of the repast.

The navigation was at length resumed, and onward they glide as before, without the sight of anything to obstruct their course. Their prosperous voyaging continued till about midnight, for they resolved to continue their course during the whole night, unless necessity compelled them to do otherwise. Long before this hour, the mother and child resigned themselves to sleep, which was only interrupted by occasional starts, while the indefatigable steersman watched his charge, and plied his vocation with improving expertness. At this hour again, in the dim light of the crescent moon, a second "pole boat" was discovered making towards them, but which they easily avoided by rowing to the opposite side of the river, thus continuing their course, and escaping observation. In passing the "flat" an animated conversation was overheard among the hands, from which it was easily gathered that the escape of the rebel was the engrossing topic in the town of Wilmington, the place of their departure, and towards which the rebel himself was now finding his way as fast as tide and paddle could carry him. At present, however, he felt no cause for alarm. One of the hands speaking in vulgar English accent

was heard to depone, "By George if I could only get that *prize* I'd be a happy man, and would go back again to old h-England." To this base insinuation a threatening reproof was administered by other parties, who replied in genuine Gaelic idiom and said, "It's yourself that would need to have the face and the conscience, the day that you would do that;" and they further signified their readiness to render any assistance to their brave countryman should opportunity offer. Those parties were readily recognised from their accent to be no other than Captain M'Arthur's intimate acquaintances, Sandie M'Dougall and Angus Ray, and who were so well qualified, from their known strength and courage, to render most valuable assistance in any cause in which their bravery might be enlisted. If he only gave them the signal of his presence they would instantly fly into his service and share his fate. However, it was deemed the wisest course to pass on, and not put their prowess to the test. Hours had now passed in successful progress without notice or interruption; and they are at long last approaching Wilmington, their sea-port, but a considerable distance from the mouth of the river. The question is how they are to pass it, whether by land or water, for it is now approaching towards day. What is to be done must be done without a moment's delay. It is at length resolved to hazard the chance of passing it by canoe rather than encountering the untried perils of a dismal swamp. The daring leader puts his utmost strength to the test, striking the water right and left with excited vigour. His feeling is "now or never;" for he knew this to be the most critical position of his whole route; unless he could get past it before break of day his case was hopeless. The dreaded town is at length in view, engendering fear and terror, but not despair. Several large crafts are seen lying at the wharf, and lights are reflected from adjacent shipping offices. Two small boats are observed crossing the river, and in rather uncomfortable proximity. With these exceptions the inhabitants are evidently in the enjoyment of undisturbed repose, and quite unconscious of the phenomenon of such a notorious personage passing their doors with triumphant success. Scarcely a word was heard, it was like a city of the dead. Who can imagine the internal raptures of our lucky hero, on leaving behind him, in the distance, that spot upon which his fate was suspended, and in having the consciousness that he is now not far from the goal of safety. Even now there are signals which cheer his heart. He begins already to inhale the ocean breeze, and from that he derives an exhilarating sensation such as he had not experienced for many years. He gets the benefit of the ocean tide, fortunately, in his favour, and carrying his little hull upon its bosom at such a rate as to supersede the use of the paddle except in guiding the course. The ocean wave, however, is scarcely so favourable. It rocks and rolls their frail abode in such a way as to threaten to put a sad finish to the successful labours of the past. There is no help for it but to abandon the canoe a few miles sooner than intended. There is, however, little cause for complaint, for they can now see their way clear to their final terminus, if no untoward circumstance arises. They leave the canoe on the beach, parting with it for ever, but not without a sigh of emotion, as if bidding farewell to a good friend. But the paddle they cling to as a memento of its achievements, the operator remarking—"It did me better service than any sword ever put into

my hand." A few miles walk from the landing, which is on the southern shore of the estuary, and they are in sight of a small hamlet, which lies upon the shore. And what is more inspiring of hope and courage, they are in sight of a vessel of considerable tonnage, lying at anchor off the shore, and displaying the British flag, floating in the morning breeze, evidently preparing to hoist sail. Now is their chance. This must be their ark of safety if ever they are to escape such billows of adversity as they have been struggling with for some days past. To get on board is that upon which their hearts is set, and all that is required in order to defy all enemies and pursuers. Not thinking that there is anything in the wind in this pretty hamlet, they make straight for the vessel, but they go but a few paces in that direction before another crisis turns up. Enemies are still in pursuit. A small body of men, apparently under commission, are observed a short distance beyond the hamlet as if anticipating the possibility of the escaped prisoner making his way to the British ship. Nor is the surmise groundless, as the sequel proves. In this perplexity the objects of pursuit have to lie in ambush and await the course of events. Their military pursuers are now wending their way in the opposite direction until they are almost lost to view. Now is the time for a last desperate effort. They rush for the shore, and there accost a sallow lank-looking boatman, followed by a negro, on the look out for custom, in their marine calling. A request is made for their boat and services, for conveyance to the ship. At first the man looks suspicious and sceptical, but on expostulation that there was the utmost necessity for an interview with the captain before sailing, and important dispatches to be sent home, and a hint given that a fee for services in such a case was of no object, he at once consents; the ferry boat is launched, and in a few minutes the party are off from the shore. But the military party observing these movements begin to retrace their steps in order to ascertain what all this means, and who the party are. They put to their heels, and race towards the shore as fast as their feet can carry them. They feel tantalised to find that they have been sleeping at their post, and that the very object of their search is now half-way to the goal of safety. They signal and halloo with all their might, but getting no answer they fire a volley of shot in the direction of the boat. This has no effect, except for an instant, to put a stop to the rowing. The boatman gets alarmed as he now more than guesses who the noted passenger is, and he signifies his determination to put back and avoid the consequences that may be fatal to himself. The hero puts a sudden stop to further parley. He flings a gold sovereign to the swarthy rower, commands him simply to fulfil his promise, but to refund the balance of change upon their return from the ship—"he must see the captain before sailing." To enforce his command the sturdy Highlander, who was more than a match for the two, took up his loaded musket and intimated what the consequences would be if they refused to obey orders. This had the desired effect. The rowers pulled with might and main, and in a few minutes the passengers were left safe and sound on board the gallant ship, and surrounded by a sympathising and hospitable crew. The fugitives were at last safe, despite rewards and sanguine pursuers. But their situation they could scarcely realize, their past life seemed more like a

dream than a reality. Our brave heroine was again quite overcome. The reaction was too much for her nerves. In being led to the cabin she would have fallen prostrate on the deck had she not been supported. And who can wonder, in view of her fatigues and privations, her hair-breadth escapes and mental anxieties. But she survived it all. Sails are now hoisted to the favouring breeze, anchor weighed, and our now rejoicing pilgrims bade a lasting farewell to the ever memorable shores of Carolina. In care of the courteous commander they, in due time, reached their island home in the Scottish Highlands, and there lived to a good old age in peace and contentment. They had the pleasure of seeing the tender object of their solicitude grow up to womanhood, and afterwards enjoying the blessings of married life. And the veteran officer himself found no greater pleasure in whiling away the hours of his repose than in rehearsing to an entranced auditory, among the stirring scenes of the American Revolution, the marvellous story of his own fate; the principal events of which are here hurriedly and imperfecely sketched from a current tradition among his admiring countrymen in the two hemispheres.

JOHN DARROCH, M.A.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

BY ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

Norman was nearly exhausted and out of breath when he finished his poem. It was well received, and several of the verses were heartily applauded. The old bard congratulated him in more enthusiastic terms than ever; for, he was glad to find among the circle one who had just given such unmistakeable proof that he was no mean bard himself. He even promised to give another of his own poems if Norman would wait and hear *Alastair Eachain Duibh's* story of Glengarry's burial in the foundation of Glengarry Castle. All were delighted to hear another of the old bard's own compositions, and *Alastair Eachain* would prefer to hear it before telling his story, which, as he previously told them, was related to him in Strathglass, by an exciseman, a capital story teller, by the name of Grassie. The bard, however, insisted upon hearing about old Glen's mishap first, and *Alastair* proceeded with the Glengarry Legend:—

Many ages back, when a powerful but capricious chief of Glengarry was erecting the venerable and stern mansion, whose ruins still daunt the stranger's eye, he very injudiciously chose his companion and favourite from the humblest class of his retainers; and this, like the generality of favourites, once corrupted by a superior's improper familiarity, soon forgot prudence and propriety. One day, when the castle's infant walls had just upreared their massy front over their foundation, and

while their warlike founder, in company with another chief was superintending and admiring the progress of the building, up came the favourite with the greatest air of confidence, and without even saluting, as was then customary, his lord and chief, the dread possessor of unlimited feudal power, accosted him thus, in the presence of a recently conciliated rival—"Alas! poor chief, know ye what the M'Bhethains say? They call you miser, and enquire, how comes it that you could not spare a little silver and gold to be placed in thy castle's foundation, as is customary with other chiefs? Your present companion, they say," alluding to the chief already noticed, "has as much silver in the foundation of his castle as would buy yours." At this the stranger sneered with fiendish pleasure, seeing him whose friendship fear, not love, prompted him to court, but whom he fervently hated at heart, so much insulted by his own vassal. The chief himself, was too severely stung—his rage was too gigantic to stoop to instantaneous revenge: besides, it was derogatory for a chief to inflict personal chastisement on a vassal, and impracticable to do so in presence of another chief; but his brow was clouded, and his face was darkened as he spoke—until recollecting himself he smothered up his rage, and endeavouring to assume an appearance of cheerfulness exclaimed—"You are right Ranouil, I have quite omitted to do what you remind me of, I therefore thank you for the hint, and believe me I allow you more merit, from a conviction that I am not directly or indirectly beholden to those you mention for the suggestion, as it is not their own custom to do the like: however, it should be done, and, with your assistance, we will correct the omission to-night." The vassal retired chuckling, at what he considered the effect of his influence. It is impossible to discover the cause which had prompted him to talk so insultingly to his lord and master: some attribute it to the disappointment of dishonest expectations, supposing that he intended to abstract any jewellery which might be deposited as a memento in the foundation: while others imagine that his chief must have previously offended him, and that the insult was intended; but more probably his main object was to ingratiate himself with the stranger.

M'Ranouil lived in a small solitary cottage, a considerable distance from the residence of his chief, and, late on the night in question, he was startled in his slumber, by a loud knocking at his door: he arose trembling, with a secret dread of something unknown, and shuddered involuntarily as he opened his door to discover the cause of this disturbance. He opened it, and lo! there stood his chief, alone, with a naked dagger in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other, frowning like a spirit of vengeance. The frighted vassal at this terrific sight quickly sunk on his bended knee to implore his chieftain's grace and mercy, his heart bursting with remorse and sorrow, but the ear of vengeance would not listen to the importunities of remorse, nor to the supplicating sighs of fear. "Come," said the stern and angry chief, "arise, shake off that ague's fit and follow me, for I require your service!" To disobey the chief was a crime unknown and unheard of in those days, and his peremptory command and determined appearance showed the vassal that remonstrance or question was vain and futile; so with a tremulous hand he arrayed himself in his best apparel, and with a bursting and a yearning heart—

He bade his wife and children dear,
A long, a last adieu,

and mournfully prepared to follow his chief. They sallied forth in silence and in gloom, the doomed man (for he knew his fate was sealed), marched sullenly behind. Neither seemed inclined to disturb the drowsy stillness which reigned around them; and as they marched along, the owl's screech voice assailed the vassal's ear, proclaiming the ominous words, "man prepare to die," and ever and anon, when the glare of the chief's dim lantern gleamed upon him, it showed the unhappy victim the diabolical smile which grinned on his chief's countenance at the proximity of such a feast of vengeance. At length they reached the castle, in the deep silence of midnight! where the chief, pointing to a gloomy excavation which he had caused that night to be made in its foundation, desired his vassal to enter, which he, without the least hesitation, did, mourning as he went, and wringing his hands in utter grief. As soon as he entered he saw the muscular chief with great difficulty roll a ponderous stone over the mouth of his dim and dreary sepulchre, and heard him chanting to himself, as in mockery, the M'Ranouil's dirge; but these cheerless sounds soon grew faint and ultimately died away.

The chief now quitted the castle, intending to drown all thoughts of its forlorn captive, amidst the riot and luxurious turbulence which a chieftain's life afforded, but he found himself mistaken. The foul deed he had that night performed made a deep and indelible impression on his mind, and go where he would he wandered like a forlorn outcast, changed, dejected, and thoughtful.

Wherever he roamed his weeping captive came trembling to his mind. If awake, it was of him, and him only that he thought, and if asleep he dreamed only of him, and often, in the deep stillness of night, a sullen voice whispered in his ear—"the heavy punishment you have inflicted on your clansman is too severe for the venal crime he committed, therefore you cannot expect to fight victoriously under such a load of guilt."

It happened that at this time the chief was about to enter into a struggle with an aggressing and powerful neighbour, and on the result of this combat depended his own and his clansmen's lives. Their antagonists were far superior in point of number, and were warriors renowned for their wonderful exploits—for fearlessness, daring, and courage; but they were a ruthless and relentless enemy, and whatever they vanquished they utterly destroyed. They seemed to fight not for any chivalrous honour, but rather from the devilish pleasure they had in reducing to ashes that which other men took months and years to build. In short, these spoilers took great umbrage at the chief of Glengarry, which meant certain destruction, unless he could defeat them in arms, and so he, in desperation, determined as his only chance of safety to hazard a battle. Yes! he would have a struggle, a fierce and furious struggle, ere he sank beneath the iron hand of a despotic rival: and if he did fall, he, like the dying lion, would wound the earth in his throes. He would not bleed like the bleating lamb, nor would he imitate the timid hind, and seek safety by flight! No! he had fangs like the wolf, and with these he would tear the flesh from the bones of his oppressor.

On the tenth day after the captivity of his late favourite, he had his clan marshalled and under arms, awaiting the approach of the foe whom he had challenged to meet him there, to settle their dispute by open combat. His warriors were all burning for distinction in the field, but none more ardently than himself, and as he glanced proudly along their line he smiled on hearing them curse the lazy foe, who lagged so tardily on their way to meet him. This was in the vicinity of the rising castle, and as he wished to enter the fight as guiltless as possible, it struck him that he had better relieve himself, if possible, from the guilt of his prisoner's undeserved misery, and to effect this purpose, he stole unperceived to the vault, and with the assistance of a common plank, used as a lever, he soon raised up the huge stone, and having placed a sufficient counterpoise to preserve the entrance, he entered, but scarcely had he done so when snap went the lever, and down came the stone with a tremendous force. In an instant he perceived the fearful calamity which had befallen him. He knew that all was now over, for it was impossible to remove the stone, from the interior of the vault; and, in terrible despair, he sat, or threw himself down, writhing with extreme mental agony. To make his misery greater he heard (or thought he heard) his trusty clansmen expressing their amazement at his unexpected and cowardly desertion, and heard (or thought he heard) the sentinels, whom he himself had placed, proclaim with extended lungs—"The foe! they come! they come!" and then he heard the din of war on the heath, and the shock of battle sound, "like a crash of echoing thunder," and then the shout triumphant of his foes—and oh! he would have given his very soul's redemption for power to arise from that murky dungeon and stalk to the midst of the combat like an angel of death—

And perish if it must be so,
At bay destroying many a foe.

When the sounds of strife and every hope had died away, the shout triumphant, and the dying yells, he thought on the lone sharer of his captivity, whom he could discover was still alive, and he wondered that the soul, ever eager as an iron bound prisoner to escape, should be enticed by such misery to linger—for his part he would rather flutter like the butterfly through its sweet though short career, than live, like the toad, a thousand years prisoner to a marble block. As he mused thus in painful silence his deliverers arrived. They were his victorious foes—and those of his own clan who had survived the field of battle—the little remnant who had but now given his little band like chaff to the four warring winds of the earth. They came in quest of riches, which they supposed had been deposited in the vault. The stone was rolled away, and one by one they dropped into the vault, but each as he entered, fell a victim to the fury of its angry and exasperated inmate, who shortly afterwards with the aid of his old favourite vassal, quitted its gloomy precincts, leaving his enemy and his laurels there to wither and to die.

The old bard, whose voice was still sweet, although tremulous in consequence of old age, sang the following Gaelic song in praise of the "Mountain Dew":—

ORAN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

—o—

Oh ! b' aithne dhomh suirtheach neo-iormallach greann-mhor,
Mireanach, mireagach, diulanta,
A leumadh, a ruitheadh, a chluitheadh, sa dhannsadh,
Cinneadal, inneadal, curamach ;
'N am suidhe mu bhord gun tig moran na chuideachda,
A ghabhail nan oran gu solasach, sugairteach,
Bhiodh bodaich 'us cailchean a dearbhadh sa dusbaireachd,
'Us gheibheadh tu ursgeulan ùr aca.

Cha'n eil posadh na banais, cuis-gheana, na ghaire,
Chithear cho ceart mar bi druthag ann,
Aig toiseach na diathad se dh-iarrair an trath sin,
'S fhearrda na stamagan srubag dheth.
'S leis dunadh gach bargain, us dearbhadh gach fineachais,
Ciad phog bean na bains' 's i toir taing dha na Mhinisteir,
Chuireadh e dhanns' iad, 's beag an annstramaid shireadh iad,
Cha'n fhaca mi gille cho surdail ris.

Nuair theid *Macintoisich* na chomhdach 's na airmeachd,
Caite m bheil gaisgeach a mhaoitheadh air,
Chuireadh e samhach na baird 's a chleir-sheanachain,
Chuireadh e chadal 's na cuiltean iad.
Cha robh duine 'sa rioghachd a shineadh air carraid ris,
Nach bualadh e cheann a dh-aon mheall ris na talaintean,
'S fhagail gun sgoinn, deanamh greim ris na ballachan,
Mar gum biodh amadan 's luireach air.

'Fear us luaithe an astar 's as brais ann an nadur,
Bheireadh e chasan sa lùs uaith,
'Fear as bronaich' a dhise, gun mhisneachd, gun mharan,
Chuireadh e 'mhire air an urlar e.
'Fear as mo ann an starn bheireadh strabh air gun tuiteadh e,
Chuireadh e'n t-anlar gu oran 's gu cruitearachd,
Ni e'm bacach nach gluaiseadh cho luath ris na h-uiseagan,
'S ni e na trustairean fiughantach.

A fear a bhi's na chrupan air cul an tigh-osd',
'S nach teid a steach leis a sgùgaireachd,
Ge'd bhiodh airgiod na thasgaidh, bi' glas air na phocaid,
Rud a thoir aisde cha duraig e.
Ach nuair thig am fear coir leis 'm bu deoin bhi sa chuideachda,
Bheir e air sgeoid e gu seomar mam buidealan,
Nuair dh'olas e dha thig a nadur gu rud-eigin,
'S their, e cuir thugainn mar shuigheas sinn.

Tha moran an deigh air an Eiriun 'san Alba,
Ge da tha cuid aca diombach air,
Tha daoin' agus mnathan. tha mathasach, geamnaidh,
Ghabhas deth glaine gu'n urrachdainn.
'S fhearrda fear tùrs e, gu cuir smuid agus airsneal deth,
'S ainnidh bean-shiubhla nach dùraigeadh blasad air,
Mar faigh a bhean-ghluin' e thig tuchan 'us casadaich,
Falbhas i dhachaidh 's bi stùr oirre.

Sud dar thuirt Ceat n'Ic a-Phearsoin "chan e sin fasan nan Gaidheal,
Dar a thig leasachdainn ùr orra,
Bith' 'm botal sa ghlaine sa 'n t-aran 's an cais',
Dha tharruing ma seach as a chulaiste.
Their a bhean choir ris a choisir a thuigeadh i,
Gabhaidh na *mornin* cha mhor dheth na trioblaid e,
Tha botal na dha an so lan 'us tha pigidh ann,
Faighibh an t-slige 's na caomhnaibh e."

ON THE CELTIC ORIGIN OF THE SCOTCH WORD *LAW*, AS APPLIED TO HILLS; AND ON THE NATION OF THE PICTS.

By THOMAS STRATTON, M.D. Edin.; *Author of The Celtic Origin of Greek and Latin, and of the Affinity between the Hebrew and the Celtic.*

——o——

I WISH to offer a few remarks on the word *law* which forms part of the names of various hills in Scotland. They are mentioned in the order in which they occur, beginning at the north:—

Inverness-shire.—Wardlaw was the former name of the parish of Kirkhill near Inverness. (It shows very bad taste changing an old name for a new one).

Angus or Forfar.—Dundee Law, Catlaw, Bathlaw.

Forfar and Perthshire.—Sidlaw.

Fife.—Largo Law.

Mid-Lothian.—Drylaw is three miles west from Edinburgh.

East-Lothian.—North Berwick Law.

Peebles.—Broadlaw.

Berwick.—Greenlaw.

Roxburgh.—Ruberslaw, Cocklaw.

These are all that occur to me at present. They are on the east side of Scotland. What is the derivation of *law?* Is it from the Gaelic *sliabh* (pronounced sleav), a hill (a sloping hill).

Putting the definite article *an* before *sliabh*, it is necessary to insert euphonic *t;* this makes *s* to be silent. Thus *an t-sliabh* (the hill), is pronounced *an-t-leav*. Suppose a person speaking in Gaelic of the *sliabh* of Dundee, and another afterwards omitting the article, he might use *leav* only. By a slurring way of pronouncing, this easily becomes *law*. If the reader is not satisfied with this view, there is another possibility open to us.

Gaelic has a way of sometimes prefixing *s* to Gaelic words; also (which is the same thing) of prefixing *s* followed by a vowel. Another way of stating this is to say that Gaelic sometimes has a way of omitting initial *s*. Some time ago I drew up a list of sixty-five *pairs* of words of this kind. Perhaps the list might be made longer:—

SMUAIN, think.
SAOIL, think.
SAMHLAICH, compare.
SAOTHAIR, labour, work.

SEOL, direct.
SGAIL, cover, veil.

SGAINN, burst asunder, cause to burst.
SGAL, a sudden cry.
SGEUL, news.
SGLEO, a disease of the eyes; glaze about the eyes. (Perhaps the beginning of cataract.)
SGOR, gash, hack.
SGRIOB, scrape.
SGRIOBH, write.
SGROB, scratch.
SGLEO, boasting.
SGOB, snatch.
SIR, ask.
SPAD, make flat.
SPAOIL, wrap up.
SPITHEAG, a small bit of wood.
SPLEADH, a tale.
STRUIDH, dissipate, waste.

STUIRT, pride.
STUR, dust (Scotch Stour).
SRUTH, flow.
SGAIRT, a cry.
SGREAD, a screech.
SOLUS, light.
SABHAIL, protect.
SAOR, make free.
SGABALL, a hood.
SGAINNEAL, slander.
SGAIRNEACH, a long heap of stones.
SGALLAIS, derision.

SGAOTH, a swarm.
SGAP, scatter.
SGAR, disjoin.
SGATH, cut off.

SGEIMH, comeliness.
SGOR, a sharp rock.
SGRAIL, rail at.
SGRIOBHINN, a rugged hillside.
SIUBHAL, travel.
SLIOM, make smooth.
SLIOM, stroke.
SLOC, a pit.
SLIOGACH, sly, subtle (moving in hollow spots, as a spy).
SLUAGH, a host.
SMAD, beat.

SMAL, dust.
SMUR, fragments.
SOMALTA, bulky.
SPAG, a paw.
SPAIRN, an effort.
SPEAL, mow, cut down.
SPEIS, a liking.
SPEUL, bite at.
SPOC, speak quickly.
SPREADH, burst.

MEIN, mind.
IUL, guidance: Eolas, knowledge.
AMHUIL, like.
TIR, the ground. (Digging was the earliest kind of work.)
IUL, guidance.
COILLE, a wood: CLODH, cloth: CLEITH, hide.
GEINN, a wedge.
GLAODH, call.
GLAODH, call.
GEAL, white.

GEARR, cut.
GARBH, rough.
GARBH, rough.
GARBH, rough.
GLAODH, call.
GABH, take.
RADH, speech.
BAT, beat.
FEILE, a covering.
FIODH, wood: ag, from beag, small.
BEUL, the mouth.
TIR, the ground. (Suppose to throw about on the ground.)
TORR, a hill.
TIR, earth.
RUITH, flow.
GAIR, a cry.
GAIR, a cry.
LEUS, light.
FEILE, a covering.
RUITH, run.
CAB, head: FEILE, a covering.
CAINNT, speech.
CARN, a heap of stones.
GLAODH, a cry: AIS, behind (to call after one).
CATH, a company, a band.
CAOB, strike, smite.
GEARR, cut.
GATH, a dart, a javelin, &c. (the idea is something cutting, penetrating).
CAOMH, gentle, mild.
GEUR, sharp.
GAIR, laugh: GAOIR, noise.
GARBH, rough: BEINN, a hill.
FALBH, go.
LIOMH, smooth.
LAMH, a hand.
LOCH, a hollow; a loch.
LOCH, a hollow.

LUCHD, people.
BAT, beat: this akin to FIODH, wood (suppose a stick).
MEIL, grind.
MIR, bit.
MEALL, a hill.
MAG, a paw.
OBAIR, work.
FAL, a scythe.
MEAS, estimation.
BEUL, the mouth.
BEUC, an outcry, a roar.
REIDH, smooth, flat (suppose spread out).

SRANN, snore.
STALLA, an overhanging rock.
STAMHNADH, taming (a horse).
STIUIR, guide.
STOR, a steep cliff.
SRON, a nose.
RANN, song.
TULA, a hill.
TAMH, quiet.
DRUIDH, teacher.
TORR, a hill.
ROINN, a peninsula.

At present *sliabh* is in all our Gaelic dictionaries, but looking at the above list is there not some reason for saying that *liabh* also ought to be regarded as an independent word, and have a place given it in all future lexicons, adding a reference to *sliabh*, and a note to the effect that this form is theoretical or ideal.

Who were the Picts? There have been three theories about them.

One idea is, or was, that they were a non-Celtic race. Another opinion is that they were Cymro-Celtic. A third theory is that they were Gaelic-Celtic.

In considering the claims of the two latter views, some writers attach great importance to the word *aber* (the mouth of a river); to the absence of the word *sliabh;* and to the occurrence of the word *law* in the districts once inhabited by the Picts.

As to the word *aber*, it is not now used, by itself, as meaning the mouth of a river; this use is obsolete. It is found in many names of places (see James A. Robertson's *Gaelic Topography of Scotland*), and in parts where the Picts were not settled. There does not appear to me to be any reason to look upon it as a Cymric—a Welsh word solely. It is also Gaelic. It is likely that at one time *aber* meant mouth; *abair* (to speak) in constant use now, is a proof of this. Strangers to the locality may not know that Old Aberdeen is on the river Don; that is the same as Don-mouth. The other town built subsequently is on the river Dee, the same as Dee-mouth. Between them they have made a little confusion in the spelling—the old town takes the *ee* from the new, and the new takes the *n* from the old. Some make out that *aber* and *inver* are test-words—*aber* a proof that the Picts were Cymric, and *inver* (a confluence) a proof that they who used it were Gaelic. I do not see that the existence among them of *aber* is a proof that the Picts were Cymric; the word is as much Gaelic as Welsh. I frankly admit that I always look at things from a Celtic point of view, and this makes it pleasant to think that *aber* has not been claimed to be Gothic. If the Picts were fond of *aber*, it is not likely that they were Gothic and non-Celtic.

The next thing to consider is, that some writers attach great weight to the fact, or supposed fact, that in the range of country inhabited, or supposed to be inhabited, by the Picts, there was an absence of the word *sliabh*, and the occurrence of the word *law*. My suggestion is that these are the same word. I have beside me a Welsh dictionary, and I cannot find *sliabh* in it. If *law* is then found in Pictland, and if *law* is the same as *sliabh*, and if *sliabh* is not Welsh but Gaelic only, then as far as one word goes the Picts were Gaelic.

To repeat:—1. As the Picts were fond of the word *aber*, and as *aber* is not Gothic, but Celtic, the Picts probably were not Gothic but were Celtic.

2. As *aber* is not the peculiar property of Cymric or Welsh, but a word belonging equally to Welsh and to Gaelic, there is on its account no ground for saying that the Picts were Cymric or Kymric and non-Gaelic.

3. As the Picts were fond of the word *law*, and as this is perhaps the same as *sliabh*, and as *sliabh* is not found in Welsh, but is Gaelic only, it follows that the Picts belonged to the Gaelic division of the Kelts or Celts.

I hope the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* will forgive the dryness of this communication for the sake of the way in which it may be utilised for the purposes of history.

In this inquiry two test-words are used, *aber* and *sliabh*.

The testimony of *aber* is to the effect that the Picts were Celts; in this way we get rid of the Gothic claim. Taking *aber* by itself the Picts were either Cymric or Gaelic.

The testimony of *sliabh* is to the effect that the Picts were Gaelic; in this way we get rid of the Cymric claim.

OUNICH BAY.

—o—

DEAR MR EDITOR,—The accompanying Gaelic poem, with an English version, of great literalness by the author himself, reached me this morning all the way from Melbourne. It can appear nowhere more appropriately than in the *Celtic Magazine*, for in a note the author informs me, as a piece of good news, that your Magazine has found its way to the Antipodes, and is read with avidity, to use his own words, by "Celts and sinners alike," who may be so fortunate as to lay their hands upon it. Mr Cameron is of the Keppanach family in my immediate neighbourhood, a good old Lochaber stock of great respectability. On its own merits, and as a contribution from a true Celt at the other side of the world, I hope you can make room for the poem with its English version in opposite columns.—I am yours faithfully,

"NETHER-LOCHABER."

April 19, 1876.

OUNICH BAY.

DEAR REMEMBRANCES.

—o—

Where'er I dwell, where'er I roam,
My heart goes back to days of yore,
With longings for my Highland home,
Which I may never visit more.

There is a sacred spot of earth
Where glad Loch-leven laves the strand,
Associated with boyish mirth,
Which well may riper thoughts command.

CAMUS OINICH.

CUIMHNEACHAIN IONMHAINN.

—o—

Cia m' aite tàimh no 'm bi mi cuairt,
Mo smuaintean bi 'dh mu'n am a threig,
'S air tir nam beann 'tha fada tuath,
Ged's dual nach till gu 'bruaich mo cheum

Tha cearnag choisrigte de 'n fhonn,
Le baisteadh thonn Loch-libhinn àigh,
'Tha mosgladh aoibhneas m' oige 'm chom,
'S an aois a chrom cha chaisg mo bhàigh.

In dreams I visit oft the place,
And fancy I am still a boy;
Each feature of the scene I trace,
And revel in my fancied joy.

There was the school, and still is there,
Where I was taught my A B C,
Embosomed in a nook as fair
As e'er had sky for canopy.

Here did I learn to read the Book*
That guides us on the Heavenly road,
With reverence meet, in tone and look,
Believing it the voice of God.

Near was the manse, so peaceful, calm,
Whichever way the wind might blow,
With its life's breath a holy psalm
To teach us the right path to go.

The wavelets of the rippling tide,
With their grey crests, methinks I see,
Down where the *Linne* opens wide
To mingle with the open sea.

Beinn bheithir with his lofty brow
Stands up the guardian of the scene;
While vale and strath, and loch below,
Acknowledge him with glow serene.

And onward, further to the east,
With pinnacles that pierce the clouds,
Are *Conal's* mountains, which, of mist,
Oft for themselves make sable shrouds.

Creative might is here portrayed
In ways that elevate the soul,—
The bright and sombre hues displayed,
Combining in one glorious whole.

My country! birthplace of the brave,
My heart through life shall to thee cling,
And when I'm silent in the grave,
May still thy gladdened echoes ring.

A'm bruadar 's tric mi ann's an àit',
Mar bha mi 's mi na m' bhalachan òg,
A' faicinn cruth gach ionnaidh gràidh,
Measg aidhear, faladhà, a's ceòl.

Bha 'n sgoil a sin, 's a nise tha,
'S na theagaisgeadh dhomh m' A B C,
A'n cuileig tha cho tiorail tlàth,
'S a tha fo cheithir aird nan speur.

'N so leugh mi 'n leabhar 'tha toirt fios,*
Na slighe dhuinn gu flaitheas shuas,
Le stoldachd inntinn, 's le mor mheas,
Mar fhacal naomh an De bhith-bhuan.

Bha tigh a mhinisteir aig laimh,
Gu seimh do 'n aird o'n seideadh gaoth,
'S mar shailm na beatha, 'g eiridh 'n aird,
Bha anail bith na fardaich naoimh.

Air leam gu 'm faic mi broluinn gheas,
An eachrais chas nan sruth 's nan stuadh,
Shios mar 'tha 'n linne 'sgaoiladh' mach,
Gu fosgladh farsuinneachd a chuain.

Tha Beinn-a-bheithir 's stàtail cruach,
'Cuir fasgadh 's dion air tuar gach ni,
'S tha gleann, a's srath, 's an loch ri bruaich
Ag aidmheil so gu suairce mìn.

Greis uaip' ,san car ag eiridh àrd,
Le 'm picibh beur a' bearnadh, shios,
Tha beanntaibh Chomhan, 's uaisle stràic,
Is tric 'ni sgail do chith nan sian.

Air mhodh 'thug barrachd ann am miadh,
So gniomh an Ti as treine neart—
Na dathan soillse agus ciar, [feart.
'N comh-bhoinn cuir mais 'air nial gach

Mo dhuthaich! Aros gin nan cliar,
Ri m' bheo dhuit togam m' iarrtas suas;
'S biodh sceinn guth t'-aoibhneis dol a meud,
'Nuair bhith's mi 'n caidreamh cian na h-uaigh.

A. CAMERON.

MELBOURNE, Feby. 24, 1876.

* N.B.—Let Secularists please take notice how the author, without a thought be sure, of our Education Act or School Board squabbles, localises the birth of his moral and religious life, not in the church or manse, though he refers to both with love and respect, but *in the school* in which he learned to read—in the mountain tongue at once, and in English—the book

"That guides us on the heavenly road." "N. L."

THE Paper recently read by Professor Blackie before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the question whether the Gaelic or the English of Ossian is the original, he has rewritten and extended, and it will appear in the next number of the *C.M.*

AN T-EACH URSANN.

—o—

THOUGH the custom of exacting the *Each ursann*, as it was termed in Sutherland, was common in that county in the *days that were*, I had no idea of its prevalence throughout the Highlands and Islands of Scotland till I read the article by "Sgiathanach" in the February number of the *Celtic Magazine*. During the greater part of the seventeenth century, the practice of exacting by the chieftain, wadsetter, or tacksmen, the best horse, or best head of cattle upon a farm, on the demise of its occupier, seems to have been common in the district of Sutherland, but it gradually vanished towards the close of that century, or during the beginning of the next.

The last instance of it occurred, as well as can be ascertained, about the early part of the eighteenth century at a place called Holmdarry on the heights of Strathnaver. Its sequel had a more humane termination, but not the less characteristic of the people involved than that recorded by "Sgiathanach."

Those acquainted with the history of Sutherland, especially the history of that portion of it designated the Reay country, and still called in the vernacular *Duthaich Mhic Aoidh*, or Mackay's country, know that the whole of Strathnaver, "Sutherland's pride," belonged to Mackay of Tongue, chief of the clan, afterwards Lord Reay. One of these chiefs had a son, whose mother was a native of Lochaber, and as was not uncommon in those days, being a younger son, he was reared by his mother's relatives in Lochaber. From this circumstance, it is said, he and his descendants acquired the cognomen of *Abairich*. On his attaining manhood he returned to his paternal home in Tongue, and during his father's declining years, and his elder brother's imprisonment for disobeying the king's mandate, he became the leader of his clan, and the intrepid guardian of their territory. So successfully did he perform the duties of his office in repelling every incursion attempted by his powerful neighbours in Sutherland and Caithness, that his brother, when released, in gratitude for his prudent and gallant conduct assigned him in fee simple the whole of the upper parts of Strathnaver and wardenship of the marches. The descendants of this brave and intrepid warrior chieftain, patronymically called *Clann Iain Abairich*, continued wardens of the Marches between their own clan territories, and Caithness, and Sutherland, till the "Sutherland Evictions," termed by the late Mr Loch "Improvements," cleared them all off the lands they possessed, and which they nobly defended for centuries against all invaders. Brave, open-hearted, generous to a fault, respected for their prowess, famed as the most warlike of all the tribes inhabiting the provinces of Sutherland and Caithness—they never betrayed the trust reposed in them. Ever ready in the defence of their own territories, they evinced equal readiness in the defence of the country when the services of brave men were sorely needed. In the Sutherland Fencibles, Reay Fencibles, the *Clann Abrach*, were foremost in rank and

numbers. Strathnaver alone supplied to the former, in 1793, 121 William Mackays, and in the Reay Fencibles of 1795-1802, 800 strong—two-thirds were Mackays, of whom a great part were *Abairich*. The talented editor of Rob Donn's Poems says of them, "*Tha dream araidh do chlann Mhic Aoidh dha'n leas sloinneadh Abrach, chionn gur ann an Loch-abair a dh'araicheadh an Ceann tighe o shean, agus gur bean a mhuinntir na tir sin bu mhathair dha, bu daoine ro fhiughanta, ro ainmeil iad, 's a chinneadh, fhada sa bha feum agus meas air daoine uaisle, 's air gaisgich.*" From this worthy stock, of whom not a remnant is now left in the land of their forefathers, was descended a worthy son who was the means of doing away with the unfeeling custom of the *Each ursann* in the Reay country, and gave the death-blow to the nefarious practice. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the youngest son of the Abaireach chieftain, named John, went into the army, and served under his famous clansman, General Hugh Mackay, at home and abroad. When he returned to his native Strathnaver, after the lapse of many years, he found all his father's family had in the meantime deceased, except a brother, who had become wadsetter or tacksman of Holmdarrie, better known as *Fear Holmdarrie*, who, it would appear, was a different dispositioned man from his younger brother John, and thought it still quite right and proper to observe and to exact an ancient custom.

John's return to his native Strath, and the scenes of his youth was in the summer time. He met his elder brother, *Fear Holmdarrie*, in the fields at some distance from his house. The usual kindly and affectionate greetings of brothers long parted being over, they strolled together round the township. At that season of the year all cattle were sent off to the hill pastures, but on nearing the house John, rather surprised at seeing a horse or two, and two or three head of cattle in a small fold, the former neighing, the latter lowing, enquired of his brother the reason of the animals being kept in confinement. *Fear Holmdarrie*, with some hesitation, replied that they were the *Each ursann*. *A dhuine gun Dia* (thou godless man) said John, "hast thou again revived that accursed custom, would it not be more Christian-like to give the widow and fatherless a horse, or a cow if thou couldst spare it rather than deprive them of their—most likely —all and only earthly stay? Return them! return them! otherwise I shall never bend my head under the lintel of thy house door." This adjuration had the desired effect. Immediate orders were given for the cattle to be returned to their respective owners, and so ended *one unfeeling, one pernicious* "feudal custom" in Sutherlandshire.

This brave soldier and humane gentleman, direct descendant of the intrepid Abrach chieftain, afterwards settled in the upper parts of Strathnaver called Mudale (Muthadal), where he survived to an extreme old age, "surpassing many in the greatness of fame." He composed many moral and sacred hymns, known in the district as *Eiridinn Iain Mhic Raibeart Mhic Neill*, a term very familiar to my ears forty years ago, though I cannot remember having heard them repeated. It is, however, said that some of these hymns were published in Inverness twenty years ago, in a small volume, entitled "Metrical Reliques of the 'Men' in the Highlands, or Sacred Poetry of the North."

John Macrobert Macneill Mackay Abrach was a Christian man in every sense of the term, a constant visitor and supporter of the poor, the sick and afflicted. By his genial manners and kindliness of disposition, he was a welcome guest in every household. In his time knives and forks were not common articles in every cottage, as they now-a-days are. One knife, however, was always to be found, generally with a heft of deer horn, from which, no doubt, sprang the *Sgian dubh* of the Highland dress. When beef, mutton, or venison was served, the dish was a wooden one, and placed before the "gudeman," who put his hand behind him to a small aperture in the cottage wall, drew forth the knife and cut the meat, each member of the family helping himself or herself with the natural five pronged fork. On any occasion when a stranger of higher estimation than the "gudeman" happened to be a guest, the meat was always placed before him as occupying the seat of honour, and as a matter then of common courtesy. Our hero, when far advanced in years, beyond the allotted span, happened to be in a house where he was called upon to perform the duty described. After several ineffectual attempts to carve the meat before him, he put forth his left hand, and drawing his thumb across what he supposed to be the edge of the knife, but which in reality was the back of it, he laid it down, exclaiming—

Ach dh'innis a chorc-chìbair,
Gu'm bheil mi fada san t-saoghal,
O'n nach eil agam do shuilean,
Na dh'aithnicheas cul bho faobhar.

It may be interesting to readers of Rob Donn's poems to know that it was upon this brave and Christian gentleman, "one of the olden time," the poet composed one of his finest elegies—

Thug an t-aog uainn 'n ar n' amharc,
Mach a' dithreabh Strath-namhuir,
'N t-aon fear nach d'fhag samhuil 'n a dheigh.

Cùis ardain nan Abrach,
Làimh làidir nach bagradh,
Iain failteach Mac Raibeart 'Ic Néill.

Corpa calma, bha fearail,
Inntinn carbsach, làn onoir,
Làmh a dhearbhadh na chanadh am beul.

. . . .

Is mur fior domh na thubhairt,
Mu na chriosdaidh bu mhodha,
Leigeam 'fhianuis air Muthadal fein.

ALEX. MACKAY.

EDINBURGH.

NOTE.—This month we appear, as promised in our last, in a New Cover, and with a Gaelic Supplement. Our intention is to keep improving and enlarging the Magazine in proportion as our monthly increasing circulation will warrant.

IONA; NO I CHOLUIM CHILLE.

By Donald Campbell, Member of the Gaelic Society of London.*

—o—

An t-eilean—Ged nach 'eil an t-eilean so ach gle bheag, tha e ro ainmeil. Tha e suidhichte air taobh an iar-dheas eilein Mhuile, ann a sgireachd Chilfhinichean, Siorramachd Arraghaidheil. Tha e air a sgaradh on Ros Mhuileach le Caol cumhann mun cuairt do leth-mhile air leud agus tha ainm aige o'n eilean fein, "Caol-I."

An am lionadh agus traigheadh tha sruth laidir o'n chuan an iar a ruith troimhe a steach 's a mach, coslach ri abhainn bhras, agus gu sonraichte an am doinionn a gheamhraidh, bithidh an fhairge air uairean cho buaireasach 's nach urrainn bata dhol thairis air; ach an uair a bhios an aimsir math, tha moran eisg ga ghlacadh ann 'sa chaol so, gu sonraichte liabagan. Tha 'n t-eilean fein mu thimchioll tri mile air fad agus aon-guleth air leud.

Ma thig am fear-turuis thuige o'n taobh an ear, mar as minic a thachras, chi e aghaidh na tire iosal, agus ag aomadh ris an fhairge air taobh a Chaoil, ach ma thig e o'n taobh-tuath, chi e am fearann ag eiridh suas na thulaichean bana gain'mhich. Tha an grunnd air a chuid as mo comhnard, ged a tha e an sud agus a so air a bhriseadh le cnuic bheaga chreagach. Tha aon chnoc ard air an taobh an iar, do'n ainm, "Dun-I"—tha e 'g eiridh os cionn na fairge ma thimchioll ceithir-cheud troidh (400 ft.), agus o mhullach, tha an sealladh ro thaitneach. Tha na cnuic sin, agus na lagan a tha eatorra, air an comhdachadh san t-samhradh le feur beartach gorm, air am faigh an spreidh pailteas ionaltraidh.

Uile gu leir, cha'n eil aghaidh na tire os cionn da mhile acair Shasunnach, agus tha mun cuairt se ceud dhiu fo aiteachadh.

Cha n'eil acarsaid na caladh 'san eilean so a bheiridh fasgadh do bhata an am droch shide.

An uair a thig Soitheach-na-smuid le luchd turuis leigidh i a h-acair sios air grunnd gain'mhich ann an geodha beag ma choinneamh na h-ardeaglais (cathedral), agus tha'n luchd-taodhail air an toirt air tir, ann am bataichean beaga, air na creagan carrach; oir, cha da thog iad laibhrig fhathast anns an aite. Air taobh an iar-dheas an eilein, tha geodha beag do'n ainm Port-a-churraich, far am faod daoine thighinn air tir a nuair a bhios an fhairge seimh, agus mu chreideas sinn beul-aithris, 's ann an so a thainig Colum-Cille agus na daoine a bha maille ris air tir an uair a thainig iad o Eirinn nan curach, agus s'ann mar so a fhuair e ainm.

Dluth dha tha dronnag, na tullaich bheag do thalamh, tri fichead troidh air fad, coslach ri bata air a tionndadh druim air uachdar; agus tha e air aithris, gun do chuir na daoine so suas e mar chuimhneachan air an fhreasdal a thug sabhailte gu tir iad, agus gu gleidheadh cunntas air meud a bhata anns na ghabh iad an t-aiseag.

* When sending us the MS., Mr Campbell wrote, "I have been forty years out of the Highlands, and during that time, till I joined the Gaelic Society of London, three years ago, I scarcely heard a word of Gaelic spoken, so that I have been completely out of practice." We leave our Gaelic friends to apportion their acknowledgments between this sturdy Celt and the patriotic Society which brought him out of his Saxon land of (mental) bondage.—[Ed. *C.M.*].

AN UAMHA SPUTACH—Tha an t-iongantas nadurra so air an taobh an iar do'n eilean, a measg chreagan ard, gharbh, agus chruaidh. Tha 'n uamh domhain, agus aig uile staid an lain-mhara tha an fhairge an comhnuidh a ruith'a stigh innte. Toisichidh an sputadh an uair a bhios an lan aig airde shonraichte, agus a reir coslais, tachraidh e mar so:—

Thig tonn a stigh le mor-neart, agus lionaidh e gu buileach beul na h-uamha, agus tha ghaoth, nan t-adhar a tha stigh innte air a dhiongadh ri cheile gu fuathasach dluth—a nis, a nuair chailleas an tonn a spionnadh, tha an t-adhar o 'n taobh a stigh a sgaoileadh a mach le ainneart—tha an tonn a nis air ioman a mach le foirneart cho mor sa thainig e stigh. Ach aig mullach na h-umha tha simileir, na toll mor, agus an uair a tha an da chumhachd so a stri ri cheile, tha iomadh tunna do'n t-'saile air a thilgeadh suas troimh 'n toll, le steall ard anns an athar, no mar a their na Frangaich, *un grand jet d'eau*, agus tha ghaoth a nise ga sgapadh na smud min, agus ga ghiulan air falbh mar dheathach o' bheul amhuinn no furnais. Ma bhios an la grianach faodaidh am fear-amhairc bogha frois fhaicinn a measg na smuid a tha daonnan ag eireadh os cionn na h-uamha so.*

Ma chumas sinn nar cuimhne gu bheil lan chumhachd a chuain siar a bualadh a stigh air na cladaichean fiadhaich sin, cha n'urrain sinn a bhi'n teagamh nach 'eil a chunntas so fior.

Gu dearbh cha'n urrainn mi dheanadh na's fearr, na chuir an ceill dhuibh ciod a thuirt am bard Muileach, Callum a Ghlinne, ma dheibhinn :—

Chi mi na stuadhan nuallach baidealach,
Bualadh gu trom ri bonn a gharaidh,
'S lunn an iar-chuain le fuaim a sadadh,
Ri car-bhulaig stallach nan cos.

Anns an dol seachad bheir mi fainear gu 'm faod sinn a thuigsinn o'n obair a tha dol air aghart ann an so, cia mar a tha na mucan-mara, a chithear cho bitheanta anns na fairgeachan an iar, a cur suas na sputan arda, a tha daonnan nan cuis neonachais do mhuinntir a tha mi-chleachdta riu.

AINMEANNAN AN EILEIN—Cha 'n eil a h-aon do na h-ainmeannan a thugadh do'n eilean so, ged a tha iad, a reir sgriobhaidh, ro-choslach ri cheile, nach bun dha, mar aite foghluim agus diadhachd, agus aig nach 'eil am bun anns a chanain Cheltich fein.

Innish-nan-Druidhneach—Tha an t-ainm so ro shean, agus a reir barail, se an t-ainm a fhuair an t-eilean air tus, fada mun robh creideamh Chriosd air a thoirt a dh' ionnsuidh nan eileanan Breatunnach. Tha am focal *Innish*, a ciallachadh *eilean*, agus mar so, cluinnear an t-ainn *Innish*, na "Eilean nan druidhneach," a measg muinntir na tire gus an la 'n diugh.

An deigh do Cholumba a bhi comhnuidh ann's an eilean, bha moran shaobh-chreidimh a talaidh ris mar ait-adhlaicidh, agus ann an ceann tim thainig an da chuid—an t-Eilean agus a Chill—gu bhi air an ainmeachadh air. Se mo bharail cuideachd, gu'n robh na h-ainmeannan goirid, "I," "Hee," "Hy," "Y," "Ii," "Hyona," "I-hona," agus "Iona," air an gnathachadh direach mar athghiorras airson an ainm fhada *Innish-*

* See "Antiquities of Iona" by H. D. Graham, Esq., page 26.

Chaluim-Chille, agus mar so gu bheil am bun ac' uile gu leir ann's an fhocal "Innis." Be cleachdadh nan seann sgriobhadairean a bhi sgriobhadh nan-ainmeannan sin, ach cha'n eil a h-aon diubh a sgriobh an t-ainm "Iona,"* ged is se so an t-ainm a tha fasanta aig na h-uile, aig an la 'n diugh, ach muinntir na tire fein, a tha leantainn fhathast ris an ainm ghoirid "I."

Tha cuid do dhaoine foghluimte a toirt fainear do bhrigh s gu 'bheil am focal *Columba* anns an Laidinn, agus *Iona* anns an Eabhra, a ciallachadh *colman*, gun robh an t-eilean air ainmeachadh o sin, a chum onair a chuir air Columba; ach ged a tha so ro-innleachdach agus daicheal cha'n urrainn mi gabhail ris. Tha am focal gun teagamh, o'n Ghailig mar a tha na focail eile, ged a tha e air a ghiorrachadh o'n t-seann ainm "I-shona," se sin, an t-Eilean naomh, no sona, agus 'sann mar so a tha e am bitheantas air ainmeachadh leis na daoine foghluimte a sgriobh ma dheibh-inn anns an Laidinn, *Insula sancta*. Mar chultaice don 'n bharail so, faodaidh mi aithris gun d'thug buidheann do dhaoine diadhaidh, a chaidh a mach o'n eilean Ieach a sgaoileadh an t-Soisgeul ann a Sasuinn, an t-ainm ceudna (Holy Island) do dh'eilean beag (Lindisfarne) a tha mach o chladach *Northumberland*, far an do shuidhich iad eaglais, mar a tha *Bede* ag innseadh dhuinn, agus a reir cleachdaidh nan Albannach (Scots), gun do thog iad i de dh'fhiodh daraich (oak) agus gun robh i air a tubhadh le cuilc.† A reir eachdraidh, rinn an eaglais so bunnachar do chathair an easbuig ann an *Durham*.

NA DRUIDHNICH AGUS NA DRAOIDHEAN—Nuair a thainig na Romanaich air tus do'n duthaich so, ma thimchioll cuig-deug agus da fhichead bliadhna roimh bhreith Chriosd (55 B.C.), agus a thug iad buaidh air na seann Bhreatunnaich a bha san am sin san tir, tha fios againn, o eachdraidh na h-aoise sin, gun da theich na Breatunnaich air falbh an deigh moran coimhstri, gu taobh an iar agus taobh an iar-thuath Bhreatuinn, far an d'fhuair iad fasgadh agus sith o'n naimhdean, a measg bheanntan na *Coimreich* (Wales), aiteachan fiadhaich eile, ach gu sonraichte na Draoidhean (Druids). Chuir iad suas ard-sgoilean (colleges) anns na h-eileanan an iar agus an iar-thuath, agus tha e air aithris gun robh sgoilean do'n t-seorsa so ann an eilean Anglesea, agus ann an eilean I. Ma chumas sinn nar cuimhne an t-ainm, *Innis-nan-druidhneach*, agus, gu bheil fhathast air taobh an iar eilean I, seann laraichean ro choslach ri laraichean Dhruidhneach a tha ri fhaicinn anns an eilean Mhuileach, air an taobh eile do Chaol I, tha e ro-choslach gun do chuir na Draoidhean suas ard-sgoil anns an aite so.‡

Do bhrigh 's gun robh an darach ro-mheasail am measg nan Druidh-neach os cionn uile chraobhan na coille, tha cuid do dhaoine a smuaineach-adh gu bheil am focal *Draoidh* (Druid) air a thoirt o'n Ghreigis—*drus* (darach). Acham bheil e idir coslach gun rachadh na Ceiltich Bhreatunnach chum na Greugais, a dh'iarraidh ainm do chraobhan, agus a rithist, gum biodh

* See Dr Lindsay Alexander's "Iona," page 11, 2d note. † Eccl. Hist. lib. 3, c. 25.

‡ The Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., in his "Iona," after speaking of the various ecclesiastical remains of this place, remarks that there are two belonging to a still earlier date, and pointing to forms of worship and belief different from those of Christianity. These are the "Circular Cairns" which are found in various parts, and seem to have been of Druidical origin.

daoine bha cho urramach n'am measg, air an ainmeachadh o'n darach no o chraobh sam bith eile? Se mo bharail gun d'fhuair iad e anns' a chanain Cheiltich fhein, Draoidh, no Druidh, se sin, duine glic, no foghluimte; oir, bha an Draoidh na phearsa fein, na shagairt, na fhear-ceartais, na sgoileir, agus na lighiche.

CREIDEAMH AGUS CLEACHDAIDHNEAN NAN DRUIDHNEACH. — Tha daoine am bitheantas a ceadachadh gun d' rinn na treubhan Ceilteach suas pairt do'n mheall mhor shluaigh sin a chuir iad fein air ghluasad o dhara creathail a chinne'-daoine ann's an airde ear, agus a dh'imich mu'n iar agus mu'n iar-thuath, thairis air an Roinn-eorpa, agus mar an ceudna, gun robh na Druidhnich na measgsan a thainig air tus, agus gun d'thug iad leo, neo-thruaillte, an canain, an creideamh, agus an cleachdaidhean fein; agus gun do ghleidh iad, mar sin iad, re iomadh aois, gu sonraichte anns na h-eileanan Breatunnach; oir tha Ceasar ag innse dhuinn (Ceasar de Bello Gall. lib. vi.) gun robh daoin' oga le'm bu mhiann a bhi nan sagairt, a tighinn o dhuthchan eile chum 's gu faigheadh iad an creideamh fiorghlan, mar a bha e air a theagasg anns na h-eileanean Breatunnach. Nach fhaod sinne a bhi gle chinnteach gu'm b'iad so eileanean *Anglesea* agus Innis-nan-druidhneach.

Co fad 's a tha e comasach dhuinn a dheanamh mach, o'n bheagan eolais a th' againn mu dheibhinn nan Draoidhean, theagaisg iad creideamh ann *an aon dia*, a dh'ainmich iad *Be'al*, se sin beath-uile (Smith's Gael. Antg., p. 16), agus mar so, gle choslach ri *Baal*, dia nan Phenicheanach, agus gun d'rinn iad aoradh do'n ghrein mar shamhla' air; oir, mar a thuig iads' e, be sin *beatha-uile*—agus co 's urrainn a radh gun robh iad fada 'm mearachd, oir, tha fios againn gur i a ghrian a ni as ailte, is gloirmhoire, agus is cumhachdaiche, fo chumhachd an Dia bheo agus fhior, a tha anns an t-saoghal.

Be an cleachdadh a bhi cruinneachadh aig taobh shruthain uisge fo sgath chraobhan mora daraich, far an d'rinn iad cearcaill, no rath do chlachan mora, mun cuairt dhoibh, o fhichead troidh gu deich thar fhichead slat air tharsuinn, agus ann a meadhon nan cearcall so, chuir iad a chromleac, no an altair—be sin clach mhor leathann, air a taiceadh suas le tri chlachan eile, a bha 'gaomadh beagan a dh'aon taobh.

Bha aiteachan ard aca, cuideachd, coslach ris na Cinnich eile. Be sin clachan, no cuirn mhora do chlachan, air mullach chnoc, far an d'thug iad aoradh do'n ghrein. Ach cha'n eil e ro-chinnteach cia mar a rinn iad so. Tha cuid do dhaoine ag innse dhuinn, gun do chuir iad moran suim ann a bhi dol tri uairean mun cuairt air a chearcall naomh, on aird an ear gus an aird an iar, a reir cursa na greine, agus mar sin, a ciallachadh, gum be 'miann a bhi umhail do thoil agus do ordugh Dhia mar a tha e air a leigeadh ris ann an oibribh na cruitheachd.*

Tha fios againn gu bheil e fhathast air a chunntadh mi-shealbhach, le moran anns a Ghaidhealtachd, a bhi cuir a bhotuil mun cuairt air dhoigh sam bith eile ach a reir cursa na greine; agus nach fhaod e bhith, gun d'thainig an cleachdadh so a nuas o' na Druidhnich, gus an tim so.

Tha Ceasar, agus iomadh aon eile do na seann sgriobhadairean, a cur an ceill, gun d'thug iad suas, maille ri iobairtean eile, daoine mar iobairtean,

* Smith's Gaelic Antig., p. 38.

ann am follais, agus corr uair, ann an uaigneas. Bha na daoine air an cuir beo ann am bascaidean mora, os cionn teine, agus air an losgadh; oir, ann an am cogaidh, gortaidh, na tinneis mhoir, bha na Draoidhean am beachd gun robh Dia diombach riu, agus gum be so an aon doigh air a dheanadh toilichte.

Am bitheantas, se droch dhaoine bha mar so air an iobradh, ach air amannan araidh, bha daoine neo-chiontach a fulang mar an ceudna.*

Ged a bha an cleachdadh so ro-bhorb, agus a leigeadh ris aineolais air nadur Dhia mar a tha e air a chur an ceill anns a Bhiobull, bha iomadh ni eile a theagaisg iad a bha maith.

Thuig iad an dealachadh eadar math agus olc,—gu bheil anam an duine neo-bhasmhor—gu feum daoine cunntas a thoirt do Dhia an deigh am bais—gun rachadh daoine maith do dh'eilean aluinn air an d'thug iad mar ainm *Flath-Innis;* se sin, eilean nan gaisgeach, agus cluinnear an t-ainm so fhathast anns a Ghaidhealtachd, airson neamh.

Bha na droch dhaoine a dol gu eilean eile a bha anabarrach fuar, don d'thug iad mar ainm, Ifrinn, far nach ruigeadh aon ghath o'n ghrein iad gu brath—far am biodh iad air an lot le nathraichean nimhe, agus air an cuir a chaoidh gu trioblaid, le beistean uamhasach eile.

Feilltean nan Druidhneach—Ma dheibhinn feilltean nan Druidhneach, bha dha dhiu ro-mheasail—a Bhealtuinn agus an t-Samhuinn.

Be la Bealtuinn a cheud la do'n *Mhagh* (May); air an la so mar an ceudna thoisich a bhliadhn' ur agus, mar sin, *Ceitein* nam bard. Air an la so bha teine mor air fhadadh, (Beul-teine) air mullach cnuic araidh a chum onair a chuir air a ghrein, a thug mun cuairt blaths agus aoibhneas a *Cheitein*, an deigh fuachd agus gruaim a Gheamhraidh.

Bha feill na Samhna air a cumail air a cheud la do'n t-seachdamh mios, (1st November)†. Tha 'm focal a ciallachadh *teine-na-sith*, (fire of peace); oir, aig an fheill so, rinn na Draoidhean ceartas eadar duine agus duine, agus bha sith agus gairdeachas air an toirt a measg an t-sluaigh. Aig an fheill so, cuideachd, bha h-uile teine air a chuir as, anns gach tigh, a chum 's gu lasadh iad a rithisd e o'n teine naomh a bha air fhadadh, agus air a bheannachadh, leis na Draoidhean.‡ Nuair a bha amharas aca gun d'rinn duine sam bith droch ghniomh, agus nach b'urrainn iad a chionta 'dhearbhadh air dhoigh s'am bith eile, chuir iad gu *gabhadh Bheil* e;—be sin, dol cos-ruisgte tri uairean troimh theine na Samhna. Ma thainig e sabhailt troimh 'n teine, cha robh e ciontach, ach air an laimh eile, mu bha e air a losgadh, bha Dia ga dhiteadh, agus bha e air a chuir gu peanas craiteach, agus air uairean, gu bas. Ma thionndas sinn gu leabhar Dheut. (18. 10-12), chi sinn gun do thoirmisg Dia an cleachdadh graineal so.

A thuilleadh air na feilltean sin, chum iad lanachd, no iomlanachd, na gealaich.

Air an t-seathamh la d'on ghealaich, reachadh iad a mach do na coilltean a dh'fhaotainn an luibh phriseil sin, an *uil' ioc*, na *ic* (missletoe), a bha

* Strabo, Sentonius, Lucan, Plutrarch, Diodorus Siculus, Ammiananus Marcellinus, confirm this account of Cæsar. Lib. iv., p. 103, Eg. Casanbon.—Amst. 1707.

† Hallow-tide or All Souls' Day,—also Hallowe'en.

‡ Dr Smith cites a passage from Borlase's Antiqities of Cornwall, stating that the Gaelic Councils had to forbid the lighting of these fires on Hallow-eve on the pain of death.

fas air an darach, agus an uair a thachradh iad ris, bha e na aobhar mor ghairdeachais dhoibh, agus dheanadh iad aoradh dha. Tha an t-ainm a thug iad dha, arsa *Plini* (Pliny), a ciallachadh nan canain fein, *uile leigheas* (heal-all). Fhuair iad a sin da tharbh, bainne-gheal (milkwhite), agus an deigh dhoibh an adhaircean a cheangal a cheud uair, dhirich an sagart, sgeadaichte le trusgan geal, suas air a chraoibh, agus ghearr e an luibh le corran òir; ghlacadh e ann an cleoca geal, agus an deigh na tairbh iobradh, ghuidh iad air Dia gu'n deanadh e a thabhartas fein sealbhach dhoibh.

Tha iad, arsa *Plini*, smuaineachadh, ma dh'olas iad e (i.e., a shugh), gun leighis e ainmhidhean a tha neo-thorrach, agus gu'n tearuinn e iad o na h-uile seorsa puinnseinn.* His. nat. lib. xvi., cap. 44.

Bha an eachdraidh, air a chuid bu mho, air a gleidheah ann am bardachd, a bha cur suas cliu nan gaisgeach, ach bha cuid do'n bhardachd modhanoch (ethical), agus a cur an ceill gliocais nan Draoidhean, agus tha cuid do dhaoine a creidsinn, gu bheil air fhagail againn fhathasd eiseimpleir do'n t-seorsa sin, ann an Trianaidean (Triads) nam bard Coimreach (Welsh bards),—agus c'ait a' bheil an Gaidheal a chuireas an teagamh, nach 'eil againn ann am bardachd Osein, duain Ghaidhlig, a tha co dhiu cho sean ri am nan Druidhneach.

Chuir Lucan, na *Pharsalia*, luaidh air na baird sin, mar so :—

> You too, ye bards! whom sacred rapture fire,
> To chant your heroes to your country's lyre;
> Who consecrate in your immortal strain,
> Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain.
> Securely now the tuneful task renew,
> And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.

Cha 'n eil e ro-chinnteach gu'n robh eolas aig na Druidhnich air ealain sgriobhaidh, ach ma bha, tha aon ni soilleir, se sin, nach d'fhag iad moran nan deigh dheth.

Tha e ro choslach gun robh an teagasg aca gu leir, labhrach, agus air a chumail suas a mhain, le beul-athris.

Chuala Cicero, mar a tha e 'g-innseadh dhuinn, gun d'thug iad moran aire, do dh'fhiosrachadh a mach, ordugh agus laghannan obair na cruitheachd, agus gu'n do theagaisg iad do na daoine oga 'bha nan sgoilean, ma thimchioll nan reultan, m'an gluasadan, ma mheud an t-saoghail, agus ma chumhachd nan diathan neo-bhasmhor* (De bello Gall. lib. vi.)

An am an-shocair, no tinneis mor sam bith, chuir na-treubhan Ceiltech, coslach ris na Cinnich uile, moran earbsa ann an siantan (charms), agus am measg nan rud faoin' so, bha a ghloine ro-ainmeal. Se'n t-ainm a thug *Plini* do'n ni so *ovum anguinum*, se sin, *ubh na nathrach*— oir thug na Draoidhean a mach gu'n robh iad air am faotainn o nathraichean, le moran seoltachd agus cunnart, mar a tha 'n rann so a cuir an ceill,—

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* The philosophical narrator, says Dr Lindsay Alexander, winds up his account by the pithy reflection :—"So great is the religiousness of the nations in matters for the most part frivolous." A just enough remark, observes Dr Alexander, but which he might have applied nearer home, for the Druids had less of it than Pliny's own countrymen, the flamens, the augurs, and Pontiffs of the Roman Mythology.

* A polytheist might speak of a monotheist sacrificing to the immortal gods—the phraseology would be natural to one who always thought and spoke of the objects of his own worship in the plural.—Dr Alexander's "Iona," page 34.

. . . . The potent adder stone,
Gendered 'fore the autumnal moon,
When in undulating twine
The foaming snakes prolific join;
When they hiss, and when they bear
Their wondrous egg aloof in air;
Thence before to earth it fall,
The Druid in his hallowed pall
Receives the prize; and instant flies,
Followed by the envenomed brood,
Till he cross the crystal flood.

A reir aogais, cha robh ni sam bith anns na h-uibhean so ach paideirein a bha air an deanamh do ghloine air iomadh meudachd agus seorsa dath. Ach cha do chuir na Draoidhean earbsa gu buileach anns na nithean amaideach so; oir, tha *Plini* 'g-innse dhuinn gu'n d' rinn iad feum mar an ceudna do luibhean, gu sonraichte an *uil-ioc*, mar a thuirt mi cheana, an *Selago* (Juniperus Sabina) agus an *Samolus*, gne 'lus a bha fas ann an boglaichean (marshes), agus gu bhi uidhseil gu leigheas galair, no tinneas a measg spreidh; ach os cionn gach uile ni, chuir iad moladh air stuamachd, surdalachd, agus gluasadachd, no saoithreach chorporra, agus cha'n fhaod mi 'dhi-chuimhneachadh, gun do theagaisg iad gu durachdach, nach robh stà ann an cungaidh leighis air bith, as eugmhais beannachd Dhia.

A reir *Strabo*, bha tri orduighean a measg nan Draoidhean. Be a cheud ordugh, an Sagart,—be so an Draoidh ceart, mar a their sin, a thug ainm, cha be 'mhain do na Draoidhean, ach do'n treubh uile, na Druidhnich,—Be dreuchd an t-sagairt a bhi frithealadh do'n Chreideamh,—bha e mar an-ceudna na fhear-ceartais agus na fhear-lagha. An deigh an t-sagairt thainig am Bard;—Be a dhleasanas a bhi cur an ceill, mar a dh'ainmich mi roimhe, ann a ranntachd, eachdraidh an treubh uile, ach gu sonraichte a moladh nan gaisgeach. An deigh a Bhaird thainig an Faidh (vates, or ouates),*—Be 'faidh, am feallsanach (philosopher) am measg an treubh. Be a ghnothaich sa 'bhi toirt fainear oibrichean Naduir, agus a bhi 'g innse roimh laimh ciod a bha gu tachairt.

Tha reusan againn a bhi creidsinn gun robh Ard-Sgoilean do gach inbhe aig an am sin, ann an iomadh aite; ach ged a bha iad dealaichte o cheile agus neo-eisiomaileach, bha iad uile, fo ughdarras Ard-Shagairt na Coibhi-Druidh, mar a bha e air ainmeachdh. Bha an oifig so cho urramach, 's gu'n robh na h-uile neach a toirt umhlachd dha, agus a cur muinghinn na dheagh run, agus na fhocal, mar lagh Dhia. Tha so air a leigeadh ris dhuinn anns a ghnath-fhocal:—†

Ge fagus clach do'n lar,
'S faigse na sin cobhair Choibhi.
Smith's Gaelic Antiquities, p. 8.

Bha dealachadh mor eadar eideadh nan Draoidhean agus eideadh an t-sluaigh eile. Air na Draoidhean bha'n trusgan uachdarach a ruigheachd nan sailtean,—cha ruigeadh e ach an glun air daoine eile,—Bha feus-

* While Strabo gives the Orders as above, Ammianus Marcellinus gives the last, "Eubages." Dr W. Lindsay Alexander starts the hypothesis, that probably Ammianus has mistaken the candidates or pupils for one of the Orders, and that "Eubages" is a corruption for the Celtic *euphaiste* (good or promising youth).

† The Arch-Druid was chosen for life,—when the office was vacant, if there was no one of unquestioned superiority, a person to fill it was elected by the suffrages of the rest. Sometimes, however, it was decided by an appeal to arms.—Cæsar de Bells. Gall. lib. vi.

agan nan Draoidhean ro-fhada,—air mhuintir eile, seach na bilean uachdrach, goirid. Ghiulain gach aon dhiu sgian air dhealbh araidh, ceangailte air an crios,—bha curaichdean geal air an ceann, air an deanamh dreachmhor le obair òir, a bha air dhealbh fuaragain (fan-shaped)—slat gheal,—sian, air ubh-dhealbh, a bha air iom-dhruideadh ann an òr, agus air a chrochadh o'n mhuineal, agus os cionn gach ni eile, bha peall gheal (white pallium).

A bharr air na trusgain sin, bha aig an Ard-Dhraoidh, cleoca geal, aig an robh iomall air a dheanadh maiseach le òr,—ma thimchioll a mhuineal, bha slabhraidh òir, agus o'n t-slabhraidh sin, bha crochte, mir tana do dh'òr, air an robh sgriobhte na focail, "Tha na diathan ag iarraidh iobairt." Air aghaidh a churaichd bha iomhaigh na greine do dh'òr, fo leth gealaiche do dh'airgiod, a bha air a cumail suas le dà Dhraoidh, aon aig gach bior (cusp), dhith.*

Chaith am Bard, maraon, cleoca geal, ach currachd ghorm, agus air a deanadh sgiamhach le òr, air chumadh na h-ur-ghealaich (crescent-shaped).

Air an Fhaidhe bha cleoca glas, no speur-ghorm (sky-blue), le curachd gheal air a h-ainmeachadh, curachd an Fhaidh, agus be 'shuaicheantas, rionnag òir, air an robh sgriobhte, "Bheir breitheanas Dhia peanas geur do dh'aingidheachd."

Cha'n eil teagamh nach do dhaingnich an sgeadachadh riomhach sin mar bu mhiann leo, cumhachd nan Draoidhean os cionn an t-sluaigh; oir, 's ann thuige so a bha'n reachdan agus an cleachdaidhean uile gu leir ag aomadh.

Ach, ma bheir sinn fainear an t-aineolas agus a mhi-riaghailt, a bha san am sin, cha'n e mhain a' measg nan Ceilteach, ach a' measg nan uile shluaigh ma'n d'thainig creideamh Chriosd na'm measg, feumaidh sinn aideachadh gu'n robh uachdaranachd nan Draoidhean suidhichte air bonn na b'fhearr na bonn ceilg agus fein-bhuannachd. Ach air an laimh eile, ged a bha na seann riaghailtean so 'ga'n cleachdadh o am nam priomh-athraichean gu tim Iulias Ceasar, chi sinn gu'n robh e neo-chomasach an sluagh a thogail leo, ach gle bheag, gu finealtachd agus deadh-bheusan.

Faodaidh sinn fhaicinn mar an ceudna nach cuir reusan an duine, na beul-athris, a mhain, air aghart, ach gu staid araidh, riaghailt-chreideamh air bhith. Gun chomhnadh o thaisbeanadh Dhe, 's ann a theid e air ais.

'S ann direach mar so a thachair do na treubhan Ceilteach uile, ach gu sonraichte do na Druidhnich Bhreatuinneach. Chaidh iad air ais, a bheag is a bheag, re iomadh ghinealach, dh'iobair iad simplidheachd a chreideimh mar a fhuair iad e o na priomh-athraichean, gus an d'thainig iad fo smachd agus thamailte na'n Romanach; agus a' sin dh'fhosgail iad, mar gu'm b'ann, am broilleach do chreideamh ioma-dhiathach nam Paganach uaibhreach sin.

Mar a thubhairt mi roimhe, fhuair cuid dhiu uaigneas agus fasgadh ann an eileanan I agus *Anglesea*, far an d'fhuirich iad car aimsir, a cur an cleachdaidh, diomhaireachd agus deas-ghnath an creideimh, ged a bha iad a nis air an cuir suarach le'n naimhdean. Ach aig a cheart am a bha na

* These were the dresses of the ordinary, and arch-druids, as quoted from Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall's Ireland, vol. i., p. 296, by W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D.

Druidhnich, mar so, air an isleachadh, bha freasdal Dhia ga'n deanamh ullamh, a chum greim a ghabhail air Soisgeul Chriosd.

'S ann mar so a sheinn Wordsworth :—

The Julian spear
A way first opened; and with Roman chains,
The tidings came of Jesus crucified;
They come,—they spread: the weak, the suffering hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

"Faodaidh e bhith," arsa sgriobhadair d' ar tim fein,* "gu'n robh an creideamh Druidhneach na bu ghlaine na saobh-chreideamh Paganach air bith eile, agus air thaobh gliocais, gu'n robh e na b'fhearr na h'uile reachd a b' urrainn duine a chur suas. Ach tha a'r creideamhne Diathach" (divine).

Anns a bhliadhna cuig-ceud agus tri, no ceithir, thar thri fichead (563-4), thainig Colum Cille a nall a Eirinn, agus a dha-dhuine-dheug eile maille ris, agus, mar a dh'ainmich mi roimhe, thainig iad air tir ann am Port-a-Chuirich, air feasgar a cheud di-luain do'n Bhealtuinn. Ghabh iad an t-aiseag ann an curach, no bata, bh' air a deanamh do shlatan caoil, air am fighe coslach ri croidhleag, no bascaid mhor, agus bha so, a rithist, air a chomhdach le croicionn, na seicheannan bhò, ga deanamh dionach.

Cha'n ann gun trioblaid a bha e comasach do na daoine naomha sin a bhi cur suas anns an tir; oir, bha na Druidhnich ro-mhiothlachdach agus ro mi-chairdeil riu, 'n uair a thuig iad gu'm be'n run stad anns an eilean. Cha be sin uile, ach thainig daoine borb o'n eilean Mhuileach a chuideachadh leo, gu'n cuir air falbh, agus chuir iad Colum Cille iomadh uair an cunnart a bheatha 'chall. Tha *Bede* ag innse dhuinn an uair a chaidh Colum Cille a dh'ionnsuidh *Bhrude*, righ nam Piceach, a chum 's gu faigheadh e dion o naimhdean (oir, anns an am sin, bhuineadh I do'n rioghachd Phicich), dhùin iad dorus na daingneachd na aghaidh, agus cha leigeadh an righ na choir e, oir bha e ro-dhiombach ris.

Air am eile, bha e cur seachad na h-oidhche ann am baile beag, agus chuir a naimhdean na theine an tigh 's na ghabh e fasgadh. Nuair a bha e ann an eilean Himla, thug duine borb oidheirp air pic a ruidh troimh chridhe, ach chuir Finduchan (aon da chuideachd), gu sgiobalt' e fein eatorra, agus fhuair e na bhroilleach, a bhuile a bh'airson a mhaighistir, ach rinn am freasdal dion dha, oir bha cota tiugh leathrach air, agus mar sin bha 'bheatha air a caomhnadh, cho mhath ri beatha a mhaighistir.

Am freasdal a dhion Colum Cille san am so dh' fhuirich e mu'n cuairt dha, gus an d'thug e, le theagasg, le ghliocas, le chaoimhneas, agus le naomhachd a bheatha, buaidh air a naimhdean uile, agus mar so, choisinn e cliu agus urram o gach inbhe, ach gu sonraichte, choisinn e deagh ghean nan daoine allmharach, fiadhaich agus aineolach, a thainig e shoillseachadh le soisgeul na slainte, agus mar so, le beannachd Dhia, thainig e mun cuairt, nach robh an t-eilean beag so na eilean nan Druidhneach nis fhaide, ach ann an cainnt Wordsworth :—

Isle of Columba's cell,
Where Christian piety's soul cheering spark
(Kindled from heaven between the light and dark
Of time), shone like the morning star.

* Dr Smith's Gaelic Antiquities, p. 84.

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IS THE GAELIC OSSIAN A TRANSLATION FROM THE ENGLISH?

(EXTENSION OF A PAPER READ BEFORE THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH ON MONDAY, 1ST MAY 1876),

By J. STUART BLACKIE, *Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.*

—o—

OUR readers are mostly aware that a German translation of Fingal, in the measure of the original, was published by Dr Ebrard in the year 1868, with an appendix on the general question of the authenticity of the Ossianic poems. Being, from my professional studies as a philologer, well aware of the great amount of learning and talent put forth by the Germans on all questions relating to popular poetry; and knowing also that since Wolf's time the great majority of them had leant rather to the sceptical side, I was anxious to see what they had made of Macpherson. To my surprise I found that the writer concluded a learned critical discourse by pronouncing in favour of the authenticity; and thinking that many Celts, at home and abroad, who might not understand German, would be delighted to read the lucubrations of the learned foreigner on a subject so interesting to them, I superintended the translation of the discourse by an accomplished young lady of my acquaintance, and had the translation inserted in the *Gaidheal* for September 1875. Scarcely had this translation appeared than J. F. Campbell of Islay, to whom Gaelic popular literature owes more than to any other living man, came forward in the columns of the Edinburgh newspapers, as a decided advocate of extreme scepticism on the question, and reviving in the most unqualified terms the old thesis of Malcolm Laing, that, properly speaking, there was no Gaelic original of Ossian: that Fingal and Temora were English compositions, which Macpherson himself, or some one for him translated into Gaelic. This assertion, from such a stout native born Highlander, startled everybody, and made an impression anything but agreeable on the learned gentleman's most ardent Celtic friends and admirers. Among these it was not strange that Dr Clerk of Kilmallie should sharply resent the charge of being the translator of a translation; and he accordingly appeared in the columns of the *Scotsman* with comparative passages from the Gaelic, and the English Ossian from which, as he argued, it plainly appeared that the English was a feeble and often erroneous version of the Gaelic original. Not having at that time myself made any serious study of the original, I did not feel in a condition to make any public remarks on the subject; but I had some correspondence at the time with Principal

Shairp of St Andrews, who was brought up in the midst of orthodox believers in Ossian; and I remember well his words in a letter to me were that Mr Campbell had often made such assertions, but he had never *proved* them: and that this was a question which lay within the known province of a scientific philology to determine. I laid up this word in my heart, and resolved, while regularly going through the original, to make such notes as would furnish materials for a really scientific handling of this question. Accordingly during the last winter I employed every idle hour in carefully comparing the original Gaelic with Macpherson's English, and the new version by Dr Clerk, and the result of these studies I take the present opportunity of laying before that portion of the reading public, who, being familiar with both languages are entitled to form a judgment on questions of verbal transference.

It is manifest that in any question of this kind the proof may come from two sides, in this case either from the character of the Gaelic or the character of the English; either the English version is marked by such peculiarities as distinctly indicate its character as a translation from the Gaelic; or the Gaelic is marked by peculiarities which distinctly show that no person who knew Gaelic, translating from English, could possibly have used a style marked by such expressions; and on this double basis we should say that the Gaelic is certainly the original. But if, on the adverse theory, the Gaelic can be shown to contain peculiarities that distinctly indicate the influence of an English original; or if the English contains peculiarities of which the supposition of a Gaelic original gives no explanation in this case we should say that the English is the original. Now what I intend to attempt in the present paper is simply to attack the question from the English side; that is to say, from a detailed examination of phrases and expressions in the English, I shall make the induction that no man could have written such English unless he had had the Gaelic before him. To handle the argument from the Gaelic side I refrain simply because my knowledge of the Gaelic language is not sufficient to enable me to attempt such a task; but as I can now read Gaelic books with ease, and have besides had a life-long exercise in the field of poetical translation, I feel pretty confident that I can state the English side of the case with clearness and cogency.*

In classifying my observations I found that the philological tests which could be applied to the two versions under trial were, in number, five.

* It may be as well distinctly to state that the argument in this paper arose altogether out of my personal position as a philologer, and from a continuous series of original observations made by me while reading through the Gaelic. It is only, however, a strengthening of the argument when we find that the same line of proof has been used by other writers, amongst whom, of course, must be mentioned with special honour Mackenzie in the Highland Society's report, Dr Graham of Aberfoyle, Mr Peter Macnaughton of Tillipourie (Edinburgh, 1861), and Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, in the notes to his great edition. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a single writer on the subject (except Mr Campbell) who, if he had honestly studied the original, was not prepared in some form to state his decided impression that from internal evidence he was convinced the Gaelic was the original. My advantage in the matter—if I have any—lies not in my superior Gaelic scholarship, or more warm appreciation of the beauties of the original, but simply in my professional habits as a philologer, and my having treated the question more systematically as a matter of business.

Test First—When of two versions presented for examination, the one contains awkward, forced, and unidiomatic expressions which are explained directly by the influence of the other, in this case the version containing these peculiarities is the translation. Applied to Macpherson's Ossian this means, if the English in any case is not pure, easy, natural English, but English arising from the echo of a Gaelic original in the author's ear, then on strictly philological principles we are entitled to say that the Gaelic is the original.

The best practical illustration of the evidence arising from this test is found in the Hebraisms of our English Bible. No doubt these Hebraisms are used sparingly and with excellent judgment, and foreign phrases and ways of thinking may always be adopted and adapted so as to become graces; but in the general case they arise from awkwardness or carelessness on the part of the translator; and whether gracefully or ungracefully used they equally indicate the want of that perfect homogeneousness in every jot and tittle of style which marks a good original composition. It must be observed further that, although it is possible for a translator of great genius, and dexterous accomplishments to make his imitative work so perfect that not the most microscopic criticism shall be able to put the finger on a passage and say *this is translated work*; yet so rare is the talent of good translation, and so difficult is it to avoid the constant influence exercised by an external model on the ear, that ninety-nine translations out of a hundred in the currency of the book world will be found to bear on their face only two obvious marks of the process of their manufacture. Macpherson's English has received its fair share both of laudation and condemnation from adverse parties; but whatever be its quality, one thing has become quite plain to me from long continued minute inspection, that the Gaelic peeps through it everywhere like the under-writing in a Palimpsest. Let us now produce examples:—

(1) Cath-Loduinn II., 177—

S' iomadh og bu truime ciabh,	Many a youth of heavy locks
Ghabh talla Raomhair nan ciar long.	Came to Raomar's echoing hall.

Macpherson.

Now what I say, in application of the above test, is that the phrase "heavy locks" is not English, *i.e.*, not easy, natural, obvious, idiomatic English. No doubt an original English poet might talk of a "weighty wealth of ringlets," or he might paraphrase the Gaelic here somehow thus—

A rich weight of curls hung down,
Redundant from his head.

But no Englishman writing English, whether poetry or prose, would talk of "*heavy* locks," except from the contagion of the Gaelic *trom* in an original poem which he was translating.

(2) Do. III., 21—

Tog samhla nan laoch nach robh lag,	The image raise of heroes brave,
Air chiar am a chaidh fada null.	On dusky time now far away.

Clerk.

This is perfectly good English; but what does Macpherson say:—"Rear the forms of old on their own dark brown years." Now it is quite plain that no Englishman composing original English could talk of "dark

brown years." There may be dark brown earth, and there may be dark brown hair, and there may be a dark brown coat, but "dark brown years" were never heard of in the English tongue, from Chaucer to Tennyson. In the Gaelic dictionaries, however, we read that *ciar* means dark brown; but in pure English *dun* or *dusky* are the natural words here, and one might translate the passage freely thus—

Now through the dark of centuries far away
Bring back the forms of heroes to the day!

(3) Carraig Thura, 178—

Am aonar tha mise a Shilric, Am aonar iosal an tigh geamhraidh.	Alone am I, O Shilric, Alone in the winter-house. *Macpherson.*

This is like the German compound *winter-garten* which we have adopted, and which, to our English ear at once betrays its trans-Rhenane origin. Had the translator been writing original English he would certainly have said *wintry house*, or *the home of winter*, or somewhat in this style—

Alone I lie, O Silric far from thee,
Alone and low where winter dwells with me!

(4) Carthonn, 245—

Dubh chlogaid ag eirigh mu gach ceann.	Let the dark helmet *rise* on each head! *Macpherson.*

This is not English. *Crown* each head or *top* each head would be the thing. The word *rise* here is manifestly a literal translation of the Gaelic *eirigh*.

(5) Temora I., 485—

Shiubhail e'n'a osaig fein.	He passed away on *his* blast. *Macpherson.* . . . *his own* blast. *Clerk.*

The use of the possessive pronoun in this case is common in Ossian, but is a pure Gaelic idiom. No man writing original English could ever stumble on such a peculiarity; he would say on *the* blast.

(6) Temora II., 260—

Mòr, fo fhocal ard an righ,
Gu fhine fein a ghluais gach treun.

Which Macpherson renders—"Tall they removed beneath the words of the king." This is a very obvious piece of literal and vile English. Dr Clerk saw this, and though his version is in general much more literal than Macpherson's he had too much taste to be altogether literal here; so he writes:—

"At the high bidding of the chiefs,
Returned each leader to his clan."

The use of *fo* in this passage is an instance of a large class of phrases with the same preposition very common in Gaelic, but which can seldom be translated literally into English.

(7) Do. III., 241—

Aig a sthruthaibh chaidh briseadh fo airm. | His armour is broken beside *his* stream.
Clerk.

His shield is pierced by *his* stream.
Macpherson.

This is nonsense; but in both versions we have the same un-English use of the possessive pronoun, as in the previous instance.

(8) In Temora III., 478, there is a beautiful passage full of sunny joy (would there were more such in these sombre Epics), in which Ossian describes his gladness while listening to the strains of the bards. In this passage the line occurs—

A duille a taomadh m' a cheann.

Meaning substantially—

The tree spreads its top leafage to the sun.

Or to make a couplet of it—

And spreads its green tips waving high
To catch the sun's bright virtue from the sky!

But what has Macpherson here?—

It *pours* its green leaves to the sun.

Now this *pours* is again a literal translation from the Gaelic, sufficiently indicating how it found its way into the midst of the Queen's English.

(9) Do. IV., 232—

Tha stri 'g a filleadh fein n'an cliabh. | Strife is *folded* in their thoughts.

This also is Gaelicising English. To make it good English we should require to expand it somewhat thus—

And in his breast the lust of strife
Lies folded like a snake.

(10) Do. IV., 267—

Measg aitheachad anam a stri. | As his soul calmed down in wrath.

Says Clerk, perfectly good English from which no man could conjecture a Gaelic original; but Macpherson betrays the translator—

Amid his settling soul!

This is the English of a raw school boy. That Macpherson who had some poetical genius, should have written thus, is only to be explained by the fact that he was writing under the disturbing influence of a Gaelic original.

(11) Do. VI., 287.

E ag aomadh fo airmibh gu leir. | In full armour he went onward.
Clerk.

This again is English, but the word *aomadh* is not brought out with sufficient force. Macpherson says, "he hangs forward with all his arms," which is more like the meaning of the verb *aomadh*, but it is not English and plainly betrays the translator. In a couplet we might try it thus—

And with his armour's weighty mail
He hangs upon their flying trail.

(12) Do. VI., 313—

Ro' shiubhal nam bliadhna dubh chiar,
Bi'dh gorm shruth ag iadhadh m'an cliu.

This refers to a blue stream winding round the base of a green mound or barrow which was raised to memorialize a fallen hero. We might paraphrase it thus—

And through the dimness of the travelling years
The blue stream winds around the oblivious mound
That should have memorized their nobleness.

But Macpherson in the literal servility of his version becomes obscure and awkward.

The heath through dark brown years is theirs,
Some blue stream winds to their fame.

(13) Do. VII., 369—

Taom iad air Eirinn nan buadh,
Gus an siolaidh a chruaidh fo dhàn.

These lines contain an advice to the bard to bury the harsh memory of recent strife in the sweetness of song.

Pour forth the praise of Erin loud and strong
Till the sword sleep beneath the soothing song.

But what says Macpherson?—

Pour the tale of other times on wide-skirted Erin *as it settles round !!!*

A literal translation of *siolaidh;* what no man would have written writing with the unconstrained spontaneity of original English composition.

(14) Do. VIII., 528—

Cuirear thairis an oidhche am fonn.

Spread the board and speed the night
On wings of song with gentle flight.

Macpherson says—

Send the night away in song.

Here again it is quite evident that this awkward expression, not English certainly—*Send the night away*, is a literal version of the Gaelic.

(15) Cath-Loduinn II., 121—

Culghorm air marcaich nan tonn,
Thar gleannaibh crom an t' saile.

The "winding glens" of the brine is not an English idea. Macpherson felt this, and turned it into "watery vales"; but this also betrays its original. An English writer would have talked of troughs or furrows.

(16) Lastly, to this head I would refer Graham's observation (Essay, p. 316) that Macpherson seems particularly fond of compounding his epithets with the word *half*. I have no doubt he caught this trick from the Gaelic, and exaggerated it, as any one may see from the number of words so compounded in the Gaelic dictionary.

Test Second.—In all works operated upon by translators, difficulties occur, whether arising from obscurity or ambiguity in the original expression, from obsolete words, from errors of transcription, or other causes.

Dealing with these difficulties is of course no easy matter, and his manner of dealing with them not seldom betrays the translator. If he either skips them, or bungles them, or in any way stumbles, he is at once recognised; for it is always to be presumed that the original author wrote sense rather than nonsense; and as to skipping, while it is a most obvious device to a translator wishing to present a clear unencumbered version, there can be no reason, on the other side, supposing the clear version to be the original, why a difficulty should have been foisted into it. The difficulty can shew no cause for its existence supposing it to be in a version from an easy original.

Under this head we have just to remark generally, that comparing the English with the Gaelic, we find it is the manner of Macpherson habitually and systematically to skip. His style is in every respect original; but it is the originality of mannerism, not of true genius. It is a succession of little *staccato* strides repeated to satiety. It is marked by no variety in the rhythm, no richness in the periods, no volume of euphonious flow. Hence a difficulty in saying in any particular instance whether the author has skipped from wishing to shirk a difficulty, or from a general habit of skipping. Nevertheless when words or passages occur which present a difficulty even to good Galicians now, we are fairly entitled to conclude that the skipping or the bungling arose from the weakness or ignorance of the translator.

In reference to Macpherson's practice of skipping, after carefully going through the original, I fell upon a little piece of external evidence worth inserting here. In Graham's Essay (p. 285) we find a letter which he had received from the Rev. Mr Irvine of Little Dunkeld, an excellent Gaelic scholar in his day,* in which the writer says, from personal knowledge, that "it was the general practice of Captain Morrison and Macpherson, when any passage occurred which they did not understand, either to pass it over entirely or to gloss it over with any expressions that might appear to coalesce easily with the context." Examples:—

(1) "Stuaidh faoin"—Cath-Loduinn II. 186.

This word *faoin*, very common in Ossian, is like one of the obsolete words in Homer, of which the Alexandrians knew as little 300 years before Christ as we do now. Of course I mean in the sense Ossian uses it; otherwise the word is not at all strange to modern Gaelic. Such being the case, who can doubt that the version "restless" of Clerk betrays the translator? And as to Macpherson he gets off safely with the "foam of the rolling ocean."

(2) Do. III., 143—

Am foill c' uime ghluaiseadh fear treun? | Why should a brave man walk in guile.
Clerk.

It is not harmless through war.
Macpherson.

Nonsense!

* This is the gentleman who gave to Mr Lockhart those materials for his article on Rob Donn's poems in the *Monthly Review*, vol. XLV., p. 360, which contains the prophecy of the Celtic Chair now being instituted in the University of Edinburgh.

(3) Carraig-thura, 324—

S' a shealladh mu'n chuairt gun clith.

The word *clith* generally means pith, as in the chorus of a well-known song *Duine gun clith* (a pithless fellow); but in the present context it does not fall easily into good English, as the versions of the translators will shew—

While he surveys the walls in vain.—*Macgregor.*

His gaze around is *aimless.*—*Clerk.*

Macpherson in this case followed his safe method of skipping. A similar difficulty occurs in the achreia idon of Homer, Iliad II. I think we might do full justice to the original here, if we said—

Brooding in his wrath he sate
And blankly looked around.

(4) In verse 396 of the same poem—

Tha miso gun chli 's gun chliu.

Macpherson skips the same word again, and instead of—

Here I stand amid my clan
Spoiled of my fame a thewless man.

Or something to that effect, he gives—

My fame has ceased to arise.

Which is not English, and can be ascribed only to the echo of Gaelic verses in his ears, where the verb *Eirigh* frequently occurs.

(5) Of gross mistranslation there is a curious instance in Macpherson's version of the passage where the two horses of Cuchullin are described—Fingal I. 363. On this it may be sufficient to refer the reader to Dr Clerk's note, and to Macnaughton's lecture on the authenticity of Ossian, p. 2.

(6) In Fingal I. 426, Macpherson, in the description of a battle says —"spears fall like *circles of light* which gild the face of night." This is nonsense on the face of it; spears cannot fall like circles. There is no such thing in the original. The translator, as the reader may find, has been led into this absurd expression by dragging into his version a line which properly belongs to the next paragraph.

(7)—

Og Roinne nach *lom* cruaidh) | Fair Ryno with the *pointed* steel.
Macpherson.

Lom is a common Gaelic word signifying "bare," but what it means here is difficult to say. Clerk says it means "steel well-fleshed," *i.e.*, often sheathed in the body of an enemy, and this seems the most probable explanation. But it was not, as we have seen, Macpherson's fashion to confess his ignorance, or to boggle at a difficulty. He might skip altogether or gloss the word over with a common-place. In this case he has chosen the latter alternative.

(8) In Temora VII., 9-10—

Le so eididh taibhsean o shean
An dluth-ghleus am measg na gaoithe.

The word *dluth-ghleus* presents a difficulty on which Dr Graham (p. 300) has a note, and gives as the correct version, "with these clouds the ghosts of old invest their close-gathered forms amid the winds." Clerk has, "with these the spirits of old enrobe their close array upon the wind." Both these versions smell of translation, but they are at least intelligible. What is meant is simply what the fine ladies do when they gather round their flaunting skirts, being overtaken by a blast. The ghosts wrap themselves round with clouds for fear of being blown away into space. Macpherson has, "With this the spirits of old clothe their sudden gestures on the wind." How can a ghost (or a man) clothe a gesture? Macpherson in this case seems to have confounded *gleus* and *gluais*. Anyhow the Gaelic has manifestly led him into writing absurd English.

(9) In Temora VII., 347, we read—

Ghlaodh e ris an righ a 'ghaoth,
Measg ceo na mara glais,
Dh' eirich Innisfaill gu gorm.

The king now invokes the wind;
Amid the mist of grey ocean,
Innisfail arose blue.—*Graham.*

Now the king invoked the wind,
Amid the mist of the grey sea,
Rose Innisfail in its greenness.—*Clerk.*

Here, I think, Graham is right in the interpunction; there should be a semicolon after "wind." But both Clerk and Graham agree in condemning Macpherson's confusion of the preposition *measg* with the verb *measg* to mix.

Now he dares to call the winds,
And to mix with the winds of ocean.

It is difficult to say whether this blunder arose from ignorance or carelessness; anyhow the translator has bungled.

(To be Continued.)

PRINCE CHARLIE AND MARY MACALISTER.

—o—

THE fate of the Chevalier and his devoted Highlanders forms one of the most romantic and darkest themes in the history of Scotland, so rich in historical narrative, song, and tradition—

Still freshly streaming
When pride and pomp have passed away,
To mossy tomb and turret grey,
Like friendship clinging.

In the contemplation of their misfortunes their faults and failings are forgotten, and now that the unfortunate Chevalier's name and memory have become "such stuff as dreams are made of," every heart throbs in sympathy with the pathetic lyric "Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie."

In the present day when it is not accounted disloyal to speak kindly of the Prince or of those who espoused his cause—one cannot help indulging in admiration of the courage and cheerfulness with which he bore trials, dangers, and "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field," nor wonder at the devotedness of the poorer Highlanders; their affection to his person; the care with which they watched over him in his wanderings; and above all, the incorruptible fidelity which scorned to betray him, though tempted by what, in their poverty, must have seemed inconceivable wealth.

The history of the rising, and particularly of what followed after Culloden, relating to Prince Charlie, although generally minute, gives but little idea of the wonderful dangers he incurred, and the escapes he made. One should, in order to form a moderately correct idea of his hardships, have listened to those who had been out with him, as they, in the late evening of their days, talked of the past and of the "lad they looed sae dearly," or heard their descendants, who were proud of their forbears, having been out in the '45, when—

The story was told as a legend old,
And by withered dame and sire,
When they sat secure from the winters cold,
All around the evening fire.

His capabilities of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue proves that his constitution was of a very high order, and not what might have been expected from the descendant of a hundred kings brought up in the enervating atmosphere of courts. The magnanimity was surprising with which he bore up under his adverse lot, and the very trying privations to which he was subjected. The buoyancy of spirit with which he encountered the toils that hemmed him round, seemed to gather fresh energy from each recurring escape while wandering about a hunted fugitive.

His appearance when concealed in the cave of Achnacarry as described by Dr Cameron, who was for a time a companion of his wanderings, is not suggestive of much comfort, but rather of contentedly making the most of circumstances. "He was then," says he, "barefooted, he had an old black kilt and coat on, a plaid, philabeg, and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and in my opinion fatter than when he was at Inverness." His courage and patience during his wandering drew forth even the admiration of his enemies, while his friends regretted that one capable of so much was so wanting in decision of character when it was urgently required by his own affairs, and the fortunes and lives of those who had perilled all for his sake. His friends, rich and poor, "for a' that had come and gane" were staunch in his favour to the very death, while his enemies, hounded on by a scared and vindictive Government, and earnestly anxious to enrich themselves by obtaining the reward offered for his capture—left no means untried to secure his person.

Among the many who signalized themselves in these attempts was one Ferguson, who, in command of a small squadron, cruised round the coast in search of the Prince and his fugitive friends, but in reality sparing none on whom it was possible or not dangerous to vent those feelings of oppression and worse, which the cruel Cumberland had made a fashion as

regards Highlanders and the Highlands, and a sure recommendation to the notice of Government.

Soon after Culloden, Ferguson appeared off the coast and dropped anchor in Loch Cunnard. A party landed there and proceeded up the Strath as far as the residence of Mackenzie of Langwell, who was married to a near relation of Earl George of Cromarty. Mackenzie got out of the way, but the lady was obliged to attend some of her children who were confined by small-pox. The house was ransacked, a trunk containing valuable papers, and among these a wadset of Langwell and Inchvennie from the Earl of Cromarty, was burnt before her eyes, and about fifty head of black cattle were mangled by their swords and driven away to their ships.

Similar depredations were committed in the neighbourhood, without discrimination of friends or enemies. So familiarized were the west Highlanders and Islanders with Captain Ferguson, his cutter and crew, that they were in the habit of jeering him and them by calling after them—"*Tha sinn eolach air a h-uile car a tha na t'eaman*"—(We are acquainted with every turn in your tail), a source of great irritation to the annoyed commander, who knew well the fugitives were hiding on the west coast of Inverness-shire, and consequently resolved to adopt every species of decoy to entrap the Prince and his companions. In order to deceive the inhabitants of this wild and extensive coast, Ferguson pretended to give over the search and leave for Ireland. The Highlanders, wondering what would be the next move, were not deceived, nor did they relax their watchful precautions. The dwellers at Samalaman, the most western point of Moidart, had been especially harassed, as it was suspected they were in the confidence of Prince Charles. The suspicion was correct, and therefore, although, they went about their usual employments they kept many an anxious look towards the ocean—many a lonely watch and walk was taken for the protection of the hunted wanderers.

To those who are not oppressed by anxiety the look-out from this headland is of surpassing beauty. Few scenes are equal to that presented in a midnight walk by moonlight along the sea beach, the glassy sea sending from its surface a long stream of dancing and dazzling light, no sound to be heard save the small ripple of the idle wavelets or the scream of a sea bird watching the fry that swarms along the shores! In the short nights of summer the melancholy song of the throstle has scarcely ceased on the hillside when the merry carol of the lark commences, and the snipe and the plover sound their shrill pipe. Again, how glorious is the scene, which presents itself from the summits of the hills when the great ocean is seen glowing with the last splendour of the setting sun, and the lofty hills of the farther isles rear their giant heads amid the purple blaze on the extreme verge of the horizon.

Nothing of all this, for they were sights and scenes of continual recurrence, did Mary Macalister feel. Mary was a bold, spirited, handsome girl, who, in company with her father and two brothers forming the boat's crew, knew well all ocean's moods, and often braved the storms so common on that coast, and so fatal to many toilers of the deep.

On the morning of the fifth day after the departure of Captain Fergu-

son, Mary arose as usual to prepare the food for the family, and in going outside for a basket of peat fuel was surprised to observe a strange looking little vessel at anchor in a dark creak in the opposite island of Shona which occupies partly the mouth of Loch Moidart. Time was when a circumstance, so apparently trivial, would have created no wonder nor left in the mind any cause for suspicion; but now Mary carefully scanned the low long dark hull of the craft, and her tanned and patched sails, which ill agreed with the trimness about her, and which at once spoke against her being a fishing craft or smuggler. *Cuilean an t-seann Mhadaidh* (cub of the old fox) sighed the girl as she returned to the house to communicate the circumstance to the rest of the family, each of whom on reconnoitring the vessel confirmed her opinion. "Well then," said Mary, "let us advise the neighbours to betake themselves to their daily employment without seeming to suspect the new comer, and above all let us warn the deer of the mountain that the bloodhouds have appeared."

As the Moidart men were about to go to sea they were visited by a couple of miserable looking men from the suspected craft—one of them who spoke in Irish made them understand that they had lately left the coast of France laden with tobacco and spirits, some of which they would gladly exchange for dried fish and other provisions of which they were much in want, having been pursued for the last three days by an armed cutter, from which they had escaped with difficulty, and from which they intended to conceal themselves for some days longer in their present secluded anchorage. The fishermen, pretending to commiserate their condition, replied that they had no provision to spare, and left only more convinced that Mary's suspicions were well founded. Matters remained in this state for a few days, the craft lying quietly at anchor, and her six hands, being, it was said, the full complement of her crew, sneaking about, in all directions, in pairs, on pretence of searching for provision. At last, after an unusually fine day the sun sank suddenly behind a mountain mass of clouds which for some time before had been collecting into dense columns, whose tall and fantastic shapes threw an obscurity far over the western horizon.

The coming storm was so apparent that the fishermen of Samalaman secured their boats upon the beach just as some heavy drops, bursting from the region of the storm clouds showed that the elemental war had begun.

The Atlantic rolled its enormous billows upon the coast, dashing them with inconceivable fury upon the headlands, and scouring the sands and creeks which, from the number of shoals and sunken rocks in them exhibited the magnificent spectacle of breakers white with foam extending for miles. The blast howled among the grim and desolate rocks. Still greater masses of black clouds advanced from the west, pouring forth torrents of rain and hail. A sudden flash illuminated the gloom, and was followed by the crash and roar of thunder which gradually became fainter until the dash of the waves upon the shore prevailed over it.

Far as the eye could reach the ocean boiled and heaved one wide extended field of foam, the spray from the summits of the waves sweeping along its surface like drifting snow.

Seaward no sign of life was to be seen save when a gull labouring hard to bear itself against the breeze, hovered overhead or shot across the gloom like a meteor. Long ranges of giant waves rushed in succession to the shore, chasing each other like monsters at play. The thunder of their shock echoed among the crevices and caves, the spray mounted along the face of the cliffs in columns, the rocks shook as if in terror, and the baffled wave returned to meet its advancing successor.

By-and-bye there came a pause like the sudden closing of a blast furnace, or as if the storm had retired within itself; but now and then, in fitful bursts, proclaiming that its power was but partially smothered. During the conflict of the elements Mary Macalister seemed to suffer the most acute agonies of mind; and no sooner did it abate than, wrapping herself in her plaid, she sallied out and proceeded towards the sea shore. There, straining her eyes over the dark and fearful deep, she thought she saw, by a broad flash of lightning, a small speck on the wild waters, pitching as if in dark uncertainty, about the mouth of Loch Moidart. With the speed of frenzy away flew the maiden to the nearest cottage, and grasping a burning peat and a lapful of dried brushwood, she, with equal speed, retraced her steps to the shore. In an instant the beacon threw its crackling flame far over the Loch, and in an instant more the small black craft at Shona had cut from her moorings and stood out to the entrance of the bay. Now rose the struggle in Mary's mind. There stood the maid of Moidart in the shade of the lurid beacon, listening to the fitful blast, like the angel of pity. Something was passing on in the troubled bosom of that dark loch over which she often looked, that drew forth all the energies of her soul; but what that something was, was as hidden to her as futurity. She was startled from this state of intense feeling by a momentary flash on the water, instantaneously followed by a crash among the rocks by her side, and then came booming on her ear a sound as if the island of Shona had burst from its centre. *A Dhia nan dùl bi maile ris* (God of the elements be with him) ejaculated Mary as she bent her trembling knees on the wet sand, and then, like a spring from death to life, a boat rushed ashore, grounding the shingle at her feet. A band of armed men immediately sprung on land, one of whom, gently clasping the girl, pressed her to his heart. "*Failte 'Phrions*" faltered Mary, giving a momentary scope to the woman in her bosom, but instantly recollecting herself, she whispered, "Guide him some of you to the hut of Marsaly Buie in the copse of *Cul-a-chnaud*, and I shall meet you there when the sun of the morning shall show me the fate of the pursuer." By this time the intrepid girl was joined by the villagers who extinguished all traces of the late fire, and carried the stranger's boat where none but a friend might find it. The storm had again broken from its restless slumber, and the rain and sickly sun of the following day showed the pretended smuggler scattered on the beach. She appeared to have been well armed, and the easily recognised body of Captain Ferguson's first mate was one of the twelve who were washed ashore.

TORQUIL.

THE HIGHLANDS AND PRESENT POSITION OF HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

THERE are various reasons why the Highlands and Highlanders should have peculiar claims on the attention of the public. The Highlanders, from the earliest ages, have been a particularly distinguished race. Their remote origin as Celts who emigrated from the far east, and got a holding in this kingdom, has furnished materials for many a dissertation, and casual notice from the pen of the historians. No small interest is attached to the affiliation of languages, as well as to the superstitions and habits, the music and poetry, the condition and character, of this primitive race. It is not intended in this brief article, to furnish a minute narrative of their past and present history, but merely to give a general glance at some of the trials and hardships, which they had all along to endure. It is difficult to trace the gradual substitution of modern society in our mountains and glens, and to compare it with the real circumstances in which the natives were placed in past ages. Many important revolutions have taken place in the history of their social and domestic affairs. These have been materially effected by feudalism, when the feudal chief took the place of the *pater-familias*; and when the liberty of the vassal was entirely in his hands. Eventually, however, civil wars, and the increasing power of the crown, gradually weakened the assumed authority of the feudal superior. Feudalism, in consequence, lost by degrees its autocratic influence over the people, until ultimately it died away under the more benign supremacy of a paternal monarchical government. Need it be told how boisterous and bloody were the periods of feudalism, when might was right, and when the resistless law-giver over the length and breadth of the Highlands, was the sharp edge of the *Claidh Mor*. The Highlanders were, no doubt, rendered obedient and submissive to their feudal lords, by the rivalry which existed among the vassals and adherents of the different chiefs. Each individual clan stood fast and faithful to its federal head, and however severe the discipline, however distressing the hardships to which the vassals might be subjected, there was no dereliction on their part of the duty expected; and there was no failing or flinching in their conduct even in the face of certain disasters and death to themselves. Perhaps no other people would have calmly submitted to such painful endurances, as they had done, or no other people would have proved so faithful and true. These qualities, or characteristics may have arisen from their having been a distinct race, whose virtues were many, and whose vices (if they had any) were intrinsically their own. They were a peculiar people, whose ideas and idiosyncrasies were confined to themselves. They were a separate tribe, who manifested a natural zeal for brave and daring deeds, and who were eminently successful in achieving them. But, to their credit be it said, that the same traits of character cleaved to them, when, in after ages, their services were demanded and given in

defence of their sovereign and country. Possessed of remarkable powers of endurance, their loyalty and fidelity rendered them mighty and valuable allies in fighting their country's battles, and in defending their national liberties and constitution. In this respect, every quarter of the world will bear ample testimony, and every siege and battle-field in which British soldiers were engaged received their *eclat* chiefly through the instrumentality of this people's dauntless bravery. What would the consequences have been in the Peninsular War? what in Egypt and India? and what in the Crimea had it not been for our Highland regiments? Yet after all, the very fates seem to have conspired against this brave and hardy race. Years have rolled on years, and centuries over centuries, since the Highlanders have, in some shape or other become the victims of harassing endurances. They have had frequently to pine under the dire afflictions of famine and want. Not many years have elapsed since it was necessary to appeal to the national sympathy for the means of sustaining the lives of thousands in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and the appeal was munificently responded to throughout every part of the United Kingdom.

Various causes combined together to bring such unfortunate results to pass. The elements of Nature appeared to have been working together in a manner adverse to the temporal interests of this gallant people. For example, the inclement seasons of 1836-7, and of 1846-7, reduced them to the most abject state of destitution—a state which required a series of years to enable them to rally once more, and to get hold of something like their former position. But the chief cause of this lamentable depression had arisen from an unfortunate policy on the part of many of the Highland proprietors, in contracting the tenements of land held by the great bulk of the population, and in huddling them together in small crofts and patches of land, too limited for their support. The natural tendency of this policy was, either to chain the hapless families down to abject poverty, or to expatriate them, to find more comfortable homes in the distant colonies. The population of the Highlands may be classified into three distinct sections. These are, the owners of the soil, the extensive sheep farmers, and the most numerous of all, the peasantry, or small crofters and cottars. Of the latter class, the crofters hold but very limited tenements, while the cottars, particularly in the Western Isles, have no land at all. How well would it be for the Highlands and Islands if all the landed proprietors were to act on the noble principle of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland! He is using his munificent means, and his mighty energies, to undo on his extensive domains the effects of the imprudent policy adopted by some of his ancestors, and he will eventually enjoy his reward. But not so, alas! with several others.

Every patriot, whether clerical or lay, must feel an absorbing interest in the real well-being of their native land. This arises from no sentimental love of country, but is a feeling founded on genuine Christian principles. It has been well expressed by an eminent Highland divine, when he said—"We do love the mountains, and the lakes, and the woodlands of our native land; and these are associated in our minds by many tender and subduing recollections. But, perhaps, the most subduing of

them all are those which carry our thoughts to other, and to distant climes, where so many of the companions of our youth, and of the friends of our childhood are now located. We gaze upon the land of our birth, as we would on the countenance of a loved and dying parent. The features remain the same; but the cold hand of death is passing over them, and the spirit which animated them is about to depart. All the bold outlines of our country's scenery remain unchanged; but under a relentless mandate the silence of death is fast passing over them. Yes, under a merciless and mercenary policy many a once happy vale has already ceased to be the abode of living men. And thus it is that our thoughts are at this moment almost as vividly directed to the sunny plains of Australia, and to the sombre forests of Canada, as they are to the green glens of Argyle, or the lonely Hebridean Isles!" No sight can be more sad to the eyes of the Highland philanthropist than to traverse those desolated glens and to behold, here and there, the *larachs* of once social and happy dwellings, all dilapidated and clad with nettles and foxglove—melancholy mementos of ancient joyful homes!

It is worthy of observation that the imprudent policy which has led to all this is neither of a temporary nature nor of recent origin. It has existed for ages, and has taken a deep, and it is to be feared, a lasting root. Hence it is that the procuring of a remedy, if at all within the range of possibility, is a matter for grave and anxious deliberation. The unfortunate change which has thus been effected in the social condition of the Highlands is the radical evil which has operated against the amelioration or improvement of that condition. The Highlanders have not now within themselves the means, or the instrumentalities whereby they may expect to be raised, but very partially, in the scale of sacred and secular knowledge. Preachers and teachers possessing a thorough acquaintance with the Gaelic language, the mother tongue of the Highlanders, are become "few and far between." This is to be deplored, but not to be wondered at, under the system of management so long practised, particularly under that portion of the system wherein the Gaelic is not only neglected, but, frequently, is utterly despised by the better classes of the community themselves. Many of our Highland families in the present day, whose ancestors were as ignorant of the English language as of Hindostanee or Persian, are actuated by a sort of fashion, or perhaps rather of a false pride, by which they are led to suppose that to know, or to speak, Gaelic is derogatory to their respectability. Hence the younger branches of the household are strictly watched, and warned under the penalty of a smart castigation, against uttering one vocable of the despised tongue! It is not considered genteel to do so, as it contaminates, forsooth, their English accent, and gives a peculiar Celtic twang to the tone of their speech. The same ridiculous principle has frequently been acted on by schoolmasters in the Highlands, who, instead of giving instruction in that language, utterly excluded it from their schools. It was quite a common thing on entering one of these schools to hear a boy address the master, and cry out, "Hector Beaton is speaking Gaelic here." Poor Hector is dragged up to the teacher's desk, and pleading guilty, receives at once a dozen of sharp "pandies" for his crime!

Now, the result of all this is, that without doubt the Gaelic language

is on the decline in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Whether this fact be a matter of regret or otherwise, is not the subject presently under consideration. Yet, it is a fact, that the Gaelic, like those who speak it, has become compressed into bounds far less extensive than in former ages. But, on the other hand, it has not declined to an extent that supersedes the necessity not only of its being preached, but likewise the necessity of giving preaching in that language a predominant place in our Highland parishes. The Gaelic is still dear to the majority of the people in our mountains and glens. It is the language that cheers their hearts—the language that conveys the final blessing of dying parents to their dutiful offspring—the language that raises their souls in devout aspirations to the living God; and the language which alone comes home to their minds with enchanting power!

It is true that the Gaelic has given way in the Highlands, and that to an extent which renders it a difficult problem to maintain it where it is as yet required. It has given way among the higher and more fashionable classes of society, as already alluded to, while it exists in full power among the lower classes; and in spite of all innovations and changes is likely to do so, for at least a century to come. Then the question is, are these lower classes, which constitute the great bulk of our Highland population, to be left uneducated in that language alone through which moral and religious instruction can possibly be conveyed to them? Can such be permitted by our churches, as well as by such influential parties as have the welfare of a brave and loyal people at heart? Can it be permitted in a highly privileged nation, and beyond the middle of the nineteenth century, that a distinct race of people, numbering hundreds of thousands, should remain unable to read the Word of God in their own language, and should be denied the privilege of listening to a purely preached gospel in that language? The remedy is not easily provided, as the means for obtaining it have been allowed, in a great measure, to pass away. By means of the recent Government School Act, teachers are virtually precluded from imparting a knowledge of the Gaelic in public schools. Although not actually forbidden to do it, more than they are to teach Dutch or German, yet they are not paid for it, and no provision is made for such teaching. It is, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that teachers will devote their time and attention to what is not demanded of them, and to what forms no part of their code of instruction. Besides, in most of our public schools, teachers are already appointed, and the great majority of that useful class of men have no knowledge of Gaelic themselves, and cannot, in consequence, impart that knowledge to their pupils. Hence it arises that three important classes of our Highland community are left in ignorance of a language which, notwithstanding its tendency to decay, is still a language which comes home with a mighty power, and with a pleasing charm to the hearts of our Highland population. The three classes alluded to are, the preachers, the teachers, and the families of our Gaelic parishes. The preachers of the gospel in our Highland districts have but little encouragement, and still less the means for qualifying themselves for their sacred office, and for expounding to the people in their native tongue the marvellous scheme of redemption. Possessed only perhaps of a meagre provincial knowledge of Gaelic, orally

acquired in whatever district may have been their birthplace, they go blundering and stammering through their uncouth addresses, regardless of the idiom, grammar, and beautiful structure of the language, and thereby eliciting the smiles of the heedless, as well as the sorrow of the pious and devout. The second class to which reference has been made, consists of the teachers, most of whom are not Gaelic-speaking men, and such as are, may justly be put into the same catalogue with the preachers as parties who did not themselves receive regular instruction in the Celtic tongue, and who, accordingly, are not sufficiently qualified to teach it to others. In regard, however, to these two classes, there are many honourable exceptions, as in each may be found men possessed of a profound and critical knowledge of this beautiful and ancient tongue. The third class consists of the families of our Gaelic parishes. To them their mother tongue is precious, and although they may speak it, and that fluently, yet they are unable to read it, having never been instructed. The Word of God is in consequence, to many parents and children in the Highlands, a sealed book, as they never received an opportunity of perusing it, in the language which is to them the most congenial of all, to enlighten their minds, and to impress their conscience. The teaching of Gaelic alone is not advocated, as such a course would not be either prudent nor profitable where the English language is gaining ground; but the teaching of Gaelic and English together, and at the same time, is both reasonable and proper. Let the one language explain the other, and thus the reciprocal progress made in both would eventually confer on the pupils, of all classes, a correct knowledge of both languages. On the other hand, that knowledge would be no burden, but a benefit. It would be no bar in the way of improvement, but the very opposite. It would expand the faculties of the mind, and verify the old adage, that "two languages are easily carried about."

Under existing circumstances, therefore, the most availing, and perhaps the only effectual remedy for the deficiencies complained of, particularly as to Highland ministers and teachers would be, what is now looming in the distance, and yet is not very distant, the endowment of a Celtic Chair in one of our universities. Such a provision for Celtic literature is made on the Continent, and now at Oxford. In the same way provision is made in Cambridge for instruction in the Welsh language, while the same is made in Maynooth for the Irish; and why is good old Scotland with its Highlands and Islands in this manner utterly neglected? We have, however, one Celtic philanthropist, one genuine admirer of Celtic lore! Yes, we Highlanders feel proud of having such an earnest devoted champion as Professor Blackie! He is the great defender and fosterer of our mountain tongue, and has all but succeeded, by his indefatigable labours, in conferring upon it the honour of an academical position in Scotland. Although himself of Saxon blood, yet the Celts are dear to him, as a race of peculiar origin, and the teeming beauties of their primitive language are the joy of his heart. Who knows better than he the Celtic fundamental particles on which the classic languages of ancient Greece and Rome were reared, and who can trace with such enthusiastic precision the close kindred relationship that subsists between these languages, as does our energetic and learned friend? It is to be hoped that the worthy gentle-

man may be spared to see, for many years, the increasing efficiency of a Celtic professor in the University of Edinburgh—a professor conducting his classes, not solely in the digging up of dry philological roots, but likewise in the reading, and spelling, and writing of our Scottish Gaelic, according to its beautiful grammatical structure, and its authorised standard.

Such then are some of the adverse circumstances against which our Highlands and Highlanders have to contend. The incessant changes in the ownership of property, the disappearance of not a few of our ancient Highland lairds, who stood as the patrons and guardians of their people—and the passing of their estates and farms into the hands of wealthy *Sasunnachs*, who bear more love to their grouse and deer than to human flesh and blood—are matters that tell depressingly on the well-being, and even on the existence of our Highland population. These superiors, however good and worthy in themselves, and many of them are so, have no natural congeniality with a people widely differing from them in manners, and customs, and language. On the other hand, even some of our Highland landlords, owing to perpetual absence from their estates, have become so much amalgamated with the aristocracy of the sister kingdom that they have almost become one with themselves. It is true that some vestiges of our Highland songs and music still exist as remnants, or rather as specimens, of what prevailed in our country in the days of yore. A learned divine well versed in Gaelic lore, has said—"We have, it is true, our days of pageantry and of poetry; and the inference may be drawn, that the days of Celtic enthusiasm have not passed away; but, alas! our days of poetry are short. Our young chiefs may love to assume the patronymics of their ancestors, and a retinue of plaided vassals may at times be pleasing to the eye; but what then? Those young chiefs, though I know that there are honourable exceptions, remind me of the grotesque structures which we sometimes meet with, exhibiting an order of architecture without, and another within. Externally they are as Highland as buckles and belts can make them; but internally as Saxon in all their views, and tastes, and feelings, as if they had never trode a heatherbell under foot, or breathed the pure air of our mountains."

A desire to be a Highlander, at least in outward form is frequently entertained by gentlemen from England, who have procured either landed properties or shooting ranges in old Scotland. These have no concern for the interests of the depressed natives of our Highland hills and dales. Generally speaking, they have neither sympathy for them, nor any apathetic feelings against them, simply because they never inquired into their social circumstances, or made themselves acquainted with their history and merits. Yet these scions of nobility desire to be looked upon as Highlanders in the Highlands, at least in so far as the external paraphernalia of the Highland costume are concerned. With rigid punctiliousness they procure every article which "The Garb of old Gaul" can claim, according to the dress-lists of Logan, Brown, Skene, and others. Thus equipped, they march the streets, and wander over mountains and moors, apparently quite delighted with themselves and possessing no ordinary degree of self-conceit. Most of these, however, are destitute of the "bone and sinew," and of the genuine "beau ideal" of real and true sons of the

mountains. It may be said of them, that they are, in the words of the bard:—

Le casan càol, cròm, cuàgach, càm,
'S le claignibh greannach, falamh, fàs;
'S le làmhaibh diblidh 'ghiulan lànn,
Is soirbh do'n nàmh 'sam bi iad 's às.

Le breacan 's féile tha na sùinn,
Ma's fior iad fein, ro làidir, trèun;
'S leòir cuigeil caillich air an drùim,
Gu'n rùag gu bras air falbh gu léir!

But we have still some noble specimens of Highland chiefs, such as *Mac Chailein Mhoir*, the Duke of Argyle; the Duke of Sutherland; *Mac Mhuraich*, Cluny; *Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh*, Lochiel; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch; Lovat; Tulloch; and several others. It is therefore to be hoped that these, and many more, may prove themselves able and willing to sympathise with our Highlanders in their various perplexities, that they may still cherish a tender regard to their best interests, and that they may use their utmost endeavours once more to raise this loyal and patriotic race of men in the scale of social and domestic happiness.

ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

"ABERNESS."—In answer to many enquiries, and to protect posterity from the far-fetched and infantile Philological and Topographical deductions of a "D. C." or "Thomas" of the future; and at the same time to save our successors, a thousand years hence, from an elaborate proof, founded on this word, unearthed from an early number of the *Celtic Magazine* discovered in the Advocate's Library or British Museum of the day, that Inverness was at one time a Welsh colony, we beg to inform our readers and posterity that the proprietor of the "Aberness Hotel" coined the word from *Aber*, the *mouth*, or confluence of a River, and *Ness*, the name of our noble and silvery stream. *Aber*, he says, is as purely Gaelic as *Inver*, and means the *mouth*, from the word *Abair*—to speak. *Aberness* therefore is simply *Inverness* in another garb.

GAELIC SOCIETY ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.—It will be seen by reference to another column that this Annual Gathering of the Clans will be held in the Music Hall on the Thursday evening of the Great Inverness Wool Fair—the 13th July. Professor Blackie, the present Chief of the Society, will occupy the Chair, supported, as is usual on these occasions, by many of our Highland Chiefs and aristocracy. We have no hesitation in promising those attending a real Celtic treat.

WHERE ARE THE MEN?

—o—

O Liberty! thou art a phantom wan,
When hounds usurp what God designed for man.

Mountains! mountains! ye courtiers old of heav'n.
Reft of your sons ye lonely fathers stand,
Mourning for evermore the heroes driv'n,
By stern Oppression from their native land:
Ye everlasting monuments of blood!
I stand on crags where warriors have stood,
Tell me why ye in sorrow darkling gloom?
Tell me why ye in mists your crests entomb?
The mountains trembling shake, and whisper then,—
Where are my sons? Where are my dauntless men?

Torrents! torrents! ye minstrels of the clouds,
Unanswered now ye pour death's saddest lays;
Wailing for ever, grief your beauty shrouds,
Deep your lament for other happy days:
Ye ever-sounding messengers of woe,
I listen to your solemn music flow;
Tell me why ye are tuned to sing despair?
Tell me why ye those tearful dirges bear?
The torrents paler grow and whisper then,—
Where are my sons? Where are my plaided men?

Valleys! valleys! ye verdant shrines of peace,
Silence unbroken broods your fields among,
Cold desolation makes your gloom increase,
No voices break your sleep with joyous song:
Ye mountain-guarded sepulchres of death,
I tread with joyless heart your waving heath;
Tell me why ye are lone and smileless now?
Tell me why wild flow'rs o'er your bosoms grow?
The rank grass weirdly waves and whispers then,—
Where are my sons: Where! Where! my mighty men?

Ruins! ruins! ye histories of fate,
Accusers still of bloody-handed foes,
Emblems of tyranny insatiate,
Of Wrong's vile laws, of dark Eviction's woes:
Ye murder-marked remains of happiness,
I wander mid your eerie loneliness;
Tell me why ye are roofless, wrecked and dead?
Tell me why ghostly forms still round ye tread?
The moss-grown stones in sadness whisper then,—
Gone are my sons! Gone! Gone! the noble men:

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

Correspondence.

THE CYMRY IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SUNDERLAND, June 1876.

SIR,—In the June number of the *Celtic Magazine* there was a very interesting paper by Dr Stratton, the object of which was to prove that the Picts were Celts and not Goths, and of the Gaelic branch of the Celts and not of the Cymric or Welsh. Having given some attention to this subject I may be allowed to say I am inclined to differ with the writer, and that for the following among other reasons :—

A considerable number of names of places in that part of Scotland which the Picts formerly occupied, extending from the Firth of Forth to the Moray Firth, along the east side of the island, up to the Grampian water-shed, are easily explainable even by modern Welsh, whereas they do not seem to be Gaelic at all, at least I have not been able to resolve them into that language.

I could instance some scores of such names did your limited space permit, but, perhaps, a few will suffice.

First, then, take twenty places in Angus :—Craigowl Hill (Welsh, craig uchel, high rock) ; Fintry (ffin tre, prosperous village) ; Monikie (mon y ci, the dog's point) ; Carmylie (caer mygol, smoking or reeking fort) ; Benvie (ben ffe, outer hill) ; Lochlee, the pass in the Grampians through which the North Esk flows, (lloch lle, covert place) ; the conspicuous hill of Kinforny (cyn ffor nef, the head of the hollow pass) ; Newtyle, among the Sidlaw Hills (new tyle, new croft, toft, or field) ; Arbirlot (ar ber llud, close, compact, short-ridged, arable land) ; the river Dean flowing through the heart of the beautiful plain of Strathmore (dein, charming) ; Tannadice, a place hilly or rather mountainous, but where gold is said to lie beneath, one spot being called the golden craig (tanodd isg, under the surface) ; Lundie, where there are four small lakes (llyn dy, lake dwelling) ; Gourdie (gwrdd dy, the stout or valiant man's house) ; Pittendriech (pid yn drych, looking-glass well) ; Lethendy (lleithian dy, damp house) ; Estandy (ystaen dy, painted house) ; Dronely (tron elwch, circle or court of joy) ; Kinblethmont (cyn blwth mwnt, top of the gusty or windy mount) ; Kinnordy (cyn oer dy, cold house topping) ; Baldowrie (bal dwyre, eastern hill).

Next, other twenty in Kincardine :—Nigg, a sort of peninsula at the mouth of the Dee (neg, straightened) ; Durries or Durris, a parish rising from the banks of the Dee to the top of the Grampians (dyres, stairs, terraces) ; Cairn Monearn, one of the Grampians (carn mon eirian, shining isolated hill) ; Mount Battock, one of the Eastern Grampians (the mountain of the young boar ; Welsh, baedd og) ; Banchory Ternan (bangor y taranon, the

high circle, seminary or college of the thunderer); Fordoun (ffor dwn, the dark pass); Fettercairn (ffetur carn, wild oat cairn); Gannachie, on the North Esk, where the river is hemmed in by tremendous rocks (gan y chwip, the mortice or cut of the rapid); Balfour (bal ffwrch, forked or bifuercated hill); Monboddo (mon boddu, agreeable or pleasing hill standing by itself); Fiddes (ffedus, exposed, open); Inchmarlo (ynys marliad, marly island); Ardo (arddu, very black); Balmakewan (bal ma cwyn, the hill of weeping); Kerloch Hill (caer lloch, fort of refuge); Auchbinies (awch banwes, the ridge of the farrow cow); Cutty Hillock, where the road from Brechin to Deeside branches off to Banchory and Huntly (cyd y ceiliog, moorcock junction); Dalledies (dal lledu, widening or spreading dale); Drumlethie (trum lledw, broad ridge); and Drumtoughty (trum toedig, covered ridge).

The pass of Bollitar in Aberdeenshire, which forms the eastern entrance into the Grampian Mountains, seems to be the Welsh Bol y tardd, gorge of the vent or issue. Bol is *bealach* in Gaelic, and tardd, *toradh*, but the latter word is used only in the sense of fruit or produce, effect or results.

Forbes, on the Don, I am inclined to explain as ffor bas, the shallow ford; Monymusk as mon y mwsg, mossy point; Putachie, as pwt awchi, a sharp push; Kintore as cyn tor, boss head; Half-forest as hel fforest, holm park; Noth as noeth, naked, bare, exposed; Cairney as carned, a heap of stones; Monquhitter as mon chwydd wyr, extensive swelling heath; Drumblade as trum bleidd, wolf's hill; Auchterless as awch tir lles, the limit of the good land; Tyrie, as tyriad, heaping, piling up; Pitsligo as pyd ys llygod, the mouse well, or pyd ys llygad, the well eye; Aberdour on the Moray Firth, as aber dwr, the water foot.

The cave of Cowshaven, among the rocks on the coast, to the bottom of which it is said nobody has ever penetrated, may be cw ys hafn, the cavern at or near the harbour.

The ancient Castle of Dundargue, overhanging the boisterous surge, may have been originally Dun darguch, frowning castle.

The hill of Mormond, near Fraserburgh, from which there is a fine prospect, mor mund, sea hill.

The river Rathen, flowing through rich haughs, rhath afon, the river of the open plain or clearing.

Crimond, rising almost perpendicularly from the shore, crimp mund, sharp ridge hill.

Ellon, at a turn of the Ythan, elin, angle, elbow.

Rosehearty—Welsh, rhos hwrddiog, rams' meadow, meadow appropriated to rams.

Banchory-Davenick, ban chor y da ffynach, the high court of the two monks.

Abergeldy, aber gell dwr, the mouth of the dun water.

The mountain of Corryhabbie, cor y hab, the circle of fortune or good luck.

Cairngorm, Welsh, carn gwrm, Gaelic *carn gorm*, the azure rock.

Where the Cymric and Gaelic forms are nearly identical, there being only a dialectic difference, as in the last words, and in many others that might be quoted, the former is assimilated to the latter in the names of places—very naturally. Where the Gaelic has no corresponding word to the Cymric, the latter usually remains unchanged or nearly so, so as to be still pure Welsh, after the lapse of ten centuries.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

THE FAITH OF OSSIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—On reading the article on the "Faith of Ossian" in your impression of last month, it at once brought to my recollection what I read some sixty years ago in a *then* old magazine. The magazine was published when the Ossianic Controversy was hot; when the Irish laid claim to the nativity of the bard—for, at that time, the Irish published some poems which they maintained were Ossian's. The proof given in the article I read was, that these poems could not be genuine, as in all the poems of Ossian as published by us there was not one single allusion to a Deity from first to last, whereas the Irish, in what they called, "Urnaighe Ossian," or Ossian's Prayer (but which is more of a theological discussion with St Patrick than a prayer), showed that their Ossian had an idea of a Deity, a heaven, and hell; but from such ideas I know most people would say, "Good Lord deliver us."

I know it made such an impression on me that, even now, at this distance of time, I recollect every word of it as well as when I read it. It ran as follows:—

Ge de t'aite do Iutharna fein,
A Phadruig a leughas an Scoil,
Nach eil cho math ri *Flaitheanas* Dhe,
Na faithead ann feidh 'us coin.

The translation given was exactly,

What part of hell itself
Thou Padrig of great learning,
But is as good as the Heaven of God
If there are therein deer and dogs.

I have no doubt proof of the truth of the above is to be found in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.—Yours truly,

COLIN M'CALLUM.

FOREST GATE, ESSEX.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

CHAPTER XVII.

IN continuing an outline of the operations by Britain during the twenty-two years of hostilities with France and her allies, and with which the subject of our memoir is so inseparably connected, we arrive now at what may be termed the beginning of the Peninsular War. A few words as to its causes.

The King of Portugal having refused to enforce the "Berlin Decree" against Britain, Napoleon determined to attack that country; and that he might be aided by Spain, he promised that part of Portugal would be added to it.

The French Marshal Junot took possession of Lisbon (November 1807) with a large force, upon which the Prince Regent and thousands of its inhabitants fled to the Brazils, and thereupon Napoleon was able to proclaim that "the monarchy of Portugal had ceased to reign." No sooner was Bonaparte in possession of Portugal than, through the treachery of the Spanish Minister (Godoz), he was able to turn his arms against that country, while General Murat was sent to occupy Madrid with a French division. The imbecile King of Spain was induced to renounce his throne in favour of Napoleon's brother Joseph for a pension and a palace in Navarre.

England having traded with Portugal (1808) on amicable terms for more than a century, considered her ally entitled to protection. It was therefore agreed to make an effort to expel the French from the country. Spain up to this time had been a willing agent in the French occupation of Portugal, to which, although a neighbour, she bore no love; but when Napoleon's soldiers commenced to shed the blood of Spaniards in the streets of Madrid, an insurrection broke forth; their patriotism took fire, and war to the knife against the aggressors was proclaimed all over the kingdom. This established an identity of interests between Spain and Portugal, and a scheme was laid down for the expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. The amount of the British contingent for this object was 20,000, of which the first division was dispatched to Lisbon in July, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley. He landed at Mondego Bay, and marched towards Lisbon, but had not proceeded far when he was met by Marshal Junot at Roleca, determined to drive Wellesley into the sea, which feat he was unable to accomplish, for after a conflict of a few hours Junot's generals were beaten back. The Rifle Brigade led the way, followed by the 29th and 9th the latter two losing their colonels. The encounter was a desparate one.*

* In this the first fight of the Peninsular War, two Lochaber gentlemen, Ferrad, Major John Cameron of the Ceillcheuna family, commanded a wing of the 9th Regiment, and Captain Alex. Cameron had a company in the Rifles. The first died a Lieut.-General, K.C.B., and the second a Major-General and K.C.B.

Wellesley continued his forward progress with an augmented force (1809) now numbering some 17,000 strong. He was posted at the village of Vimiera, where Marshal Junot came with all his disposable forces (about 20,000). Victory again favoured Sir Arthur. The French were completely routed. The British commander was bent upon pursuit to the gates of Lisbon, but was interdicted by Sir Hew Dalrymple, who entered into negotiations with Junot, and allowed him, with his Frenchmen, to evacuate the country. Sir Arthur Wellesley was not pleased at this interference and obtained leave to return home. The enemy was cleared out of Portugal for the time, and the British took possession of Lisbon.

Chapter XVIII.

Soon after the battle of Vimiera Sir John Moore was appointed to the command of 20,000 men destined to co-operate with the Spaniards in driving the French from the north of Spain. Of this force the 79th and other Highland regiments formed a part. This period closed the services of Colonel Cameron as a regimental officer, the appointment of Commandant of Lisbon, together with the rank of Brigadier, having been conferred on him. His personal command of the regiment therefore ceased, after fifteen years' unremitting and unwearied zeal, sharing its every privation; *and his almost paternal care for his native Highlanders, had never permitted him to be absent from their head.* He finally resigned the command of the regiment into the hands of his eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Philips Cameron.*

Moore's plans for the campaign were well conceived. He advanced into Spain, but could get no assistance from its Government, nor was there any reliable information respecting the enemy attainable. The Spanish troops were beaten and dispersed by the French. Meanwhile Napoleon himself had entered Spain at the head of some chosen troops, so that, including those under Soult, their number would amount together to more than a quarter of a million. Bonaparte went to seek Moore that "he might drive the English leopards into the sea." Owing to false intelligence which Moore received from Mr Frere (formerly the British Minister at Madrid) he advanced with his diminutive force, in hopes that he might attack and separate Soult's force from Napoleon's, but Soult had withdrawn. Moore, now apprehensive of being surrounded, commenced a retreat. Napoleon was at his heels with 70,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 200 guns; and so near was he that, at one time, he could descry the British rear. Fortunately the career of this ruthless invader was checked before he could come up with the devoted band of British soldiers retreating before him. He received news that his arms in Austria had encountered reverses, which he considered could only be repaired by his own presence, and he accordingly turned with the best part of his force towards that country, leaving the pursuit of Moore to Marshal Soult. The story of the retreat on Corunna during that wintry month of January 1809, and the sufferings experienced by the army, together with the fall of its illustrious commander at the subsequent battle, are too familiar to require repetition.

* Historical Record, page 20 (Jamieson's).

The 42d and 50th were eminently distinguished. Sir John Moore went up to the one and bade them to "remember Egypt," and the other he approved by—"Well done Fiftieth." The 79th under Lieutenant-Colonel Philips Cameron, and the 92d under Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, were in the brigade of General Fraser, "a fine specimen of an open generous Highland chieftain, a good soldier, with plain common sense, whom everybody loved."* The British—or rather the remnant left from the retreat and the fight—embarked for England the same evening, and left Spain, for a season, a prey to the French.

Chapter XIX.

General Cameron, who had been relieved as Commandant of Lisbon by General Sir John Craddock, was advancing towards Spain with a reinforcement to Moore's army when he was placed in a most critical position by the unexpected retreat on Corunna. Nevertheless he succeeded in conducting his force back to Lisbon, undergoing great difficulties from the nature of the country, and the inclemency of the weather. It was considerably augumented by the stragglers from Moore's army, collected, as they went along. For this act of perseverance General Cameron received the acknowledgments and personal thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. The preservation of so large a number of men under the circumstances was fortunate, inasmuch that after the delay of a week Sir John Craddock, with them and those at Lisbon, was able to be of considerable assistance to Wellington on his return to Portugal.†

After the Battle of Corunna, Soult set forward with the design of seizing Oporto and so advancing upon Lisbon, in which object he had the aid of Generals Victor and Lapisse. The resistance of Oporto was slight, and the French soldiers took advantage of the tumult prevailing by indulging in indiscriminate plunder. Soult, in the first place, announced by proclamation that he was the representative of the French Emperor; and that he intended to afford them just laws and personal liberty. Finally, he assured them that the hour of their deliverance from the bondage of England had arrived, and invited them to place confidence in him. Such was the state of the Peninsula when the British Government decided on making another effort to clear it of its invaders. The chief command was conferred on Sir Arthur Wellesley, who arrived in Lisbon in April. A force under the direction of Sir John Craddock had previously moved from the capital towards the imprisoned city of Oporto, in which body General Cameron commanded a brigade, consisting of the 79th, 83d, and 95th regiments. Sir Arthur overtook this body at Coimbra, and immediately set about dislodging Soult from Oporto. His army amounted to 20,000, six thousand of whom were allotted to act as a separate corps under Marshal Beresford; Generals Hill and Cotton, with brigades, were directed towards it by way of Aveira, and Generals Sherbrooke and Cameron by Ovar; while the chief himself, and the remainder took another route. All arrived at the rendezvous as designed, but found that

* Stocquler's History of the British army—London 1854.
† Annual Register for 1828.

as the bridge for crossing the Douro had been destroyed, and every boat removed, it became no easy matter to effect a passage. This difficulty was shortly removed by Colonel Waters finding, at some distance higher up, a small boat, and standing near it, the prior of a convent, and three peasants. He prevailed upon these to row him across. The deed was a daring one, for the patrols of the enemy passed to and fro constantly. Colonel Waters returned with the peasants, and four barges, into which General Paget and three companies of Buffs threw themselves. The French were surprised, became confused, and before they scarcely realized the state of matters the British force had crossed; and soon after they were pursuing Soult out of Oporto. The slaughter was great, for a panic had evidently fallen upon them. The enemy was not far advanced when head-quarters were established in the house which Soult had so recently occupied, and Sir Arthur and his staff partook of the dinner which had been prepared for the French Marshal.*

The British now entered Spain to form a junction with the Spanish forces, but the condition of the latter was so miserable that no dependence could be placed on their co-operation. Both were in position before Talavera, when two French *corps d'armée* (Victor's and Sebastian's) attacked them with the utmost fury. The Spaniards, from the nature of the ground, were nearly out of harm's way, so that the weight of the combat fell entirely on the British. The battle occupied two days (27th and 28th July), and is reckoned to have been the best contested during the war. The French lost 7000 killed and wounded, and the British upwards of 5000. The victory gained Sir Arthur the title of Viscount Wellington of Talavera. Writing to his friend, Mr Huskisson of the Treasury, he says "We have gained a great and glorious victory, which has proved to the French that they are not the first military nation in the world;"† also adding that nearly every one of the generals were seriously wounded. And in his despatch he says, "I have particularly to lament the loss of General Mackenzie, who had distinguished himself on the 27th ‡

Brigadier Cameron is included among the general officers mentioned as "meriting the Commander-in-Chief's unqualified praise for their gallantry during the contest." Cameron had three horses killed under him—two on the first, and one on the second, day, and he himself was twice wounded—severely on the 28th.

(To be Continued).

* The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative, vol. I. (Colburn, London).

† Greenwood's Select Despatches, Nos. 296 and 315.

‡ General Mackenzie had commanded the 78th, and will be recognised in the North as of "Suddie" (Ross-shire). A monument is in St Paul's to his memory.

GAELIC SONGS.

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THERE are certain varieties of music which may be described as belonging peculiarly to the Highlands of Scotland. The bagpipe stirs up the enthusiasm when it sounds the *war cry*, enlivens the spirit when it plays the *quick step*, and when it peals the wail of the *lament* the effect is sad and mournful. The fiddle is the only instrument equal to elicit the exhilarating turns of reel music. The harp, in its day, was the instrument for keeping time and tune to the voices of our fair Highland maidens when singing their songs in our Highland glens and valleys. It may be said that the first is the only one remaining now among the natives. The fiddle, the harp, and even msuical voices have almost disappeared, and undoubtedly the cause is, the depopulation of the country. The professional piper is as plentiful as ever He was the appendix of chiefs, chieftains, and other cadets, and not the chosen discourser of music in the habitations of the country people. They preferred the sprightly springs of the fiddle when intent on the dance; or if pouring forth the sweet melody of song, their choice accompaniment was unquestionably the *clarsach* (harp). If the art of printing has been slow in exhibiting itself in the northern portion of Scotland, that of music-printing has scarcely yet passed the bounds of the capital of the country. While there remained a succession of tenantry, with their *Seanachies*, bards, and minstrels, to perpetuate our Highland melodies, by transmission from one generation to another, we might feel no alarm for their safety, whether printed or not; but, desolate with desertion, and with the other consequences of cruel evictions, as our Highlands have now become, the notice which has appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* that the Gaelic Society of London were engaged in committing as many as they could gather of our Highland songs and melodies to print possessed much interest for their votaries. Although the inhabitants of the Highlands are now few and sparse, yet their offspring are found in multiplied numbers in the southern portion of the kingdom, in India, and in the American and Australian colonies. To these descendants a collection of the songs of their ancestors, arranged for modern musical instruments, with the words for the voice, cannot but be acceptable. This exordium, brief and imperfect as it is, on the importance of contributions to one of the most engaging sections of art, leads us to notice a rehearsal of some twenty of the songs in their forthcoming collection, which the Gaelic Society recently gave at a concert held in St George's Hall, London. The critics of the London and provincial press have already written of it, and in every instance gave favourable reviews of the beauties of the songs and melodies. Independently of the chroniclers of general information, we have it, in this communication, from a reliable source, that the Gaelic nativity and origin of the melodies, in an English dress, sung by professional artistes, and accompanied with the graces of appropriate symphonies by a skilled pianist, were unmistakable,

We will instance more particularly "Macrimmon's lament;" "Lullaby to the Infant Chief" *(Cadul gu lò)*; "Sad and Weary" *(gur trom trom a tha mi)*, rendered by Miss D'Alton with a pathos, which elicited well deserved applause. The dirge-like sound of the piano accompaniment to the first of these was as striking as that of the "Dead March in Saul," and had a most impressive effect. Miss Annie Sinclair gave the "Black Haired Laddie *(An gille dubh, ciar-dubh)* with her accustomed taste, and was acknowledged by the audience with general applause. Some reviewers gave special prominence to the "Boatman" *(Fear a Bhata)*, sung by Miss Risley as soloist, while she was joined in the chorus by a trained choir of thirty voices, which aided her materially, and perhaps imparted a certain *gusto* to the song, and made it more effective than the others; yet in our opinion it did not possess the chaste melody of those already mentioned. Of those confided to the gentlemen singers, "The Melody of Love" *(Gur gile mo leannan)* was most tenderly sung by Mr Albert James; and almost equally so was "Young Mary so Fair" *(Mairi Bhan Og)*, rendered by Mr Arthur Thomas (who had the advantage of studying its air last year while on a pleasure trip in the Highlands); "Salute to Prince Charlie" *(Moch sa Mhaduinn)* was delivered with an enthusiasm that would have delighted *Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair* (the author) himself. The humorous song of the evening, "The Martial Weaver" *(Bha Claidhean air Ian)* was well treated by Mr Weige. Others need not be specially mentioned. The concert on the whole was quite equal, in the estimation of those who have a taste for the plaintive sweetness of our Highland melodies, to any entertainment produced in London for many a day. There are plenty more where the melodies and songs came from, and a repetition of such a rehearsal will, we have no doubt, receive the patronage which the subject itself, and the patriotic and plucky action of the Gaelic Society of London, and its president, deserve in preserving our Highland melodies from oblivion. All patriotic Highlanders should save the Society from a financial loss, and so encourage them to another effort in the same direction by at once subscribing for the remaining copies of the "Songs and Melodies."

LITERATURE.

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THE GAELIC CLASS-BOOK. By GEORGE LAWSON GORDON, Halifax, N.S., *Published by the Author*, 1876.

IT is well known that strong exertions are being made to foster and support the Gaelic in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. In almost all the Scottish towns, as well as in the metropolis of the kingdom, there are societies full of enthusiasm to preserve the manners and customs, as well as the music and language of the ancient Gael. It is almost unnecessary to allude here to the persevering and indefatigable zeal of Professor

Blackie to institute a Celtic Chair. That desirable object is all but attained, and indeed may now be looked upon as certain—and all this, by the inexhaustible energies of the learned gentleman alone. Had it not been for him, although of Saxon blood, that chair would never, perhaps, have been endowed. No one knows better than he, the great advantage of such a chair, not only to the philologist, but likewise to Highland preachers and teachers, and to all who love a language once spoken over the greater part of Europe, and a language which has stereotyped itself on the topography of these extensive regions. The Highlands and Islands are fully alive to the advantage of having instruction in Gaelic introduced into their schools, and to have it therein taught, hand in hand, with the English language. Strong representations have been made to the Legislature to alter the new educational code, in so far as to give countenance and support to the teaching of their vernacular tongue to Highland children. It may be interesting to know that this plan was advocated one hundred and thirty-five years ago by Mr Alexander Macdonald, *i.e.*, *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, the Gaelic Bard of Ardnamurchan. This distinguished poet and Gaelic scholar was born about the beginning of the eighteenth century, received a classical education, and was the first teacher employed by the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian knowledge. At the request of the then Synod of Argyle, he prepared and published a Gaelic and English vocabulary, being the first of that kind that ever appeared. He dedicated his work in 1741 to his patron Society, and in his preface he said:—

"The instruction of the youth in the English language is thought necessary to promote the charitable purpose of this Society, and to make those, who can speak only Gaelic, more useful members in the Commonwealth; and it is certain that if this were to be carried on by teaching from books entirely English, without any mixture of the mother tongue, it would not be so speedily got done.

"I know that by your orders we, your schoolmasters, are not to carry our scholars forward in reading, but as they understand what they read in English; and most reasonable it is; but then 'tis a great task both to master and scholars, and takes long time; whereas, we can oblige our scholars to get these vocables by heart, as is done in Latin schools, which will very much further them in their progress, and also spread the English language through the country, and make those young ones more useful the sooner, as servants at home, and also when they come abroad to the Lowlands, and be employed in the navy, or army, or in any other service in the Commonwealth."

"It is well known that the method of teaching any language by books not written in people's own language, has been very uneasy to youth and discouraging to their endeavours in the prosecution of their studies; whereas a regular vocables (vocabulary) in both languages put in their hand is a great help, not only to the masters and the scholars themselves, but also to those with whom they converse, and it makes the English language to spread the more quickly. I, therefore, presume so far as to offer the following Gaelic-English vocabulary to your protection for the use of your schools."

These remarks by the poet and teacher of Ardnamurchan were sound and reasonable. His vocabulary was a work of acknowledged merit, and proved to be of great service in Highland schools. For a number of years thereafter, nothing appeared in print for the benefit of the Highlanders until the publication of the Gaelic Scriptures. Stewart's Gaelic grammar was the first deserving the name that issued from the press. Then as to dictionaries in that language, those of Armstrong and the Highland Society, with grammars prefixed, made their appearance. Soon thereafter the dictionaries compiled by Macleod and Dewar, as well as that by M'Alpin were given to the public, and all are works more or less creditable to their authors. In the same way two good Gaelic grammars were subsequently published by Munro and Forbes, which proved useful volumes to the acquirers of that language.

While the Gaelic is presently warmly cherished in many quarters of our country, and faithfully taught in some of our schools, it is pleasant to know that it is not neglected in our distant colonies. For the last few years Mr George Lawson Gordon, student in divinity, taught a class in Gaelic grammar and literature in the province of Nova Scotia, North America. It was with the view of benefitting his pupils there that this young gentleman thought of compiling "The Gaelic Class-Book" above alluded to. We respectfully think that the title which Mr Gordon has given to his book is entirely a misnomer. With unmerited modesty he calls his work "A Gaelic Class-Book," whereas he ought to have styled it by the more dignified title of "A complete Grammar of the Gaelic Language." This excellent and useful little volume the author has dedicated to "The Officers and Members of the Highland Society of Nova Scotia." We cannot speak of it in too high terms of commendation, as a concise, plain, and intelligible guide to every student desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the Gaelic language. Mr Gordon has been successful in presenting a complete system of Gaelic grammar, and that in the simplest possible forms. He has prudently avoided swelling his little volume with critical disquisitions and hair-splitting criticisms in regard to certain words and phrases of the language, which are calculated more to perplex than to instruct the Celtic student. His etymological classifications are very distinct and legitimate, while the different parts of speech are communicated with much distinctness, and impressed on the memory by a variety of plain and suitable exercises. The author has undoubtedly devoted a large amount of labour in investigating the subject of the different sections of his *multum in parvo*. The grammar is really a valuable work of the kind. It is a small volume which ought to be in the hands of every youth desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the mountain tongue, and of its beautiful structure. It is a book which should be acceptable, in a special manner, to all Highlanders, and one that is well fitted to rouse the interest and curiosity even of such persons as have not hitherto studied the language nor spoken it. A few errors have crept into the work, which are evidently to be laid to the charge of the printer, but which may be corrected in future editions. In one word, we strongly recommend the tiny volume before us to the favourable attention of all Highland ministers, teachers, and students; and wish it every success.

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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IS THE GAELIC OSSIAN A TRANSLATION FROM THE ENGLISH?

(Extension of a Paper Read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on Monday, 1st May 1876),

By J. Stuart Blackie, *Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.*

[Continued].

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Test Third.—But the translator has another way of dealing with a difficulty. Instead of shirking he may grapple with it and overcome it, and in this way he may make his translation, if not absolutely better, at least more readily intelligible than the original. Where the connection is loose, he may joint it more closely. Where there is an abrupt gap he may bridge it over gracefully. Where there is a remote allusion he may save the trouble of a note by infusing into his version a slight tinge of commentary. As this procedure is both natural and easy, and at the same time profitable to the reader, the translator will seldom fail to adopt it where it offers itself, and thus betray his hand by the very pains which he takes to do full justice to his author. Examples:—

(1) Temora I., 670—

Theid iadsan thar m' uaigh gun leus.

Here the word *leus* is used with the same natural metaphor that led the Greek to make Apollo the god of music and poetry as well as of light. The passage means, "They will pass my grave without the light and glory of eulogistic song." But by way of explaining this in a very easy way Macpherson says they will pass my grave *in silence*.

(2) In the same passage we have the lines—

A Chairbre fuasgail na baird!
Is iadsan clan an am chaidh sios;
Cluinnear an guthan air ard,
Nuair dh' aomas gu lar an siol.

Spare the bards; they are the children of bygone time.—*Clerk.*
They are the sons of future times.—*Macpherson.*

Evidently a commentary. The Gaelic expression must mean, the bards are men whose business it is to sing the praises of the past; but this in the connection suggests the immortality of future fame. To indicate this Macpherson smuggles a commentary into his text, which in the present

case certainly is no improvement. In no sense can poets be called the *sons of future times;* they are rather *the fathers of future fame.*

(3) At Temora II., 448, Clerk has

> **This very stone shall rise on high,**
> **Amid the moss of dark brown hills,**
> **With words to the coming years.**

Macpherson interpolates the words—

> **Here Cathmor and Ossian meet,**
> **The armies met in peace.**

This is plain paraphrastic commentary to help readers of sluggish imaginations.

(4) Temora VIII., 153—

> **As comes a dread voice from the wind,**
> **To a ship on the *grey strait* of Innis Uana.—*Clerk.***

In this passage the *caol glas* is a descriptive picture for which Macpherson had no eyes; he therefore omits it altogether, and interpolates the word "becalmed"—a commentary to make the force of the wind more emphatic by contrast.

Test Fourth.—It is not often that a translator of poetry has as fine an imaginative instinct, and as subtle an artistic culture as the original author; hence the presumption arises that the less poetical of two versions is the translation, especially when the variations in this less poetical version have the air of prosaic explanations, or paraphrases of a poetical original. In one special respect even a truly poetical translator is in danger of falling behind his original—viz., in rendering such marks of characteristic representation as impress themselves strongly on an eye vividly acted on by the direct vision of nature; an eye seeing and marking minute details of special significance, such as Ruskin taught the painters to bring out on their canvass. No man should paint a rock in general; but either sandstone, or chalk, or trap as the case may be. Now Macpherson often sins against this grand principle; so far as I have noticed indeed, it was the rule with the versifiers of his age to wipe out specialities (as if poets were metaphysicians dealing in the most abstract!); but the author of the Gaelic, like the Highland bards generally, has a fine eye for nature. Examples:—

(1) In Cath-Loduinn III., 106, we read—

> **Till he receive the brimming shell**
> **From the dark-red hand of Ca-Loduinn.**

This distinctive feature is toned down by Macpherson into the common place "fiery-eyed," like the glaring demon of some diabolical melo-drama in which men sell their souls to the devil, and feel very uncomfortable when their hour comes.

(2) Cath-Loduinn III., 123—

Mar cheo a *snamh* air a bheinn.	**Like the *departure* of mist.**
	Macpherson.

This is turning wine into water.

(3) Objects of natural history, known to the original poet, are often

a mere vague vegetable to the translator. In this way *cuiseag* in *Carrickthura* (166) becomes a reed, and *dithean* becomes a flower. But mountain grass (a species of *Aira*) is a very different thing from a reed; and neither Burns nor Wordsworth wrote poems to flowers, but to daisies, celandines, and daffodils.

(4) In the same poem, v. 300, Macpherson has "the gleaming path of the steel *winds* through the gloomy ghost." How could steel *wind?* *Ghluais* is simply *went*, or passed through.

(5) Carthon, 161—We have two lines which, in a Popian couplet, might run pretty much thus—

> And Clutha bent its welling flood aside,
> Where the huge ruin fell and choked its tide.

But this poetry Macpherson turns into prose. "The stream of Clutha was removed from its place!" After this bathos anything was possible.

(6) The next two lines are—

> There in the wind the thistle sways,
> And the moss *weeps* beneath the tower.

Weep, of course, is *caoineadh*, but Macpherson, not seeing the distinctive propriety of the epithet made it *whistle*. This is wretched. Moss may weep, but it cannot whistle.

Before leaving this head I ought to remark that I was much delighted, after making the observations here given, to find how exactly the same thing had occurred to Mackenzie when he made up his report to the Highland Society. The most important of his utterances on this head are as follows:—

"In the original the scene and circumstances are distinctly given; they are embodied in clear and accurate description; in the translation they are frequently lost in words of which the sound pleases the ears, but which are of a general indeterminate sort that might belong to any other place or object of a similar kind."—Report, p. 130.

And again—"In the original the picture prompts the words; in Macpherson the expression is thought of without attending to the picture."—Report, p. 133.

And finally—"The conclusion, which an impartial reader will draw from the comparison, is, either that the Gaelic is the authentic original, or, if both are fabricated the English must have been fabricated the last."—Report, p. 136.

Test Fifth.—Another trick of translators is improving the original. This is not by any means absolutely to be forbidden; but it must be done with taste and tact; and those who are most apt to attempt it are seldom those who do it best. When ill done it is a fault alike against simplicity, nature, and truth; and when done, as it often is by Macpherson, the designation which appears to suit it best is *pseudo sublime*, or conventional beautification. Examples:—

(1) We may notice generally that the ambition to say something grand, belongs to the habit of Macpherson's mind. He is the exact antipodes of the divine simplicity of Herodotus and John Bunyan. There is

a sort of theatrical air about him which destroys nature by exaggeration. No matter whether it be *ceum, beum,* or *siubhal* in the Gaelic, the English is always *stride.* To *walk* or to *leap* is not sufficiently grand. So a *breeze* regularly becomes a *blast,* even where a blast would be extremely incommoding, and is altogether out of place. See Tighmora I., 710, and VI., 261, and Carrick-thura 220.

(2) In Temora VI., 334 he turns a "wild and fierce eye" into an "eagle eye," plainly because he thinks it grand.

(3) In Ca.-Loduinn II., 217, we read literally—

> **Nor lonely did the brave one dwell;**
> **By his side was mildest radiance,**
> **Of loud-sounding Troma's daughter.**

But the simple natural expression *tuinidh* would not satisfy the sombre ambition of Macpherson. He says—Nor *darkened* the king alone, evidently to make a melo-dramatic contrast with *dearsa* in the next line.

(4) Carrick-thura, 420—

> **The spear fell thrice from his hand.**

Not so; it fell only once; but this is an old trick of epic poets from Homer to Milton and Klopstock. Not the less, however, does it in this case betray the hand of a translator.

(5) Carthon, 300—

> **Not larger the full moon of the skies**
> **Than the shield which is thine O hero!—*Clerk.***

Here Macpherson has "the varied face of the moon" merely for sound, but in this place quite improperly; for the Ossianic men did not look through telescopes; and besides, it is the broad disk only that the poet has in his eye, not the spots on the disk.

(5) Temora VII., 295—

> **Mar fhear siubhail ri teas la an gleann.**
> **Like a traveller during the heat of the day in a glen.**

But Macpherson has it "in the day of the sun," on which Dr Graham justly remarks that it is "one of the author's fine expressions totally unwarranted by the simplicity of the original."

I have only to remark in conclusion that the grounds on which Mr Campbell of Islay, founds his opinion that the English is the original, are either utterly unknown to me, or are such as cannot stand for a moment in the face of the above induction. That the sun in a well-known passage, should be addressed as a male, whereas in Gaelic, as in German, she is a lady, can be accounted for most easily by the influence of classical and general European culture on the author of the poems, whoever he was;* or again, that passage may have been a modern interpolation in the body of the ancient poem; and if Macpherson himself published some parts of

* Is it not possible that Macpherson, not being a good or even fair Gaelic scholar, altered the *I* in Gaelic to *E*, and so made the sun a male in accordance with his *English* idea.—ED.

Temora in English, for which he could produce no Gaelic, that merely proves his general honesty, arising as it no doubt did, either from the fact that the original Gaelic of that piece had gone astray—as we have good evidence that he lost some of his documents—or that there was a gap in the MSS., which, like other editors, he taxed himself in the English tongue, not being master of Gaelic, to supply.

We may lay it down also as a corollary to this whole paper, taken along with the well-known external evidence to the same effect, that though Macpherson did write the English, he did not write, and could not possibly have written the Gaelic. The two versions are formed on fundamentally different principles of taste. The man who practised the one could never have contrived the other.

DOMHNULL DUAGHAL.

—o—

In the Reay country, or "Duthaich Mhic Aoidh," many and various supernatural actions were attributed to this brave, though unfortunate chief—one of the bravest of the brave, who led a thousand of his own clansmen, and two thousand of the Sinclairs, Sutherlands, Rosses, Munros, Mackenzies, to the German wars of Gustavus Adolphus; performed deeds of valour, and feats of daring that confounded Tilly and Wallenstein and astonished Gustavus himself. At the taking of Maisenburg, the storming of New Brandenburg, the siege of Magdeburg, and at the battles of Leipzig and Lubzen, Mackay and his countrymen evinced a prowess, a hardihood, and a daring which have never been surpassed. At once they were the terror of the Imperialist commanders, and the favourite troops of Gustavus. That great military commander invariably employed them on all occasions of the greatest difficulty, and they were uniformly successful at whatever odds, or at whatever cost or sacrifice. They were Gustavus' right hand in battle, he brought them forward on all emergencies, and in every dangerous enterprise; and at last most of them fell in the field like Gustavus himself, and were buried *with the honours of war*. The few who survived, and returned home with their gallant and beloved chief, were wont to relate and recite so many extraordinary tales about the sieges, battles, stormings of towns, hairbreadth escapes, and other incidents in their own and their chief's career in Germany, that those who remained at home at ease conjectured Donald Duaghal, their chief, had a

charmed life; and worse still, they, in their innocence, began to think it was humanly impossible for any man to come out of such dangers by fire, sword, and lance, comparatively unscathed, without some occult relations with an unknown supernatural element, or the "Droch spioraid." Ever after there was nothing too marvellous or too extraordinary for Donald Duaghal to perform, or for the people, his retainers, to believe him capable of performing, all attributed to magic, or worse than magic influence. Hero worship! popular applause! ever magnifying! ever unstable! ever fickle! every deceiving and being deceived! One of the many tales we have heard related of this brave Mackay chief occurred before he went to the wars in "High Germanie," when he was yet a young man, full of high blood, and yearning for scenes to distinguish himself after the manner of his father, "Huistean nan tuagh." He happened to be one day in the spring time in Thurso, saw a number of corn stacks still unthreshed in the Earl of Caithness' stack-yard, and meeting with the Earl shortly after, represented to him that he was extremely short of straw for provender for his cattle at his Downreay farm and seat, and requested the Earl to oblige him with less or more, as he could see by the number of stacks still unthreshed that he could well spare some. The Earl pretended he would require all he had left, and, indeed, was afraid he would not have enough for the consumption of his own cattle, if the weather should be inclement before they could be turned out upon the hills. Donald was urgent in his request, and succeeded in gaining the Earl's consent to give him as much straw as a man could thrash in one day, Donald to provide the thresher. They parted on this understanding, and the Earl gave instructions that Mackay's man was to have the straw of a day's threshing whenever he presented himself. Not many days thereafter, a man called at the Earl's house in the evening, and told the servants he was sent by Mackay of Farr for a day's threshing. The Earl being informed of the arrival of Mackay's man, gave instructions that he should be taken to the kitchen, and be provided with supper and bed. When he had finished his supper he asked to be shown to bed, as he was tired. He was conducted to the stable loft where his bed was prepared. Next morning the servants, knowing upon what business Mackay's man had come, naturally concluded he would be early astir to begin his work, and at the usual time prepared breakfast. They were much surprised to find that at breakfast time the *Gille dubh Mhic Aoidh*—Mackay's swarthy lad—had not yet stirred out of bed, and began to whisper to one another that he was a good-for-nothing fellow, neglectful of his master's interest, and expressed surprise that Mackay kept a so lazy man in his employment. At last, however, when the morning was well advanced, the *Gille dubh* made his appearance, partook of the breakfast so long prepared for him, and one of the Earl's men went with him to the barn in which he was to thrash. Getting into the barn he showed no alacrity in setting to work, nor any inclination to make up for lost time, as the Earl's man thought he should do. He simply looked round the inside of the building, taking, as it were, a survey of the quantity of corn in it. By and by he slowly and cautiously took up the flail, handled it, looked at it, presently he laid it down, took off his upper garment, and began to operate gently and quietly, the Earl's man looking on astonishingly at the fellow's coolness and want

of energy. After a little time he warmed to the work, and began to use the flail with great vigour, blow succeeding blow with force and rapidity, while muttering to himself—

Thus 's mis an t-shuiste Ghalld,
Thig gu tric, 's buail gu trom.

It was now evident to the Earl's men that the *Gille dubh*, whom they despised, was an expert in threshing, and before mid-day all the corn in the barn was threshed out. The *Gille dubh* thereupon ordered a *cruach* (a stack of corn) to be put into the barn that he might continue his work, which was immediately done, not without a good deal of speculation and curiosity at the extraordinary threshing proficiency exhibited by Mackay's swarthy lad, who assisted in getting the corn stack taken into the barn. This done, he recommenced his work. Then it was that the *Gille dubh Mhic Aoidh* showed what he could do. If he threshed before to the admiration of the Earl's men, he now redoubled his vigour, blow upon blow, stroke after stroke, fell fast and furious upon the jumping corn, and the flail was so plied that none could approach the barn doors ; for out of the backdoor went the straw as fast as that aperture could permit it, and out of the front issued such a cloud of dust and chaff that the Earl's men imagined the building would ere long be in flames, while they, at the same time, fancied they heard voices indistinctly saying—

Mis 's thus an t-shuiste bheag,	**Me and thee my little flail,**
Sin dhuits', so dhomhs.	**That to thee, this to me.**

The Earl's men were thoroughly astounded. The afternoon was not far advanced when the *Gille dubh* was about ordering another *cruach* to be sent into the barn ; but ere this was done word was conveyed to the Earl to the effect that "Auld Nick," or some one of his sprites was in company with Mackay's man, and that if he was permitted to go on as he was doing not a sheaf in the whole stack-yard would be left unthreshed before the close of the day. The Earl at once understood with whom he had to deal, he came himself to the barn, told Donald he had done enough for one day, and that he had better accompany him now to dinner.

ALEX. MACKAY.

EDINBURGH.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

BY ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

THE company were delighted with *Alastair Buidhe's* "Elegy to Whisky," which they had all heard for the first time.

"It is a pity you would not have these published during your life," says *Ruairidh Mor a Chnuic*, "rather than let them be lost, as happened in the case of your own late bosom friend and brother bard, William Ross, most of whose poems are lost; and those which the editor was able to procure he has, in many cases, altered to suit his own views of what they *should* have been."

"Indeed, it's I who knows that," answered the bard. "John Mackenzie, who gathered many of them, and had them printed, got them all from myself and my two sons, Donald and John. When the book appeared he sent us a copy, and we got our young friend there, *Alastair Mac Eachain Duibh*, who can read any book, Gaelic or English, with the same ease as he can peel a potato, to read the poems for us, when we found that they were not in many cases the poems we recited to John Mackenzie at all. No doubt my friend John thought that he could improve William Ross's songs, and perhaps it may be allowed that in some few instances he may have done so; but on the whole it would have been far more satisfactory had he left them alone, and had given them to the world as my dear and lamented friend had left them. Many's the hour, and day, and week have I spent in his company, and seldom or ever did he compose a piece, which he always did with great care, without consulting me, and taking my advice. I have on many occasions suggested and even added verses of my own. Indeed, *Aoir an Deididh* which is published as William Ross's by Mackenzie, was composed between us, and is to a greater extent mine than Ross's. Mackenzie knew this and might have acknowledged it."

"Oh," says Norman, "Mackenzie wanted to get up as large a collection as possible, so he must be excused; but the fact that such has happened in the case of William's poems only shows in a stronger light the necessity of your poems being written down, if not published during your own life, and while you are able to recite them."

"Och! Och! my good sir," remarked Alastair, "Ross had all his written down, but despite my advice, and that of all his friends, he, in a fit of frenzy, shortly before his death, threw all his manuscript into the fire; for no one could convince him that he had not committed a grievous error, and almost an unpardonable sin in having ever composed some of them. He never, for instance, forgave himself for the last verse of "*Cuachag nau Craobh*,"* where, in the poignancy of his love for

* John Mackenzie in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" adds this foot-note to this beautiful composition:—"The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it

"*Mor Nighean Mhìn,*" he cursed the midwife who ushered him into the world for not smothering him alive on the threshold of life, as follows :—

Mallachd an tùs aig a mhnaoi-ghluin,
Nach d' adhlaic sa chùil beo mi,
Mu'n d'fhuair mi ort iuil, ainnir dheas ùr,
'S nach duirig thu fiu pog dhomh, &c., &c.

He also keenly felt and often gave expression to his regret for having composed and written in his "*Oran Cumhaidh*" for Marion Ross :—

Carson nach d' rugadh dall mi,
Gun chainnt no gun leirsinn?
Mas facas t'aghaidh bhaindidh,
Rinn aimhleas nan ceudan,
O'n chunna mi air thùs thu,
Bu chliuiteach do bheusan,
'S cha'n fhasa leum nam bàs
A bhi lathair as t'eugmhais.

And the result of this condition of mind was that, as I have already stated, a few days before his death, he committed all his manuscript to the flames. What my young friend John Mackenzie, Inverewe, published is only a small proportion of what was known to me in my younger days of Ross's poems."

"All the greater reason," shouted the company, "why you should get yours taken down by some one, while that can be done faithfully and fully."

"Indeed, I have now, and no wonder, bordering as I am on five score, forgotten most of them myself, and could not recite them even were it easier than it is to meet with one capable of taking them down in my native language. I have recited a few to my friend *Cailean Ruairidh** (by the way, teacher at present in William Ross's school) who wrote them down, as he is well able to do; but, it is, perhaps, better that they should never see the light of day."

"Well *Alastair,*" said *Ian Taillear* (a perfect encyclopædia of legendary lore, ancient and modern Gaelic poetry; who hitherto sat silent, but all attention to what was going on, and taking special stock of Norman), "you are very foolish. Oh! if our immortal Ossian only had the chance. If any one had lived in his day who could have written his immortal compositions we would not now be having that Badenoch cattle-lifter (for were not all the Badenoch Macphersons† cattle-lifters and

ultimately brought on a consumption, and he was for some time bedridden. On a fine evening in May, he rose and walked out through the woods to indulge his melancholy alone. Arriving at a large tree, he threw himself on the green sward beneath its branches, and was not long in his sequestered sylvan situation ere the cuckoo began to carol above him. 'The son of song and sorrow' immediately tunes his lyre, and sings an address to the feathered vocalist. He pours out his complaints before the shy bird, and solicits its sympathies. Had Burns been a Gaelic scholar, we should have no hesitation in accusing him of plagiarism when he sang—

How can ye chaunt ye little birds,
While I'm so wae an' fu' o' care?

But Ross embodies finer feelings and sentiments into his fugitive pieces than even the Bard of Coila."

* The Rev. Colin Fraser, now Free Church Minister, Fasnakyle, Strathglass. We understand he has MSS. of several of *Alastair Buidhe's* Poems which, we trust, he may feel disposed to give us for publication here, with those we have been able to procure ourselves from the Bard's late sons, John and Donald.—[*A. O.*]

† *Ian Taillear* was a Macpherson himself.—[*A. O.*].

cut-throats), palming off on the public such a patchwork as he has produced and called Ossian's poems, and which our young friend, *Alastair Eachain Duibh*, was reading to us the other day. What a shame! What a crime! What an insult to the spirit of him who left the world ages ago, but who will be remembered by his countrymen so long as real poetry is acknowledged to be the outcome of real genius; and love, devotion and bravery allowed to occupy the highest place among the virtues. There is hardly a page without some lines of the original being wanting, and some doggerel of Macpherson's own, or of some of his friends inserted in their place. They are not, *Alastair*, the perfect, connected, compositions which you and I knew, and which our fathers and grandfathers cherished, recited, and handed down to us."

"You are a little severe in your criticism John" the bard replied; "Macpherson's 'Boar of Diarmid' is exactly word for word as I learnt it from my grandfather before Macpherson reached his teens, and as I can yet repeat it."

Colin was doubtful on the point, and suggested that a comparison be made at once. The bard agreed to recite his version, while *Alastair Eachain* followed him in Macpherson's Ossian, and found the bard's version to be word for word throughout; the result being that Macpherson's character was very much raised in the estimation of the old worthies of the circle. It was, however, generally admitted that collectors and editors of Gaelic poetry, as a rule, tampered with what was given them by old people throughout the Highlands, and the bard expressed his decided intention not to aid them by giving them any material to doctor and patch up his in such a fashion.

We were often called upon to read Macpherson's Ossian, in the bard's house, to his sons. There never was a question raised as to the authenticity generally, but we have been repeatedly stopped with the exclamation, "*Stad, stad, cha'n eil e ceart an sin*" (Stop, stop, he is not right there); and then John or Donald, both of whom we regret to say are now no more, would supply the deficiency, or call attention to what was left out, because, they said, Macpherson did not understand "the fine old Gaelic" of Ossian. We were in those days really "Alastair *Og*," or *young* Alexander, and were quite innocent of any controversy regarding the authenticity of the poems, or we could have taken notes and preserved evidence which would, in the present day, be of great value; but from what we have seen and heard from these worthies who never heard of Macpherson until we brought his work under their notice, it is impossible that we can do otherwise than believe in the existence of Ossian's poems ages before Macpherson was born; and further, that Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian is in the main, although not altogether, correct.

There was now a general desire that something Ossianic should be given by *Callum a Ghlinne* who readily consented to give his version,* as follows, of the—

* Several versions of this poem have appeared, but this one differs in some respects from any of the others. It wants lines which are to be found in some, and contains some which are not in any of the others. It was recited to the Rev. Colin Fraser before-mentioned, by Colin Dingwall and another old man in Gairloch, about 1847, and given to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., to whom we are indebted for the MS. A very *complete* version could have been manufactured by Macpherson had he secured all those now known to us.—[*A. O.*]

MUIRTHARTACH.

—o—

La dhuinn air tulach soir,
Ag amharc Eirinn mu ar timchioll,
Chunna sinn air bharraibh thonn,
Adhall arrachd, chrotach, chrom.
Bha 'h-eudann air dreach a ghuail,
A deud carbadach, cumhann, ruadh,
'S crion fhalt glas air a ceann,
Mar choille chriona chrithinn.
Dhiuchd a' bheist 'nar n-innis,
'S iinn i gean gun chomain duinn,
Mharbh i le 'h-abhachd ceud laoch,
'S a gaire tarsuinn 'na garbh chraos.
"C'aitan robh iadagaibh (ars'ise) am maitheibh Fiann Eirinn, [na sud?"
Daoine bu chiallaiche 's bu chuimhniche
Sin nuair thubhairt an laoch nach d'fhuiling sàr,
Mac Morna d' am b' ainm Conan,
" O'n 's ann air luchd cumail nan ceann,
A dhearbh thusa do bhreun lann,
Air sgath culanaich nan con,
Oirnne na bi-'tear 'ga mhaoidheadh,
Ceud cu air coileir eille,
Thaing Fionn, flath na Feinne,
Ceud saoidh a dh' eireadh leat,
Ceud srian òir agus airgid;
Gheibheadh tu cumha 's gabh coir,
Caogad tunna dheth an dearg òr,
B'fhearr dhuit òr cnodaidh nan clach,.
Na cogadh nam Fiann faobharach."
" Ged gheibhinn (ars'ise) Eirinn uile,
A h-airgiod, 's a h-òr, 's a h-ionmhas,
B'fhearr leam fo chosgairt mo shleagh;
Raighna, is Oscar is Cairreal."
Sin nuair thu'irt Conan a ris,
" O'n 'se t'fhuthar a thig dheth,
Cha chumha gheibh thu ach comhrag,
Caillidh tu dos do chinn chrìn,
Le aon mhac Oisean iomradh."
Dh'eirich an sin calg na beiste,
'S dh'eirich Fionn flath na Feinne,
Dh'eirich Oisean flath nam fear,
Dh'eirich Oscar is Iullainn,
Dh'eirich Diarmad O' Duithna,
Dh'éirich an sin an triath bhuidhne,
Dh'eirich sinn an sin uile,
Eadar mhac righ a's ro-dhuine,
Mu'n athach odhar anns a ghleann,
Rinn sinn an crò crodha curanta.
An da-fhear-dheug a b'fhearr a bh' anns an Fheinn,
A' cumail comhraig ris a' bheist,
'S urrad eile ged bhitheadh iad ann,
Bhi'dh iad uile 's an aon bhall. [mhoil,
'S mar mhuir a' tighinn air clachan a'
Bha dol aig a Mhuirthartach orra.
'S fhrithealadh i orra mu seach,
Mar fhrith-shradagan na lasrach,
An tus cabhair an aigh,
Thuit cabhair air an laoch shlan,
Thachair M'Cuthail an aigh,
'S am Muirthartach lamh air laimh,
Thuit am Muirthartach leis an righ.
'Sma thuit cha b' ann gun mhor stri,
Bha trian a cholla ri guin,
Bha braon deth fhuil air na fraochaibh,
'S cha d'fhuair iad dearnaidh mar sin,
O la ceardach Lon Mhic Libhionn.
Dh'fhalbh an gobha leis a bhrìgh,
Gu teach odhar an ard righ,
'Se sgeul a bh' aig gobha nan cuan,
Gu'n do mharbhadh am Muirthartach maol ruadh,
" Mur do shluig talamh toll (ars' an righ).
No mur do bhath muir leathann lom,
Cait an robh air talamh nan torr, [ean?"
Na cheannsaicheadh Muirthartach moidh-
"Cha b'e mharbh i ach an Fheinn,
Feadhainn deth nach faigh thusa cis,
Cha d'theid fuath no arrachd as,
O'n t-sluagh aluinn fhalt-bhuidhe,
Bheir mise mo bhriathra a righ,
Ma mharbhadh mo Muirthartach mìn,
Nach fag mi a'n Eirinn clach,
A'n allt, no'm fearann, no'm fireach.
Togaidh mi a'n corraibh mo long,
Eirinn chudthromach cho-throm;
'S bheir mi breabadaich air sàl,
'Ga tarruing as a tath-bhuinn."
"'S mor an luchd do luingeas bàn,
Eirinn uile do dh'aon làn,
Cha chuir thu do luingeas air sàl
Na thogadh cuigeamh do dh' Eirinn."
" Fichead agus mile long
Thog righ Lochluinn, 's gu'm fheachd trom,
Gu geill na h-Eirinn thoirt a mach,
Air thi na Feinne nam faradh."

La dhuinn a' fiadhach learg,
Cha d'imich an t-sealg 'nar car,
Chunna sinn fichead agus mile bàt.
A' socadh air an traigh fainear. [Fionn),
" An d'fhiosraich sibh a deas no 'tuath (ars'
Co ni 'n deannal cruaidh 'san traigh?"
" Am bheil (arsa Conan) ach flath no righ?"
" Na faighinnsa fear anns an Fheinn,
A rachadh 'ghabhal sgeul o'n t-sluagh;
('Se labhair Fionn), fath gun chleth,
Gheibheadh e breth agus buaidh,"
Sin 'nuair thu'irt Conan a rìs,
" Co, a righ, a b'fhearr leat a'dhol ann,
Na Fearghas fior-ghlic do mhac,
O'n 'se chleachd bhi dol nan ceann?"
" Mallachd dhuit a Chonain mhaoil,"
Thu'irt Fearghas bu chaoine cruth,
" Theid mise 'ghabhail diubh sgeul,
Dh' an Fheinn 's cha'n ann air do ghuths,"
Sin 'nuair ghluais an t-armach og,
Anns an rod air thoir nam fear,
Dh'fhaighnich e le comhradh foil,
" Co iad na mor shluaighs fainear?"
" Tha Manus oirnne mar thriath,
Mac Ighuina nan sgiath dearg.
Deagh righ Lochluinn ceann nan cliar,
Gille be mhor fiach a's fearg,"
" Fath 'ur toisg a bhuidheann bhorb?
No ciod e bhur colg ri Fionn?"
" Tha mac righ Lochluinn air an traigh,

'S cha n'eil fath a bhi 'ga chleith,
Cha ghabh e cumha o Fhionn,
Ach a bhean 's a chu fa-leth."
" Bheireadh an Fheinn comhrag chruaidh,
Do 'shluagh mas faigheadh e Bran,
Bheireadh Fionn comhrag threun,"
Dha fein mas faigheadh e 'bhean.
Fearghas fillidh mo bhrathair fein,
Bu choslach ri treun a chruth,
Tighinn oirnn o gharaidh nan slogh,
Gu'm b'fhosgarra mor a ghuth," [esa),
"Tha mac righ Lochluinn air an traigh (ars'
'S cha n'eil fath a bhi 'ga chleith,
Cha ghabh e cumha o Fhionn,
Ach a bhean 's a chu fa-leth."
" Cha d'thugainnsa mo bhean,
Do dh'aon fhear 'tha fo na ghrein,
'S cha lirig mi Bran gu brath,
Gus an d'theid am bas 'nam bheul."
" Ach b'fhearr a dhol fo'n talamh ghlas,
No dhol a throid ri Manus."
Luidh sprochd air Fionn nam Fiann,
'S thuit e siar air a chnoc.

. . . . . .

Air bhi dhuinn grathunn mar sin,
'Se smuainich Oscar an aigh, [fein,
A dhol a ghabhail sgeul deth a sheanair
'S a chleirich bu chruaidh an càs,
" Bheir mise mo bhriathra foil,"
Thubhairt Oscar, " 's cha bu sgleo,
Ge b'i long is airde seol,
A' thug iad air an turus leo,
Gu seol mise i le 'm fuil fo druim,
Air neo nach eil i' nan coluinnibh.
'S fearr na bhi'g an iarraidh thuinn a thuinn
A faighinn cruinn air an aon traigh."
An sin labhair mi fein,
" Ged tha mi mar tha mi 'n diugh,
Righ Lochluinn mac nan comhrag teann,
Sgaraidh mise 'cheann o chorp"
" Iarla nan Draoidh is mor foirm,"
Labhair Diarmad donn o'n t-soir,
" Deaghaidh mise ge mor euchd,
'S cha tuit mi fein air a shon."
Sin 'nuair thu'irt Conan ri Goll,
" Nach mor an glonn duinn bhi 'nar tosd ?
Nach tugadh sinne cath laidir teann,
Do mhac righ Bheitha nan arm a nochd ?"
" Naoi gadunnanan lochain làin,"
Thubhairt Mac Luthach fath gun cheilg,
" Deaghaidh mise iad air an traigh,
Cha n'eil stà a bhi fo fheirg."
" Glacaibh misneach 's thugaibh buaidh,"
Thubhairt Mac Cuthail nan gruaidh dearg,
" Manus mac garaidh nan slògh,
Traoghaidh mise e ge mor fhearg."

. . . . . .

A' bleith nan arm gu moch eirigh marach,
Air eirigh gu moch a marach,
Dh'fhalbh Fearghas gu gle dhana,
A chuir failt air maithibh righ Lochluinn.
Chuir e uime 'luireach mhor,
'Sa chlogaid do'n òr mu 'cheann,
Chuir e' chlaidheamh air a leis,
'S a dha shleagh ri chrios, 's a chrann.
Chuir e sgiath air a laimh chli,
A's sgion chaol air a thaobh deas,
'S bu thomadaich' e dol uainn,
Na moran dheth an t-sluagh 'bha shios.
Labhair e 'nuair chaidh e bhàn,
Ri fear a sheas an aite a righ,
'S dh'fhaighnich e le comhradh foil,
" Ciod iad a mor shluaghs' th' air tir ? "
"'S amaideach thu reir mo bheachd,
Co 'b 'urrainn 'sa chleas dluth,
Ach Manus fior-ghlic nan long,
Le feachd throm gu cosnadh cliu ?"
"'S amaideach a bhuail thus'ormsa speach,
'S nach d'iomradh mi creach no toir,
Ge mor a thug thu 'shluagh a nall,
Dh'fhaodadh tu bhi gann a' falbh.
Ach ciod a' choire is mo' rinn Fionn,
Mu'n d'thainig sibhs' a thogail a ghill ? "
"A' choire is mo 'rinn Fionn,
Muime righ Lochluinn nan gleann,
Gu'n do mharbh sibh i 'an Eirinn shuas,
Seal mu'n d'fhuaras leatha clann.
Bha 'h-eudann air dreach a ghuail,
'S a deud charbadach cumhann ruadh,
Bha crion fhalt glas air a ceann."
" Co 'dheanadh clann ri fuath ?"
"Cha b'fhuath a bh'ann ach bean,
'S cha robh i fann 'na tir fein.
'S na faigheadh i comhrag naoinear,
Chuireadh i dith air an Fheinn."
" Cha'n fhaca sinne bean ann,
Ach cailleach cham 's i gann do cheill,
Bha aon suil ghlonnach 'n a ceann,
'S chuir i an-tlachd air an Fheinn."

" Ceud cu air coileir eille,"
Thairg Fionn flath na Feinne,
" Ceud saoidh a dh' eireadh leat,
Ceud srian òir agus airgid,
Ceud nighean bhas-gheal bhàn,
Ceud curaidh a theid nan dail,
Gheibheadh tu cumha 's gabh coir,
Leth-cheud tunna dheth an dearg òr,
B'fhearr dhuit òr onodaidh nan clach,
Na cogadh nam Fiann faobharach."
" Ged gheibhinn-sa Eirinn uile,
A h-airgiod 'sa h-òr 's a h-ionmhas,
Cha till mi mo luingeas a th' air sàl,
Gus am bi Eirinn uile air m' urras."

. . . . . .

" Ciod i 'bhratach 'fhilidh ghuanaich ?
An i sud bratach mhic treun bhuadhaich ?
Chi mi giulla gasd' air a ceann.
Tha i lasadh le h-òr eibhinn,
'Si fein a togairt 'bharr sluaigh."
" Cha n' i tha sud ach an Liath-luidhneach,
Bratach Dhiarmaid O' Duithna,
'S air a mheud d' an d' thigeadh a mach,
Gheibheadh an Liath-luidhneach toiseach."
" Ciod i 'bhratach 'fhilidh ghuanaich ?
An i sud bratach mhic treun bhuadhaich ?
Chi mi giulla gasd' air a ceann,
Tha i 'lasadh le h-òr eibhinn,
'Si fein a togairt 'bharr sluaigh."
" Cha n' i tha sud ach an Du-nimhe,
Bratach Chaoilte mhic Reitha,
'S air a mheud d'am bitheadh 's na cathaibh
Cha bhiodh ainm ach air an Du-nimhe."
" Ciod i 'bhratach fhilidh ghuanaich ?
An i sud bratach mhic treun bhuadhaich ?
Chi mi giulla gasd' air a ceann,

Tha i lasadh le h-òr eibhinn,
'S i fein a togairt bharr sluaigh."
" 'S i tha sud a Bhricail bhrocail,
Bratach Ghoill mhor mhic Mhorna,
'S e bu shuaicheantas do'n t-sròl bhuidhe,
Toiseach tighinn agus deireadh falbha."
" Ciod i 'bhratach 'fhilidh ghuanaich ?
An i sud bratach mhic treun bhuadhaich ?
Chi mi giulla gasd' air a ceann,
Tha i lasadh le h-òr eibhinn,
'S i fein a' togairt 'bharr sluaigh." [ruadh,
" Cha n' i tha sud ach an Fhionn-chasach
Bratach Bhaighna na mor shluagh,
Leis am fagte' coluinnean gun chinn,
'S leis an doirte fuil gu aobrannan."
" Ciod i 'bhratach 'fhilidh ghuanaich ?
An i sud bratach mhic treun bhuadhaich ?
Chi mi giulla gasd' air a ceann,
Tha i 'lasadh le h-òr eibhinn,
'S i fein a togairt bharr sluaigh."
" Cha n' i tha sud ach an Sguab ghabhaidh,
Bratach Oscair chruaidh laidir,
Nach pilleadh troidh air a h-ais,
Gus a' sgoilteadh an talamh trom-ghlas."
Thog iad an sin ris a chrann,
Bratach Fhinn bu teann 'san treis',
'S i lan do chlachan an òir,
Air m' fhocal bu mhor a meas.
Bha naoi slabhraidhean rithe sios,
Do'n òr bhuidhe a b' aille sgiamh;
Bha naoi naoinear fo na h-uile slabhraidh,
'S i fein a togairt bharr sluaigh.
Saoilidh mi gu'n d' thuit a bheinn,
'S dorra dhuitsa na bheil ann,
Geal ghreugach Mhic Cuthail ri crann.
" 'S breugach dhuit siu fhilidh bhinn,
Trian na thug mise 'shluagh air sàl,
Cha robh e riamh agaibh 'an Eirinn."
" 'S beag leatsa an Fheinn arsaidh,
Ach tha na seachd cathan ud cho calma,
Mar teir thusa do leum gu linne ghlais,
Ni thu t-uile aimhleas."
. . . . . .
Cromamaid ar ceann 'sa chath,
'S deanadh gach fiath mar a gheall.
. . . . . .
Ge b' e 'sheasadh anns an uair,
Ri aghaidh beinn' Eidinn fhuair,
Cha'n fhaca, 's cha'n fhaic gu brath,
Urrad aobh ann an aon la.
Bu deirge na fuil am fraoch,
'S mar chaoir theine bha dà shlios,
Mar shradagan deamhnaidh cas,
Cho fad sa sheas Lochluinneach ris;
Thachair M'Cuthail nan cuach
Agus Manus 'na ruaig aigh
Ri cheile ann an tiugh an t-sluaigh,
'S a chleirich bu chruaidh an càs.
Sheas sinn uile air an leirg,
'S air leam fein gu'm bu mhor am modh ;
Cha deach duine 'nan dail,
Gus an deach am blar gu clòs.
Bhris iad an armachd ri cheile,
'S chaidh iad 'an dromanan a cheile ;
'S chuir Fionn ceangal nan tri chaol air.
" Leigibh thugam (arsa Conan) " Manus nan laun,
Sgaraidh mise 'cheann o chorp."
" Mallachd dhuit a Chonain mhaoil,"
Thu'irt Manus bu chaoine cruth,
" O'n tharlas fo mheachuinn Fhinn,
'S annsa leinn na bhi fo t-iochds',"
" O'n tha thu fo mo mheachuinn fein,
Cha'n imich beud air fiath
Leigidh mise gu thir fein,
An lamh threun a rinn am mor chath.
Ach gheibh thu do roghainn an drasd',
Ge b' e dhiubh is fearr leat fein,
Comunn agus gaol a's gradh,
No do shàr a thoirt do'n Fheinn."

" Bheir mise mo bhriathra righ " (arsa Manus),
" Cho fad 's a' mhaireas brigh 'nam chorp,
Nach tig mi a' t' aghaidhs' Fhinn,
'S aithreach leinn na rinneas ort."
Shuidh sinn 'nuair a bha sinn sgith,
'S chunna Fionn do 'dhith an sluagh,
'S chunna sinn Oscar an aigh,
A' diuchdadh air an traigh a nuas.
Ruitheadh e mar mhial-chu treun,
'S leumadh e mar earba 'n gleann,
'S air a chridhe 'ta n' am fheoil.
Thuit le Oscar og na bh' ann.
Fichead agus mile sonn,
Thuit sin le Conan 's le Goll,
O'n dh'eirich a' ghrian gu moch,
Gus an deach i siar 'san anmoch.
Seachd mile seachd ceud, seachd ceathairne,
'S na bha 'shluagh uile aig righ Bheitha,
Thuit sin le Oscar an aigh,
'S le Cairreal og ion-ghraidh ;
Ach thuit leamsa 's le Fionn nam fleadh,
Ionnas cheann ris a cheathrar.
Ge b' e againn is fearr thainig dheth,
'S beag dheth ar leas a rinn an lo.
Fear agus ceart leth nam Fiann,
Dh' fhag sinn air an t-sliabh mu dheas,
A Chleirich ma chreideas tu mi,
Cha mhor 's ar trian thainig as.
Seachd fir, seachd fichead, seachd ceud,
Eadar othar agus eug,
Chaill mise 'san aon chath,
'S beag dheth mo rath a rinn an t-eug.

(To be Continued.)

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

CHAPTER XX.

THE defeat of the Austrians at Wagram having released Napoleon's army from that country, he resolved now to put the finishing stroke upon "British effrontery and Peninsular independence." The army across the Pyrennes was augmented to an enormous extent, and under the most renowned of his Marshals, among whom were Soult, Ney, and Massena. The latter boasted that he would drive the British out of Portugal within three months. His first move was on Almeida, which he took, and Wellington fell back on the strong but irregular ranges of Busaco (near Coimbra). The army of the latter was not much more than half the number of the former; but thus, with Wellington, was not of so much consequence as a good position fortified by nature. With this conviction he assembled the flower of his army and disposed of it along the hill-tops, there to await "the spoilt child of victory," as Massena was termed. These ranges, for a length of eight miles, were studded with Wellington's troops. Among his generals of divisions were Hill, Picton, and Lightborne, and his brigadiers were—Leith, Park, Mackinnon, Crawfurd, and Cameron. The plains below were thick with the enemy. Two months exactly to a day had elapsed since the last combat (Talavera), when now, on the early morning of Sept. the 27th, the French commenced their ascent towards the heights with their accustomed *elan*, and notwithstanding that the guns of the horse artillery made serious gaps in their ranks, their impetuous progress was not checked till they came in contact with Cameron's brigade (79th, 7th, and 61st), and Crawfurd's (43d, 52d, and 95th). The efforts of the enemy to force the British positions were unsuccessful, and these brigades suffered little during the rest of the day.*

This was the signal for the various divisions to become engaged. Unflinching valour was maintained on both sides, until, as evening was close at hand the contest ended with the disappearance of the French, and Busaco was added to the list of British triumphs ! !

The subject of our memoir escaped being wounded in this action, but as he was leading off his brigade his horse stumbled, and both came heavily to the ground, when he received a severe contusion of the chest, from which he suffered considerable inconvenience for a long time afterwards.

Wellington after this victory thought it prudent to make his way towards Lisbon.

It was on this occasion that he planned that wonderful system of intrenchment, known to the reader, as the "Lines of Torres Vedras." Along these *lines* he constructed a chain of fortifications, which ran the

* In this affair the 79th lost Captain Alexander Cameron, who commanded a picquet and could not be prevailed on to withdraw. He was last seen fighting hand to hand with several French soldiers, to whom he refused to deliver up his sword. His body was found to be pierced with seven bayonet wounds.—*Hist. Rec.*, p. 24.

length of nearly thirty miles. To accomplish these, it is stated that fifty thousand men were engaged; and the work was carried on with so much secrecy that the enemy were ignorant of their procedure or existence. Within the shelter of the "Lines" Wellington and his army lay during the winter of 1809-10. They made the best of the *tedium* they could; for we read of Captain Ferguson of the "Black Watch" writing to Sir Walter Scott: "I need not tell you how delighted I was at the success of your poem of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Last spring I was so fortunate as to get a reading of it when in the 'Lines of Torres Vedras.' While the book was in my possession I had nightly invitations to evening parties to read and illustrate passages of it; and my attempts to do justice to the grand opening of the 'stag hunt' were followed with a burst of applause—for this Canto was the favourite among the rough sons of the fighting third division. By desire of my comrades of the 'Black Cuffs,' I have sent to London for a copy of the music of the boat song—'Hail to the Chief,' as arranged for the play at Covent Garden; if you can assist me in this, I need not say that on every performance a flowing bumper will go round to the bard."*

Chapter XXI.

After remaining with the army within the "Lines" for a time, General Cameron, finding his health to be in a dilapidated state, was compelled most reluctantly to apply for leave to resign his command, that he might return to England. The resignation was accepted in a letter from the Commander-in-Chief, in which he expressed sincere regret for the cause of the retirement; also his having heard from Captain Burgh *(aid-de-camp)*, of the accident that befel him at Busaco, which would have had his sympathy at the time but from the pressing circumstances of affairs.†

This closed the military career of this veteran soldier, after a duration of thirty-six years—twenty-two of which were spent in active service in the field. "He first served in the American War of Independence; and next, accompanied his own regiment to Flanders; the West Indies; Holland, Egypt, Portugal, and Spain, at a period of life when men of less strength of mind or of ordinary constitutions and habits would have been incapable of encountering such changes of climate and exhausting duties."‡ This would also terminate our account of his biography, but as his heart was still with his Highlanders, having left his son at their head, whom he had the misfortune to lose but three months after they parted, it may be pardoned if we extend our memoir to a reference to that circumstance as well as the services of his Highlanders.

Previous to the action on Busaco, the French had turned the Spaniards out of Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, strong fortresses in the frontiers. Marshal Soult at the same time laid siege to Cadiz, near to which stood the island of "Matagorda," with a fort upon it, which was occupied by a small force under Captain Archibald Maclaire of the 94th, § and which he bravely held against the onslaughts of an

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 206.
† Letter in possession of General Cameron's family.
‡ General Stewart's Sketches, p. 281, vol. II.
§ A native of Mull, known in military circles as the "Hero of Matagorda."

enemy tenfold his number, until relieved by General Graham (afterwards Lord Lyndoch, the pupil of Macpherson, translator of Ossian), and which subsequently led to his brilliant victory of Barrosa, where the 87th Royal Irish Fusileers *(Faugh Ballaughs)* gained pre-eminent renown.

Chapter XXII.

When (1811) Massena followed Wellington to the Lines of Torres Vedras, and found himself check-mated by his astute opponent, he retired sulkily and silently towards Santarem, and having received large reinforcements directed his movements with the view of relieving Almeida, which Wellington had meantime invested. The latter sent a portion of his army in pursuit, during which several partial actions took place. The light companies of the 79th were part of the pursuers, and in its progress they overtook the 39th French regiment at *Fozd Aronzee*, and after a spirited encounter Lieut. and Adjutant Kenneth Cameron* took its Colonel prisoner and conveyed him to headquarters.

Massena hurried on to Almeida, but on the way thither the village of Fuentes D'Onoro lay in his path. This position was occupied by the 24th, 71st, and 79th Highlanders, the whole being under the command of the Colonel of the latter (Philips Cameron).

Against this tiny band Massena brought an imposing force—including his "giant guards."† To obtain possession of the village was the determined object of the French Marshal—for it was the key to Almeida. The retention of the place, therefore, became matter of the deepest interest to Wellington. A frightfully sanguinary battle was the result. It commenced on the afternoon of May 3d, and with but little cessation continued till the evening of the 5th. Chroniclers tell how valiantly the French attacked the village, and how nobly they were resisted by the Highlanders and the 24th Regiment.

The contest raged furiously, and a series of hand to hand encounters continued till darkness ended it for that evening, only to recommence within a few hours afterwards. French superiority of numbers enabled Massena to press the British out of the lower part of the village, after which he attacked the upper portion, but without success. It was a personal combat again; the ammunition was spent; the bayonet was doing its deadly work, and some whose bayonets became disengaged had to use the butt-end of their muskets. Bonaparte's "giant guards" were among the assailants, notwithstanding which the Highlanders and their gallant comrades (or rather remnants) drove them back and maintained their position. It was now that one of the French grenadiers was observed to step aside into a doorway and take deliberate aim at Colonel Cameron, who fell from his horse mortally wounded. A cry of grief, intermingled with shouts for revenge, which was rapidly communicated to those in front, arose from the rear-most Highlanders, who witnessed the fall of their commanding officer. This act caused

* Lieutenant Cameron was of the family of Camerons of Clunes in Lochaber. He died a Colonel after retiring to Canada—1872.

† The enemy never had such a superiority of numbers opposed to British troops as in this action. Note Wellington's Despatches (Gurwood), No. 615, p. 545.

considerable commotion, during which two companies of the 79th that got separated from the main body were surrounded and made prisoners.*

As Colonel Cameron was being conveyed to the rear by his sorrowing clansmen, General Mackinnon, at the head of the 74th Highlanders and 88th Connaught Rangers, was passing at the double, and his men, on hearing who was in the blanket (that it was *Ciamar tha 's son*),† rose a yell, and redoubling their pace, dashed into the village, and with this *impetus* made a charge which cleared the enemy entirely out of it with great slaughter. Captain Stocqueler‡ writing of this engagement says—"The 71st and 79th formed a very wall of their dead and wounded in defending their position. Here their chivalrous Colonel fell—Philips Cameron, the beau ideal of a soldier, and the pride of his corps; and to this day a monument near a church at Villa Formosa records his virtues and his heroism. His premature death reminds one of Byron's lines on Colonel Marceau (French) as appropriate, viz.—

Brief and brave was his young career,
His mourners were both friends and foes;
Fitly may the stranger linger here,
And pray for his gallant spirit a bright repose.§

It was also at this engagement that Captain Norman Ramsay performed the gallant feat which Napier has described so well. He had, in forgetfulness of Wellington's orders to the contrary, quitted a position with his light guns to rescue a regiment from imminent peril. Suddenly the French dragoons surrounded the isolated battery. Ramsay was in the greatest danger. With undaunted self-possession he gave the word and set the example; the Horse Artillery putting spurs to their steeds, with wonderful velocity, and astounding fierceness, drove their way through the mass that hemmed them in. Such intrepidity would have earned for Ramsay the highest honours in the French army; but Wellington who held obedience to be the first duty of a soldier, was so indignant at the disregard of his orders, that he would not mention Ramsay in his dispatch. The fight was distinguished by many instances of prompt and opportune valour, and the end was that Massena drew off his troops and left Almeida to its fate. The garrison—had proper viligance been exercised—must have been made prisoners of war. Much ridicule was showered on the blockading contingents of the British army for this piece of neglect; in consequence of which the French got away in a single night unobserved, and thus the object of the interposition to its relief, at Fuentes D'Onoro, was rendered nugatory.

(To be Continued.)

* The largest proportion of the two regiments (71st and 79th) were Gaelic-speaking men (indeed spoke English but imperfectly), and when the exclamation of *Thuit an Camshronach* (Cameron has fallen) was heard, the excitement became intense. This was followed by additional cries of Gaelic revenge.—*Historical Records.*

† The soldiers of the 88th being natives of Connaught, spoke the Gaelic more like the Highlanders than any of the provinces.

‡ Stocqueler's History of the British army, 1854.

§ Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III., Stanza lvii.

REMARKS SUGGESTED BY DR STRATTON'S ARTICLE ON THE SCOTCH WORD *LAW*.

By C. S. JERRAM, M.A., Oxon.

ALTHOUGH I find myself unfortunately compelled to differ from Dr Stratton with regard to certain statements and suggestions contained in his article, and to question the conclusion at which he arrives upon the derivation of the word in dispute, I have nevertheless read his remarks with very much interest, and desire to offer a few observations thereon for the consideration of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*.

The account usually given of the etymology of *law* is that it is the Old English *hlæw* or *hlaw*, the primary meaning of which is "a covering," hence "a grave," "barrow" *(tumulus)* or "hill." It is a fact that *hlæw* is to be found in all the above senses as a separate word; also that the Old English forms of such places as Hounds-low, Lud-low, Mar-low, &c., were *Hundes-hlaw*, *Leod-hlaw (populi tumulus)*, *Mere-low*, &c. In the north the older and broader pronunciation *low* was retained, agreeably with the Northern English and Lowland Scotch usages, of which I need not here cite examples. The *h* of the old forms was regularly dropped in modern English; instances of this are numerous—*e.g.*, *hleap*, leap; *hlaf*, loaf; *hlud*, loud; *hlot*, lot; *hnut*, nut; *hnæsc*, nesc; *hrof*, roof (whence *Hrofes-ceaster* or Rochester); *hreth*, *rathe* (early); *hreof* and *hruh*, rough.

I cannot suppose Dr Stratton to be ignorant of the above derivation; yet he makes no allusion to it, and propounds his own as though no account of the word had ever before been given. I am bound therefore to conclude that he has good reasons for rejecting the common account, though he does not think it necessary to state them. But inasmuch as the etymology I have given is the one commonly (I might almost say *universally)* received among students of the English language, it is hardly too much to expect of the propounder of a *new* theory, that he would examine the old one fairly, and demolish it, if it is to be demolished, by the aid of generally understood and accepted rules. At any rate, the "burden of proof," or rather of *disproof*, rests with him, and this task must be satisfactorily performed, before he is at liberty even so much as to propose an amendment.

But waiving this for the present, is the etymology Dr Stratton proposes a quite satisfactory one? Let us see. Assuming *sliabh* to be the original of *law*, we are asked to take our choice of two methods, by either of which we may arrive at the desired result. The first is based on the well-known rule of Gaelic orthography that *t* is inserted in certain cases between the article *an* and nouns beginning with *s*, whereby the *s* becomes silent. But will this rule apply to *sliabh* in the nominative? Not according to the rule as given in Munro's Gaelic grammar, p. 51, which runs thus:—"T with a hyphen is inserted between the article and the *genitive and dative singular of masculine* definites beginning with S, and

between it and the *nominative and dative singular of feminines.*" The examples given are *an seol* (masculine), and *an t-suil* (feminine). Now *sliabh* happens to be masculine, and therefore by the above rule would not have the inserted *t* in the nominative, and consequently would not lose the sound of the initial *s* in that case. If my authority on this point is wrong I shall only be too glad to have it corrected, and will retract this particular objection accordingly. But supposing, for the sake of argument, that the proper form is *an t-sliabh*, and not *an-sliabh*, and that the pronunciation is therefore *an t-leav*, as Dr Stratton asserts, would not the *s* return into pronunciation as soon as the article was omitted? In other words would not a person say *sliabh* and not *liabh* when he ceased to speak of it definitely. I leave this to the consideration of those who know the Gaelic language practically; to me it seems to involve an almost fatal objection.

"In case the reader is not satisfied with this view, there is another possibility open to us." Here Dr Stratton has undoubtedly presented a most important fact, a most striking phenomenon of language; not (as I shall hope to shew) peculiar to Gaelic or even to the Celtic branch generally, but exemplified also in Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, and doubtless in most other languages of the world. It is not, however, strictly accurate to say that the prefixing of *s* to a word is the same thing in other words as the omission of initial *s*. It produces a similar result no doubt; but it makes all the difference in investigating the true *root* of a word, whether you say that an original *s* is omitted, or whether you say that the *s* is a mere prefix to a word which had no *s* in its original form. I will illustrate by an example selected from one of Dr Stratton's "pairs of words." The Sanscrit root *sru* (Gaelic *sruth*) produced by loss of *s* the Greek *rheo, rhuo;* Latin, *ruo, rivus*, and other cognate words; hence we know that the older form is *sru* and not *ru*. But reverse the statement, and say that the original root was *ru*, and that *sru* was formed from it by prefixing *s*, and you get a totally different account of the words, and as it happens in this particular instance, a *false* one. Still the practical result remains the same—viz., that all the forms *ruo, rivus, sruth*, &c., are connected, and have a common origin. In the instances which I am about to quote, the *s* is certainly radical, though I am not prepared to say that the process is never found to be reversed. I submit the following list as specimens of a very large class of words:—

Greek—
SPHAL-LO, trip up.
SPHEND-ONE, sling.
SPONG-OS, sponge.
STEG-O, cover.
STOR (Root), strew.
SKUT-OS, hide.

Latin—
SCRIB-O, write.
SCALP-O, engrave.
STUP-OR, astonishment.

Latin—
FAL-LO, deceive.
FUND-A, sling.
FUNG-US, mushroom.
TEG-O, cover.
TOR-US, couch.
CUT-IS (also Greek KUTOS), skin.

Greek—
GRAPH-O, write.
GLUPH-O, engrave.
TAPH-OS, astonishment.

Within the limits of Latin we have *locus* for *stlocus*, *latum* for *stlatum*, *lis* for *stlis*, *ton-itru* is referred by Corssen to a root *stan* or *sten* (Greek *steno*), though the derivation commonly given is that from *ten*,

"to stretch" (German, *don*-ner, O.E, *thun*-er, &c.). *Sru*, as we have seen, produces *ru-o*, *rhe-o*, &c., and it has been suggested that *Roma* is simply for *sru-ma* or "river-town." *Taurus* is referred to an older *stauros* (German *stier*, English, *steer)*; the word *slime* possibly points to an *s* omitted from the Latin *limus* "mud;" the Greek *meidiao* is from a root *smi*, still seen in *smile*; *niphas* from Sanscrit *snih* "snow." That *nuos* and *nurus*, "daughter-in-law," have lost an initial *s* is shown by the Sanscrit *snusha* as well as by the Old English *snor;* the Sanscrit prefix *su* denoting excellence became the Greek *eu;* the root *ser* "to draw" produced not only *ser-ies* and *seir-a* (a rope), but also *eiro* "to fasten," and *er-uo* "to draw;" some derive also *oros* "a mountain *range*" and *horos* "a boundary *line*" from the same source. But my list is already too long; it is intended to shew that the phenomenon of language which Dr Stratton has observed is by no means confined to the Gaelic, but is much more widely extended.

Travelling, as we must do, beyond purely Celtic limits in our pursuit of the originals of words occurring in Celtic speech, we are forced to suggest a few alterations in the interesting list of "pairs of words," which Dr Stratton has furnished. For instance, it will no longer be needful to refer *scriob* and *scriobh* to different sources, such as *gearr* and *garbh*, since they are really identical, and are one with *scrib-o*, *graph-o*, *grav-e*, *grab-en*, &c., the primary sense being "to make marks, scratch, scrape," &c. (*grapho* always means this in Homer), and afterwards "to write, engrave," &c. The root of *gearr* is quite a different one, and is probably the same as in the Latin *cur-tus* "short," which is the meaning of *gearr* as an adjective. (Compare *timchioll-ghearr* with one of the meanings which *curtus* bears, as in Horace *Satires* I., ix. 70). That *sgar* "to sever" is referrible to the same root is quite possible, though I should like to see a proof of it. Its Teutonic cognates are O.E. *sceran*, German, *scheren*; whence we get *shear*, *shore*, and *shire* (formerly *scire*). *Mein* is the same as the Latin *mens*, Greek *men-os*, English *min-d*; whether *smuain* has anything to do with it is, I think, doubtful. It is at any rate *possible* that *smuain* may be cognate with *somnus*, which comes from the root *sop*, in *sop-or*, &c.

Solus "light," may very likely be identical with *leus;* but the loss of the initial *s* is not peculiar to Gaelic, since we find in Greek, *heile*, *alea*, "warmth of the sun," by the side of *selas* and the Latin *sol*. *Amhuil* has certainly lost the *s* which appears in *samhail*, &c., and also in *similis*, *same*, as compared with *homos*, &c., in Greek. *Co-smuil* is given by Zeuss, and, no doubt, correctly, as *co-similis*. On the other hand *gair* "a cry," does *not* appear to have lost an initial *s*, since it is traceable to the Sanscrit root *gar*, which appears also in the Greek *ger-uo* and the Latin *gar-rio*. It would require a very decisive proof to connect *saor* with *ruith* (*i.e.*, as we have seen with *sru*, *ruo*, &c.) when we have the Sanscrit *suar*, which is the probable etymon of the Greek *saos*, whence *sozo*, *soter*, &c.

What possible connection is there between *spairn* and *obair?* The former is from a root *spar*, denoting "jerk" or "effort," which produces a great many words, *e.g.*, Greek *spair-o*, *sphair-a*, Latin *sper-no*, English *spur-n*; the latter is just the Latin *oper-a (opus)*, "work," a totally different word. Again, *struidh* is the same as *strew*, *sterr-o*, *stor-ennumi*, all

from the root *stor* previously mentioned; *tir* is *ter-ra*, probably Sanscrit *dhar-a*. Surely something more is needed to establish a connexion here than the mere supposition that *struidh* may mean "to throw about on the *ground*."

There are other words in Dr Stratton's list, his account of which I consider to be more than doubtful; others, too, as regards which I am disposed to agree with his views. But I have no time now to investigate these; I hope I have said enough to shew that Gaelic etymologies, like those of any other language, can only be obtained from a consideration of the Gaelic in its proper place as a member of the great Aryan family, and with a due regard to *history* and *chronology*, when these can be ascertained. It is all very well to "look at things from a Celtic point of view," (and I am sure that no one will suspect me personally of any anti-Celtic proclivities); but when we want to know the plain facts of the case, it will not do to start from any preconceived point of view whatever, be it Celtic or Teutonic or any other. The Romans of old made some egregious mistakes by persistently looking at things from a *Greek* point of view, and we have less excuse than they had, considering the advance which comparative philology has made in our own time. But I must reserve any further remarks on this subject for another opportunity, if it be accorded to me in some future number of the *Celtic Magazine*.

FIFTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—TEACHING GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

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This popular meeting was held in the Music Hall on the evening of the 13th of July, and it was in all respects a most successful gathering. The Society is to be congratulated in securing at most of its annual gatherings the services of men whose utterances greatly influence for good the conduct of those who are placed in authority and who have charge of our Highland institutions. At the first Annual Assembly of the Society Professor Blackie caught the Celtic fever which is about to culminate in the establishment of a Chair of the Celtic Languages in the University of Edinburgh. The remarkable address delivered by the Professor on the 13th ult., is destined to produce a revolution in the short-sighted policy now in vogue with those in authority and who are culpably responsible for the present condition of the Highlands and Highland people. We wish we could find space for the whole address, and so secure it a place of permanent record. The part of it devoted to the Teaching of Gaelic in the Schools could not have been published at a more opportune moment, just

when an appeal has been made to our Highland School Boards by the Education Department as to the desirability of having provision made in their several districts for having the native language of the scholars taught in the National Schools. Trusting that the Professor's utterances may have a salutary and timely effect upon the majority of the members of our Highland School Boards, we quote him as follows :—

The notion indeed that the mother tongue is of no use in school training, and should be altogether discarded in the region of intellectual culture—however inconsistent with any true ideal of a Highland education—has prevailed to a large extent among the Highlanders, and has done as much harm to their moral and intellectual character, as the illegitimate intrusion of deer-forests into the natural domain of the crofter, or the mania for monster sheep farms, has done to their physical well-being. And if in the matter of deer forests and sheep farms, it may seem natural for the Highlander to mutter his curses chiefly against the Lowland stranger (though I do not think that these curses are in all cases levelled against the prime offenders), it is on the other hand undeniable that for the neglect of the teaching of their own language in schools, and for the disgraceful fact that a great proportion of Highlanders can read neither their Gaelic nor their English Bibles in any proper fashion, the Highlanders themselves are the party principally to blame; and the Highlanders of all classes, I fear, from the highest to the lowest. It is to be regarded as a great social misfortune that so very few of the Highland proprietors take any thought of the pleasure and privilege of being able to speak in the kindly accent of the mother tongue to the people, by the sweat of whose brow, and the labour of whose hands, they hold their position in the social economy of the country. It is a well-known fact, that so far from doing their natural duty in this matter, and cultivating a close and familiar relation with the tenantry, not a few of the best proprietors—perhaps the majority of them—systematically taught their children to avoid the mother tongue lest they should corrupt their English! And when in addition to this would-be genteel snobbery, teaching them to disown the kindly accents of their mother tongue, the organ in which so much noble lyric poetry has been expressed, and even now is being expressed, they got into the habit of sending their sons to England for education (at a time, too, when education in English schools and colleges was as shallow and as hollow as it possibly could be!), it was only natural that the future lords of the inheritance of the Macleods and Macdonalds should return to their Highland homes with nothing Highland about them but the kilt on a show day, and a piper with naked legs and puffed cheeks strutting before the door at stated hours. The upper classes in the Highlands were, with a few noble exceptions, systematically denationalised; and the middle classes, where a middle class existed—for the old tacksmen wisely took flight when they saw that they were to be overwhelmed by the invasion of the shepherd kings from Tweedside—the middle classes, with the flunkeyism which in an aristocratic country naturally clings to them, were not slow to follow their example. Even the ministers of the gospel who, one might have thought, should have been above such worldly-minded views and such aping of the fashions of the rich and powerful, were found in their own manses teaching their Highland daughters to sing to the piano, anything rather than the patriotic strains and the manly sentiments of their own great bards. Gaelic was vulgar; Alastair Macdonald was not known in Belgravia; and Tennyson was fashionable; and the minister's daughters had an ambition to be, not what God made them, noble Highland women, but fine London ladies, and that was enough. Even the ministers themselves—some of them at least, I fear—were base enough to wish Gaelic dead, in order that they might have a better chance for a rich Lowland living, and not be laughed at when they went up to Edinburgh, on account of the use which Highlanders sometimes make of their nasal organ in speaking! With all this baseness and servility and lack of a healthy self-esteem among the upper classes, it is no wonder that the poorer classes, though they still cling obstinately to the Gaelic, and love to say their prayers only in the mother tongue, became in many cases practically indifferent to their Gaelic Bibles, and were content to submit to have the Highland soul sucked out of them by a Lowland schoolmaster who had been at the University forsooth, and could spell through an ode of old Roman Horace in a lame sort of way, but who knew no more of the Gaelic Bible and of the Gaelic Bards, and of everything that a Highland teacher ought specially to know, than he did of Chinese. Thus Gaelic was gradually extruded from its natural place in Highland schools; and the Lowlander, who believed only in himself, and the supposed divine mission of the Teut to trample out the Celt on all the public platforms of Highland life except the pulpit, triumphed gloriously. But we have not yet come to the worst. The death-warrant which the Highlanders had been thus preparing for their own language and literature, was to be signed by the law; and the mother tongue, which before had only been fashionably neglected, was now to be

legally banished from the schools. A code for Highlanders, proposed by a conclave of red tape educational *doctrinaires* in mighty London, could not be expected to recognise such a vulgar thing as a Gaelic Bible or a Gaelic song book. Red tape is not fond to recognise local feelings or local rights ; it delights in the monotony of a central rule. Mighty metropolitan Nimrods indeed, who swarm in the Houses of Commons and Lords, might easily obtain from the highest imperial authority a recognition of deer in glens where men used to be, and of grouse on the unfenced moors; but a recognition of the right of the poor Highland cottar to be taught to read his own Highland Bible in his own Highland school was never dreamt of. The law protects the rich ; but the poor protect themselves, and go to the wall. That was the plain English of the matter. By the Education Code a bribe was held forth to the poor schoolmaster that he should teach English and not teach Gaelic, even when he was able. And thus we may certainly say that the London Code—for it was forged in London, though it has now put a Scotch coat on for the nonce—and the Scottish School Boards, which carry out its principles, are burying the Highlanders alive, whence death will necessarily follow ; for a people never can live when the language has been taken from them in which all their heroic traditions and all their noblest inspirations are embalmed. Without Gaelic the Highlander will be a Highlander no longer ; he will not only be lost as a special type of the Briton whom history and poetry combined to honour, but he will be humiliated and degraded, as in fact he has been in a great measure already. His education, divorced from the fine emotional inspiration that flowed from his rich popular poetry, will become hard and square, and unlovely—what we are accustomed to call utilitarian—that is an education useful for the acquisition of things external—the material and tangible and bodily—but useless for reaching those fountains of living water from within, which when properly stimulated, pour themselves forth in streams that irrigate and fertilise and make fragrant and beautiful our best men. What then, we are now bound to ask, can the Highlanders do, now that their language and their nationality have been systematically disowned by the educational authorities of the country ? What can the Highlanders do—those of them at least who believe in themselves, and have not already become diminished and degraded editions of John Bull? What can they do to keep themselves alive a little longer, and, if they must die, at all events to die standing, and like true Highlanders? There is only one device to save them from total obliteration. What the Government won't do for them, let them do for themselves. If schoolmasters must be bribed in this mercenary age and in this mercantile country, let us bribe them to be good Highlanders. Let all Gaelic societies set apart annually a portion of their funds for an increase of salary to the schoolmasters who teach Gaelic, and for prizes to the best Gaelic readers. This could easily be done. But the way will not be found unless there be a wish and a will—a warm wish, and a firm will, and a will altogether—there lies the difficulty. If the best half of the Highlanders are already in Otago and Canada and Melbourne, and if one half of the other half is altogether Saxonised, or in various ways sold to the Saxon, what can the poor remaining half of the residuary half do? That is your province to consider. I am a Lowlander, and can only give advice. If you are not fit to lead yourselves in this matter, you are not worthy to be led at all.

We would suggest to the "best half" of the Highlanders who "are already in Otago and Canada and Melbourne," and other places throughout the world, to come to the rescue and aid us in this matter. Let them send us subscriptions in aid of a fund to provide an additional *bonus* to teachers who teach Gaelic in their schools, over and above their ordinary salaries. We shall be glad to intimate donations in the *Celtic Magazine*. Let a beginning be made, and we shall soon be in a position to see how much our more prosperous Highlanders from home, and at home, are disposed to aid their more helpless brothers throughout the Highland glens. We would suggest that a committee be at once formed to carry out the Professor's idea, with Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch and Cluny Macpherson of Cluny—two of our best Highlanders—at its head.

THE GUNNS.

TILL about the year 1330 the district of Caithness continued subject to Orcadian Earls of Scandinavian extraction, when, owing to the failure of the main line, the Earldom went by marriage into other families, and the power and influence of the Norwegians passed away.

Their various marriages brought the Sinclairs, Sutherlands, Keiths, and Gunns into prominence, and their respective interests into competition, hence the couplet:—

Sinclair, Sutherland, Keith, and Clan Gunn,
There never was peace when thae four were in.

The Gunns are said to be descended from Olav the Black, one of the Norwegian Kings of Man and the Isles, who died about 1237. They obtained a settlement in Caithness from Farquhar Earl of Ross, the grandfather of the then chief by the mother's side, and their stronghold was Halbury or Easter Clythe, like Girnigo and other fortalices, perched on the sea cliffs.

From a subsequent chief, who was the coronator or justiciary of Caithness (representative of the king), it is commonly called "Crowner Gunn's Castle." The Clan Gunn, from about the early part of the 12th century, continued to extend their possessions in Caithness till about the middle of the 15th century, when, in consequence of their deadly feuds with the Keiths and other neighbours, they found it necessary to remove into Sutherland, where they settled on the lands of Kildonan, under the protection of the Earls of Sutherland from whom they obtained them. Mixed up as they were with the clan feuds of Caithness and Sutherland, and at continual war as they were with the M'Kays and Keiths, the history of the clans up to this time is full of incidents, which have more the character of romance than reality. Towards the end of the 15th century, the chief of the Clan Gunn was George Gunn, better known as the "Crowner Gunn," or, as he was called by the Highlanders, "*Am-Braisteach Mor*," from a great brooch which he wore as the badge of his office. He had a deadly feud with the Chief of the Keiths to reconcile which a meeting was appointed at the Chapel of St Tay in Caithness. Tradition gives two modes in which the quarrel was settled; one says that it was agreed upon that their differences should be arranged before the altar of the chapel and ratified by religious vows and ceremonies, and that in order to make it fully binding on all parties the principal kinsmen, to the number of twelve of each clan, should be present. The "Crowner," with some of his sons and principal kinsmen, to the number of twelve, arrived on the appointed day, but somewhat before the appointed time, and entering into the Chapel prostrated themselves in prayer before the altar. On his side George Keith of Aikregal also came with his party, but he perfidiously brought with them two men on each horse, making the number twenty-four. In dismounting, the whole of the Keiths rushed into the Chapel and attacked the kneeling Gunns

unawares. The latter defended themselves with great intrepidity, until, according to some accounts, the whole of them were slain, and by others, that the chief and seven of his friends fell victims to this treachery.

Another traditionary account, and from many circumstances the more likely, is that the two chiefs solemnly agreed to decide their quarrel by combat between twelve sons or relatives of each chieftain. This compact was concluded by mutual vows and religious rites within the Chapel, and the meeting was appointed to take place in a solitary spot known to both, and to which the armed escort of each chief should be twelve armed horsemen. The Crowner had been twice married and had a numerous family of sons, but some of them resided in Sutherland, and it was also agreed that he should form his party there and proceed by the Strathmore route into Caithness, while the Keiths should move on the appointed day in the same direction and meet in a locality so retired as to afford little chance of interruption. The chiefs each followed by twelve horses and their riders came within sight of each other on the appointed route at the barn of Aultnagown between the gut of Strathmore. When the Crowner and the leader of the Keiths approached each other in full armour it was soon discovered by the Gunns that the horses of the Keiths carried two horsemen instead of one as agreed upon, and so opposed twenty-four men to the twelve followers of the Crowner. They scorned, however, to take advantage of the great odds against them or to complain of this stratagem planned for their destruction, and both parties dismounting they attacked each other with all the madness and rage of clan warfare excited by deceit.

The Gunns fought desperately but could not withstand the great odds brought against them. After a long continued struggle both parties were so exhausted that the combat was dropped. The Keiths being so far victorious that they left the battlefield with their banner displayed and carrying their slain and wounded clansmen, while in the ranks of the Gunns the Crowner and seven of his party were killed, and of the remaining five all were severely wounded. These five were all sons of the Crowner, and they retired, but tarried at another stream, since then called Altdo from Torquil Gunn, one of the sons of the Crowner, who there dressed the wounds of his brethren. When they had rested for some time, and towards evening Henry Beg, the youngest of the surviving brothers, Gunn proposed that they should follow the Keiths and endeavour to obtain revenge, even by stratagem, such as the Keiths had resource to; but his brethren considered such a step as likely to lead to utter destruction. Henry, however, could not be restrained, but swore that he would never rest from his purpose until he should kill a Keith or recover his father's sword, helmet, shirt of mail, and the badge of his office, the brooch, which they had stripped from off his dead body. Two of the brothers were so severely wounded that they could do nothing, or even move to a great distance. The other two, however, accompanied Henry to Dalrid Castle, then inhabited by Sutherland of Dalrid, and to which the Keiths had proceeded. There the Gunns arrived shortly after nightfall. On approaching the Castle it was found that the wooden window shutters were all open, and that in the lowest department a large

fire showed the Keiths sitting around it quaffing bumpers of ale, not conceiving there was the slightest danger from the Gunns whom they imagined they had destroyed. Henry, who had approached with all secrecy to the open window, heard them with great glee narrate various incidents in the fight, and the losses of the Gunns; and the principal man of the Keiths dreaming of no danger accidentally approached the window where Henry was standing, the latter bent his bow and sent his arrow into the Keith's heart, at the same time boldly accompanying the flight of the arrow with the exclamation—long after a proverb in the North Highlands—"The Gunns compliments to the Keiths!" The Keith dropped down dead, and panic seized his companions, who darted forward to the door of the Castle and were slain by Henry and his brothers, who finding that it would be dangerous longer to remain, retired silently in the darkness to the assistance of the brothers who had been unable to accompany them, and whom they managed to bear home.

Under the Crowner's eldest son James, the greater portion of the clan, along with his own family removed into Sutherland where the principal dwelling-house of the chiefs was afterwards Killedinan, in the Parish of Kildonan, until it was accidently destroyed by fire in 1690.

TORQUIL.

A QUEENSLAND SCOT.—The Hon. Angus Mackay, member of the Queensland Parliament, and Chief Commissioner of that colony to the Centennial Exhibition, is at present in this city. Mr Mackay is a native of Sutherlandshire, and like many others of his countrymen, came to America with the idea and intention of amassing a fortune. About sixteen years ago he was working in this city as a journeyman printer, and will be recognised by many of the readers of the *Scotsman* as a former member of the New York Caledonian Club. After a short residence here, he started in business for himself in Eighth Avenue, but he apparently was not long in arriving at the conviction that his hopes of fortune were not very likely to be realised. He returned to Scotland, and after four years stay, made a second venture abroad—going to Queensland. He left this country as he came to it, left Scotland as he returned to it, and reached Queensland in the same condition. He is now a planter, M.P., and Centennial Commissioner. He is engaged in raising cotton and sugar, and has been for about three months travelling over this country, making acquaintance with every kind of machinery used in preparing these commodities. The above facts tell their own tale. They show that Mr Mackay is a representative Scotsman, filled with the energy, enterprise, pluck, and perseverance which mark the best type of Scottish character.—*American Scotsman.* [Mr W. B. Forsyth of the *Inverness Advertiser*, who recently visited America, had the pleasure of making Mr Mackay's acquaintance at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and was assured by that gentleman that he intends shortly paying a visit to his native county of Sutherland.]

LITERATURE.

—o—

IAN VOR A Drama. By WILLIAM ALLAN, *Author of "Heather Bells," &c.* Simpkin & Marshall, London.

To dare a drama is especially, in this age, an attempt requiring no little training and implying no little courage. That Mr Allan has the courage will be admitted by all those who know his manly character and who have read his often irregular and imperfect but always energetic and natural strains. Some of the best of these, by the way, have appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, such as his spirited and admirable poem on the "Death of Rob Roy," his "Where are the Men," his "Death of Ossian," and so forth. If he is deficient at all in the elements of a dramatic poet, it is in his delicacy of feeling, that tenderness of touch, that self-sustained command, and that evenly balanced while lofty tone of mind which can only be fully gained by careful and lengthened training. We have elsewhere expressed our belief that he is fitted by nature and circumstances to be a writer of songs and lyrics, and referred in proof of this, besides the Highland pieces referred to above, to an exquisitely simple and touching copy of verses entitled "The Wee Toun Shona," which appeared in the *People's Friend*, and is worthy of Thom of Inverury or of William Miller of Glasgow, author of "Wee Willie Winkie."

Yet while holding this creed anent the real tendency and perhaps capability of Mr Allan's powers, we are far from wishing either to depreciate his present effort or to seek to forbid him from future dramatic experiments. In *this* he has not altogether failed, in *those* he may obtain after proper training, and more trials, very considerable success. But it is very difficult to argue from lyrical to dramatic triumphs. Carlyle or Lockhart, we forget which, speaking of Burns' projected drama on Bruce, hints that "Scots wha hae" should dispel any doubt as to what its character would have been. To this we strongly demur—"Scots wha hae" was the effusion of one inspired hour, and came on the poet like a sudden sunbeam from a cloud, transfiguring him into glory and passing away. Robert Bruce, a drama, would have required elaboration along with inspiration, and to combine these two in a play is competent only to such men as Shakspere and Schiller, or perhaps, strictly speaking, only to the former in whom purpose and poetry, elaboration and inspiration, are equally balanced. This is hardly the case with Schiller's drama, as in his earlier ones the poetry overpowers the purpose and art; and while in his latter the art and purpose emasculate the poetry. We remember scarce one play out of Shakspere unless Shelley's "Cenci," in which the union of the two elements of power is nearly perfect, and that, curiously enough, is the work of a man who, previous to writing it, and afterwards, discovered no dramatic talent or tendency whatever.

The scene of Mr Allan's drama is in the Island of Islay in the Western Highlands, principally in the Castle of Dunyveg—and the period is fixed as early as 1307. The characters are *Ian Vor* himself, the Lord of the

Isles, his daughter Margaret, Archibald Campbell of Loch-Ow, her crafty self-seeking and ambitious lover; Lubnach Maclean, whom she really loves and who ultimately gains her hand; Padric, a priest of a thoroughly ultramontane type, cunning, scheming, and unscrupulous; these along with a few subordinate characters constitute the whole *dramatis personæ*. The story is made up first of the saving of Maclean from drowning by Margaret's means, his abode in the castle, where he becomes a formidable rival to Campbell. Campbell's schemes of personal aggrandisement and of securing Margaret, in which he is abetted by Padric, smiled on by *Ian Vor*, but counteracted by Margaret, her favourite maid and attendants, and her lover, till at last Maclean is wedded to Margaret, Campbell and Padric punished, and the clan, with the watch-word "Scotland for ever," joins Robert Bruce in his heroic enterprise. This is a bare and meagre outline, but the plot is certainly not the strong point in the drama, although some of the situations are sufficiently striking. We like least in the whole book the kind of mongrel tongue, neither Gaelic, English, nor Scotch which he puts into the mouths of his inferior characters. This may not after all be so unlike the actual brogue of the mountain menials, but there is rather much of it. In Scott's sketch of the Dougall Cratur in Rob Roy he contrives that he shall speak very little, and that what he says shall be instinct with fun every word of it; and he does not record the long speech which Dougall utters to Helen Macgregor while pleading for the lives of the Bailie and Frank Osbaldistone. A little of this lingo goes a great way.

One evident object of our author is to draw a veil from off the face of priestcraft, and to shew it in all its mean hideousness in the character of Padric. And in this he has done moral service and deserves cordial and general thanks. There are Padrics in Scotland, and perhaps in the Highlands still. The commencement of the drama is very bold and picturesque. Margaret is reading alone in the Castle of Dunyveg, but shuts her book with the words—

> I cannot read,
> Wild sweeps the wind to-night, the seething sea
> In whitened anger on the hoary cliffs
> Dashes with awful roar, which mingling with
> The hoarse blown melodies of loosened blasts,
> Gives to the scene a revelry sublime.
>
> O mighty sea!
> Girt in thy majesty of trembling wrath,
> Far strewn with frantic billows and dread vales
> Of inky blackness, thou art terrible!
> How like the unrest in my own bosom torn,
> With dark disquietude and hopeless moods,
> Of loneliness most desolate and cold.
> Strange that to-night thy thunder-throated voice,
> To which accustomed I from youth have been,
> Seems echoing into my heart the shouts
> Of war hearted (?) men sunk in despair,
>
> Forebodings fill my soul—Hush 'tis a cry
> Distinctly clear above the rude wind's shriek;
> 'Tis human! yes, 'tis human; 'tis perchance
> Some brave man's voice appealing unto heaven.

Many other passages of considerable power are sprinkled throughout.

The following shews Padric trying to weave spells over the high hearted and simple minded Margaret—

To my discourse—
She listened nobly, till her piercing eyes
Began to lose their wild imperious gleam,
Resolving all their fires to gentleness;
Until they beamed as liquid as a fawn's,
Betraying of a surety that her heart
Was inflaming 'neath love's primal potency.
I bade her love the ever praising deep,
The singing sky the solemn sounding woods,
The varied creatures that did her surround.

Campbell (aside)—O descant hypocritical!

Padric—And with a deep pathetic stroke of speeeh
I bade her seek the power reciprocal,
To feel which makes our happiness secure.
Lost in the fervour of my soft assault,
With blandest tones I asked if e'er she loved.
Sighing and gazing upwards she replied,
"I love my father much!"

Accident and the entrance of her attendant interrupt the issue. The whole scene from p. 28 to 32 is well worthy of perusal.

Ian Vor's closing words are full of fire—

Friends, let festivities
Proclaim our victory throughout our Isle;
Short they must be, for we have work to do,
Our royal master hath his standard raised.
joined to Maclean we now shall aid him soon;
Our summons peal out from the war-pipes throat,
On with the fiery cross: gather our braves;
Launch out our galleys! Battles ring afar,
Unsheath the swords which never knew defeat.
We must away to drive the tyrants back,
Our Margaret has triumphed, so will we;
I'll lead you on, for Scotland must be free,
The watchword "Bruce," come follow *Ian Vor*,
All (in acclamation with swords waving)—Scotland for ever!

The drama, besides many more vigorous and vivid lines, has also a good number that are rough, unlicked, and cacophonous. We would almost recommend to Mr Allan to forget Ossian for a while and addict himself to Pope. A course of that mellifluous poet would do his versification no harm.

We have one or two lyrics interposed. The best, we think, is that of Mona at her spinning wheel, and with it we close our brief notice of his very forceful and animated, although by no means finished or perfect drama—

The lover woos his blooming bride,
The clansman loves his lord,
The fisher loves his rushing tide,
The fiery youth his sword.

I envy not their loves or joys,
O! let my bosom feel,
The golden pleasures that arise
When spinning at my wheel.

So I spin in joy and I spin in tears,
For its music tones to my heart reveal
Loved voices hushed that in far off years
Oft sang their songs by the spinning wheel,
The spinning wheel.

When gloaming's mellow shadows fall,
When soft winds kiss the deep,
When wee birds pour their plaintive call,
When bairnies soundly sleep,
I sit me by the cottage door,
And visions sadly steal,
Of forms which oft in days of yore
Sat spinning at the wheel,
The spinning wheel.

TIOMNA NUADH AR TIGHEARNA IOSA CRIOSTA AGUS AR SLANAIR.
Translated by the Rev. COLIN C. GRANT, Eskadale, Strathglass.

THIS is a translation from the Vulgate, under the patronage of the leading authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, by the Rev. Colin Grant, Eskadale, Strathglass. We congratulate our Catholic friends on thus having placed the Scriptures within the reach of their people throughout the Highlands, in the language best known, and in many cases the only one known, to the great mass of their adherents. It has been said that the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities objected to placing the Scriptures in the hands of the members of their Church, and so allow them, to some extent, to judge for themselves as to the manner in which they should accept their teaching and doctrines. The translation now before us is a sufficient proof that this charge is not true, at least as far as the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in the Highlands are concerned. While we are pleased to see and welcome this translation as indicating a certain amount of liberality and progress in the right direction, we wish we could congratulate Mr Grant on his work as a translator. At this time of day, when almost all writers of Gaelic are agreed upon one system of Gaelic orthography, it is a pity that Mr Grant should have adopted in a work of importance and permanent value a style of orthography which bristles with provincialisms; many of them quite unknown out of his own district of Strathglass. He has thus, to some extent impeded the rapid progress being made towards a uniform system and standard of Gaelic orthography, and erected another barrier between his people and the adherents of other churches in the Highlands at the very time when our ecclesiastical corners were being rapidly rubbed and rounded off; and when a more Catholic exhibition of charity towards one another prevailed between the churches and among the people.

The book is excellently printed on good paper, and carefully edited, and every member of the Catholic Church should procure a copy, and so enable Mr Grant to give us another edition soon, we hope, in the standard of Gaelic orthography which is now adopted by all Gaelic scholars as the best.

LOGAN'S SCOTTISH GAEL; WITH MEMOIR. *By the* Rev. ALEX. STEWART, "Nether-Lochaber." Hugh Mackenzie, Bank Lane, Inverness.—Parts V. and VI.

THIS work has now reached the sixth part—the end of the first volume—in which we have the long looked for memoir of Mr Logan, from the pen of Mr Stewart, "Nether-Lochaber." It is most interesting as far as it goes, but we must admit that it is nothing like what we expected from such a source. The memoir only occupies twelve pages of the volume. It would have been easy to have written twelve times twelve pages of most interesting matter about the early career, life, and struggles of poor James Logan. Had our friend, "Nether-Lochaber," applied to John Cameron Macphee, whom he mentions among others, as one of Logan's benefactors in his latter days, he could have procured an account of Logan sufficient to form an interesting volume. In Part V. Logan treats in a very interesting manner of, and illustrates very fully by incidents in the history of the Gael, Celtic shields, their uses and ornaments; banners, armour, badges or *suaicheantas* of the Highland clans, war cries, watch words, weapons of all kinds peculiar to the Celt, Lochaber axes, broadswords, two-handed swords, dirks, bows and arrows, stone arrow heads, and other implements of war.

In Part VI. we have a title-page for Vol. I., which the editor inscribes to Professor Blackie. We also have Logan's dedication to William IV., a table of contents, the Memoir; and Logan's own Introduction to the original Work, after which we have a full and interesting account and description of Highland cavalry, war chariots, chariot exercise and races, pistols, vitrified forts and other fortifications, methods of defence and attack, *duns* or signal towers, and an account of the disarming of the Highlanders after the Rebellion of 1715. The whole is illustrated throughout with *fac-simile* plates of those in the original Work. We also have some interesting notes by Mr Stewart. In one, at page 325, he informs us that, "at the battle of Inverlochy, in which Argyle ran away and left his army to be mercilessly slaughtered by Montrose, *Domhnull nan Ord*, an Athole man and a smith to trade, killed nineteen Campbells with his own hand. At Culloden, a William Chisholm, a Strathglass man, killed sixteen of the enemy, three of them being troopers; Chisholm was at last killed himself. On hearing of his death his wife composed a well known and very beautiful elegiac poem on her fallen brave one."

We commend the work to all who take an interest in the History, Customs, and Institutions of the Gael; and wish the Publisher the success which his enterprise so well deserves.

MACLEOD'S MARCH.

—o—

'Siol Thormoid ! Siol Thormoid ! arise in thy glory,
Unsheathed is the claymore again,
Descendants of heroes ! come rouse to the foray,
Our summons rolls never in vain :
Come from the mountains lone ! Come from the valleys !
Come ere the moonbeams dance light on the waves ;
Come for our swift-bounding dark-bosomed galleys
Must bear o'er the deep The Macleod and his braves.
March ! March ! Come away, come away,
Come with your belted plaids, claymores, and shields,
March ! March ! Come away, come away,
Come, for Macleod to a foe never yields ;
Dunvegan ! Dunvegan ! shall sink in the sea
Ere ever Siol Thormoid pale cowards shall be,
March ! March ! Come away, Come away :

The blood of our kinsmen is crying to heaven,
The wails of our fatherless peal,
As fierce as the blast of a tempest wrath-driven,
The foemen our vengeance shall feel :
As lightning's wild-darting from dark clouds of thunder,
Our wake on the breast of the ocean shall be,
As light-leaping prows cleave the blue waves asunder,
So rush the Macleods in their terrible glee :
March ! March ! Come away, come away,
Come while Macrimmon's shrill pibroch rolls far.
March ! March ! Come away, come away,
Come for Macleod's are the children of war ;
Dunvegan ! Dunvegan ! shall sink in the sea,
Ere ever Siol Thormoid pale cowards shall be,
March ! March ! Come away, Come away :

We bear in our bosoms the fire of our fathers,
We brook not an enemy's blow ;
We shrink not from fight when the battle roar gathers,
We welcome the haughtiest foe :
Then come ! for a thousand years' mem'ries we cherish,
Then come ! by the names and the deeds we adore,
As heroes we vanquish, as warriors we perish,
Then follow we ever our chief as of yore :
March ! March ! Come away, come away,
Proudly our clansmen troop on in their might,
March ! March ! Come away, come away,
Macleods ever conquer wherever they fight ;
Dunvegan ! Dunvegan ! shall sink in the sea,
Ere ever Siol Thormoid from foeman shall flee,
March ! March ! Come away, Come away.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XI. SEPTEMBER 1876.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

BY ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

MALCOLM, whose vocation accustomed him more to the effective use of the flail than to the recitation of poetry, did fair justice to the piece, and by the time he had arrived at the point where Fingal and Manus engaged in single combat he had grown quite enthusiastic over his self-imposed task, and gave clear enough indication, by voice and manner, that he entered fully into the spirit of the poem; reciting which he exerted himself so much that he was quite out of breath when he finished.

"That's all I remember of it," says Callum, but it is by no means all I knew of it at one time. When quite a youth I learnt it from Roderick Fraser, who lived at the time at Inverkerry. You remember him well *Alastair?*"

"Indeed that I do, and a fine old fellow he was. I never knew any one who possessed such a large amount of old Ossianic poetry and other Highl and songsand stories. He repeated the poem to myself at greater length on more than one occasion. Poor Roderick! he has, like all my other early friends and contemporaries, gone to his reckoning these twenty years and more; *agus dh' fhag iad mi nise mar dh'fhagadh Ossian, leam fhein a cumha no Feinne* (and they have now left me as Ossian had been left, alone lamenting the Fingallians). Roderick was 105 years of age when he died, and to the very last he used to relate with evident signs of, what was for a man in his circumstances, pardonable pride, that in his youth he was for many years in the service of 'Old Badachro,' a scion of the Gairloch family; that it was from him he learnt the Ossianic poems he knew, as well as all his other Highland lore; that the grandfather of this 'Old Badachro' fought '*Latha na luinge*' at Raasay in the year 1611—the last battle fought between the Mackenzies and the Macleods of Raasay for the possession of the lands of Gairloch, and in which *Mac Gille Challum Oig*, laird of Raasay, and Murdo Mackenzie, a younger son of the laird of Gairloch were slain. By the by, Kenneth," addressing Kenneth Fraser, *Leac-na-Saighid* who is an excellent story teller, and who we are happy to say is still hale and hearty, "you could tell us all about '*Latha na luinge*,' and the many other

battles and skirmishes so incessantly fought in the past between the Macleods and the Mackenzies."

"Yes, I could," answered Kenneth, "but if I am to tell you all about those clan legends and battle stories it would be better that I should begin at the beginning and inform you—First, how the Macbeaths were driven out of Gairloch by *Ian Mac Ian Uidhir*, Carr of Kintail, and *Domhnull Mor Mac 'ic Raonail 'ic Rath* from Inverinate; and how after them the Macleods were driven out by *Eachain Ruadh*, the second son of Mackenzie of Brahan and Kintail. This is a long story or rather stories, and it would take me more than a whole evening to relate them from the beginning to the end. I therefore prefer to begin them on some future evening, when I shall give you the story of '*Latha nan luinge*' in its proper order."

This was agreed to, and the bard called on *Uilleam Beag* to give a story, a proverb, or a riddle. William, who was never absent from the *Ceilidh* house without serious cause, was an indifferent story-teller, but was never at a loss for a proverb or a riddle. "*Ge beag an t-ubh thig eun as*" (Small though the egg be a bird will come out of it) said William. "*Tha thusa mar 'b, abhaist,*" answered the bard, "*cha mho t'eun no t'ubh*" (You're as usual; your bird is not larger than your egg). "*Gach eun gu 'nead 'sa shrabh na ghob*" (Every bird to his own nest with his own straw in his bill) retorted William. "You're quite right my friend," answered *Ruairidh Mor*. "*Is minic a bheothaich sradag bheag teine mor*" (A small spark often kindled a large fire). "*Ceart ga leor a Ruairidh*" *ars' Uilleam* "*'S fearr iomall a phailteis no meadhon na gainne*" (Right enough Rory, it is better to be on the borders of plenty than in the middle of poverty). "*Coma leibh dha*" *ars' am bard*, "*chan fhiach e bhi fuireach ris, 's mairg a dh' iarradh rud air a chat 's e fein a miabhail*" (Never mind him, he is not worth the waiting for, who would beg from the cat when she is mewing with hunger). "Come on, Rory, give us something yourself." "Well I'll give the boys half-a-dozen riddles and they can give us the answers tomorrow night:—1st, *Ceithir air chrith, ceithir nan ruith, dithis a coimhead an aghaidh 'n athair, 's fear eile ag eigheachd.* 2d, *A dol a null fuidh thalamh, air darach a bha mi, air muin each nach d'rugadh riamh, as srian a leathar a mhathar ann.* 3d, *Chunnaic fear gun suilean ubhlan air a chraobh, cha d'thug e ubhlan di, 's cha d'fhag e ubhlan oirr.* 4th, *Togaidh 'n leanabh beag na dhorn e 's cha thog da dhuine dheug le rop e.* 5th, *Chaidh mi na choille 's fhuair mi e, 's far an d'fhuair mi e chaill mi e, na'm faighinn e dh'fhagainn e, 's mo nach d'fhuair mi e thug mi dhachaidh e.* 6th, *Rugadh e mu'n d'rugadh athair, 's bha e air tiodhlaiceadh a sheanmhair.* We give the following translations:—1st, Four shaking, four running, two looking up to the sky, and another bawling. 2d, I was crossing underground upon oak, riding a horse which was never born, but which had a bridle of his mother's hide. 3d, A man without eyes saw apples on a tree, he took no apples off, nor left he apples on. 4th, A little child will lift it in his hand, but twelve men cannot lift it with a rope. 5th, I went to the wood and found it, and where I found it I lost it, if I had found it I would have left it, but as I did not find it I brought it home with me. 6th, He was born before his father, and was at his grandmother's funeral.

Several of the youngsters offered to solve most of them there and then, but it was decided to have the answers when next they met.

Shortly before this *Fear a Gharbha*, an extensive drover from the neighbourhood of the Grampians, dropped in among the worthies, almost unobserved. He regularly attended the local cattle markets and was indeed the principal buyer of cattle in the district, but for a few years back, through some cause or another, he did not put in an appearance, and the people were hard pressed to provide the wherewithal for paying their small yearly rental; for they had no resources other than their small Highland cattle and the local fishing to depend upon. The fishing had been bad for some years, and the absence of *Fear a Gharbha* and his drover friends for such a time had brought matters to an unenviable position among the small tenants of the district. It is unnecessary, in these circumstances, to say that the long lost friend was heartily welcomed by the circle. He was offered food, and other "refreshments" which, by the laws of hospitality in the bard's house, had become a standing institution. These were indeed distilled on the premises; for in those days the "gauger" formed no part of the official arrangements of the district. After partaking of the good things at the goodwife's disposal, the *drobhair* detailed the causes of his long absence from the place—bad prices at the southern markets, family bereavements which necessitated his presence at home, and other causes. *Fear a Gharbha* had always been a great attraction in the circle, and could tell any number of stories connected with the districts of Lochaber and Badenoch. *Ian Taillear*, who had been delighted with the *drobhair's* legends during previous visits, begged, now that our friend had provided for the inner man and was comfortable for the night, that he would give them a good Badenoch or Lochaber story. He readily consented to relate one about "the Cummings (a most deceitful, cunning, and wild set of people in Badenoch), and the Shaws."

The Cummings, he said, were always a turbulent and haughty race, who for many generations inhabited the wilds of Strathspey and Badenoch. One of them upon a time claimed the throne of Scotland; and the deceitful wretch, who after having entered into a mutual bond with Robert the Bruce (the great deliverer of Scotland from English oppression and tyranny, and who, for ever, established the independence of his country) for the deliverance of their common country, betrayed him to Edward. Bruce, however, managed to get away from the English court, and meeting the deceitful Cumming in the Church of the Grey Friars in Dumfries, on the 10th of February 1305, a warm altercation took place, in the course of which Bruce charged the *Comyn*, as he was called, with treachery to himself and his country. The Comyn returned an insulting answer, when Bruce instantly stabbed him with his dagger on the steps of the high altar. The Cummings and the Shaws were always at feud with each other, the latter, being the weaker, at least in point of numbers, always getting the worst of it; and on one occasion their chief was murdered by their inveterate enemies and oppressors, the Cummings. A general slaughter took place at this particular period; but Shaw's only child, a boy of only a few months old escaped, he having fallen into the hands of a devoted female dependent of the family, who to secure him from danger and to avoid the general carnage, made off across hills and mountains, through moors

and forests, to the residence of the laird of Strathardale in the Highlands of Perthshire, whom she knew as an old and trusted friend of her late chief. She arrived after much fatigue and many hardships at the "Baron's" residence; informed him of the cruel fate of her late master, and the flower of his clan; how she escaped with her precious charge, and entreated Strathardale for the love he bore the late Rothiemurchus, and the long and intimate friendship which had existed between them to take charge of his youthful son and save him from the savage clutches of the Cummings. Matters were soon arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and the faithful woman went away home quite satisfied that the youth would be well attended to and brought up among Strathardale's own children, as befitted the rightful and youthful heir of Rothiemurchus.

She returned to her own country in due time and found all her old acquaintances and friends slaughtered or trampled upon, and scourged by the bloodthirsty and cruel Cummings; all the ancient possessions of the Shaws ruled by, and, apparently in the everlasting possession of, the inveterate enemies of her kith and kin. Years and days passed away, and those days and years added growth and vigour to the young heir, who, until he attained the years of discretion, was carefully kept in the dark as to the real and true nature of his birthright. When at last it was revealed to him, his whole soul seemed to have been roused, and he determined to spend his whole time and all the energies of his body and mind to prepare and carry out a scheme for the recovery of his ancient patrimony; and contest his claim with the proud and haughty house of Cumming, and avenge the cruel murder of his father and kinsmen.

In due time young Shaw decided upon paying a visit to his native district to ascertain the real state of matters, and if possible to wrench from his enemies the heritage which they so long and so unjustly possessed. On arriving at Rothiemurchus, after a most perilous journey and escorted by a strong body of followers, he lost no time in calling upon his benefactor, Janet Shaw, whose history, antecedents, and devoted conduct to himself in his early days he had learnt from his Perthshire protector. He was directed to her lonely cottage, the door of which he found strongly bolted from the inside. He at once announced himself and begged to be admitted, but his voice was quite strange to Janet's ear. No amount of entreaty or persuasion would induce her to unbolt the door until she had satisfactory proof that she was not being deceived; for poor Janet had good reason to have little faith in her surroundings. She could not bring herself to believe that her old *protege* could be so foolhardy as to appear in the district among the sworn enemies of his race. Shaw, however, continued to insist upon his individuality, and at last Janet told him to exhale his breath through the keyhole and she would thus soon satisfy herself as to his identity. Doubting this singular and delicate mode of recognition on the part of Janet, Shaw requested one of his attendants to supply his place in the first experiment. This done Janet at once firmly and sternly resented the attempt made to deceive her by one, who she said, must be an enemy trying to secure an entrance to her place of abode with no good intention, and told him "*Bi falbh, bi falbh a chealgaire cha'n eil gaoth t'ainealach ach fuaraidh an aite anail*

mhilis, bhlasda leanaban mo ghaoil" (Be off, be off, deceitful wretch, the odour of your breath is but cold in comparison with the sweet and savoury breath of my own beloved child). Shaw could no longer trifle with the feelings of one whom he discovered had still continued to take such an interest in him, and he felt vexed that he had acted in what might be construed by Janet, such a heartless manner. He asked her to give him another chance to meet her in her own way, explained the hoax to her, breathed through the keyhole himself, satisfied the devoted Janet that he was really "her own beloved child," when with an exclamation of joy she unbolted and threw open the door, warmly saluted and received him in her arms, and bedewed him with tears of affection. For the moment his manhood failed him, and the two wept—it is difficult to decide whether most in consequence of the vivid recollections brought up of misfortune and misery in the past, or from a spontaneous outburst of joy in meeting one another in such peculiar circumstances, after such a long, and as Janet believed, permanent separation.

Young Shaw, however, soon recovered himself, and after mutual congratulations and various references and enquiries as to the past lives and adventures of each other, he learnt from Janet that all the male Cummings were away on a foraging expedition in the south, and that they were expected to arrive with the *Creach* on the following day. This was considered a most favourable and opportune circumstance, and one which must be taken advantage of without hesitation or delay. Shaw at once decided to intercept them on their way home and extinguish them root and branch or perish in the attempt. He and his trusted followers passed a sleepless night in Janet's cottage. To satisfy their hunger she insisted upon having her only cow slaughtered at once. This was done, and it was soon roasted before a blazing fire of peat and moss fir. No effort was spared on Janet's part to make them as comfortable as possible, no doubt naturally feeling that if her favourite was successful in his desperate enterprise she would be well provided for during the remainder of her days.

The rest of the night was spent by Shaw and his plucky companions sorting their arms and arranging their dispositions for the following morning. Before the break of day they started and took up a secluded position on the Callort Hill, at the eastern extremity of Rothiemurchus, situated been two roads leading from Strathspey. They exultingly felt that they had the Cummings in the immediate grasp of their inveterate vengeance, and sure of their ability to complete their utter destruction and annihilation. Old Janet, who accompanied Shaw and his friends, recommended this as the best and most convenient spot from which to attack the enemy, as they were sure to return by that route, and she was determined to take a part in the fortunes of war herself; for, she said, if the day went against them it was certain death for her, whether she followed them and shared their danger, or stopped at home in her lonely cottage. She agreed to ascend a neighbouring hill which commanded a good view of the two roads by one of which the Cummings must return. Janet was soon on the top, and after a period of watchful suspense she descried the enemy slowly advancing straight upon the very spot where Shaw and his followers lay in ambush. She immediately gave the alarm by a pre-arranged signal, the watchword being—*Tha na gobhair anns a Challort*

(The goats are in the Callort). Shaw and his companions immediately prepared for the mortal combat in which he was to secure the patrimony of his race or die in the attempt. Like a horde of hungry wolves falling on their innocent and defenceless prey, Shaw and his companions fell on the first batch of their astonished and unprepared victims and felled them to the ground like mown grass. They were travelling in detached companies, each party driving a separate lot of cattle lifted from the Southron, and as each party came up, ignorant of the fate of the preceding one, they were soon despatched by the infuriated and successful Shaw, and not a Cumming was allowed to escape. They were all buried on the spot which is to this day called *Lag nan Cuimeanach*, or the Hollow of the Cummings. "The green grassy mounds which, after the lapse of centuries, overtop the heather at this scene of blood-thirsty vengeance, mark the resting place and commemorate the overthrow of one of the most savage races that ever existed in the Highlands of Scotland."

After this desperate and successful encounter with the Cummings no serious difficulties presented themselves against Shaw taking possession of the estate and property of his predecessors. His kinsmen and friends, who so long writhed under the oppressive yoke of the hated enemy, now rallied round their young and rightful chief with alacrity and unmistakeable signs of delight. It was not long, however, before matters took another and an ugly turn. Shaw's mother survived the general massacre and ruin of the clan when the Cummings took possession, and matters had so far prospered with her, still residing in the district, that during the minority and absence of her son she again entered the matrimonial state with a "Southron," whose name was Dallas. Young Shaw had so far condoned this step on his mother's part, considering the straitened circumstances in which she was left, that he not only forgave her, but invited herself and her husband to reside with him in his mansion of Doune. Matters continued pleasantly and smoothly for a considerable time, but, as usual in such cases, after a time some disagreeable and discordant elements began to manifest themselves, and the youth was too proud and haughty in spirit to conceal his increasing ill-will and animosity towards his stepfather. On a certain occasion, among a large company of their friends, this disagreeable feeling found vent, when unpleasant remarks were given expression to on both sides. Shaw looked daggers, but held his hand until on his way home, at a lonely and secluded spot, he suddenly drew forth his dagger, and with little or no preliminary ceremonial dispatched his stepfather by stabbing him in the heart. The place is known to this day as *Lag an Dalaisich*. Not satisfied with this brutal and murderous deed, he severed the head from the body, and carrying the bloody trophy to his mother, stuck on the point of his dagger, on arriving at home, he threw it at her, tauntingly exclaiming, "There it is for you, take it, the head of your blackguard and detested husband."

The state of the poor woman's feelings at the sight of such a horrid spectacle, brought about by the hand of her own offspring, cannot be described. She cursed him loudly for the unnatural part he had acted. The keenest resentment was aroused in her breast, and she determined to use every means in her power to have him punished for his cruel and destestable conduct. She urged upon every one whom she could in-

fluence, and who had any influence in the district, to stir up and rouse the vigilance of the law, feeble as it then was in such an out-of-the-way place. She unceasingly impressed upon every one the detestable nature and enormity of the crime her son had been guilty of, and the great injustice he had inflicted upon herself. The result was that young Shaw was soon proclaimed an outlaw, and his whole property, rights, and possessions reverted to the Crown. He soon after died broken-hearted, despised by friends and foes alike; and his heritage has continued since to be the property of the "Lairds of Grant," who, for a mere nominal sum, bought the forfeiture from the Crown.

"Well, well," said the bard as soon as *Fear a Gharbha* had finished his story, "we had more reasons than one to miss you from our circle for the last few years. In addition to our difficulty to dispose of our cattle at fair prices we have lost many a good story, such as you used to recite with such effect to us. I have strung together a few verses to yourself, whisky, and your south country drover friends, which I shall attempt to recite before we part." And the bard recited as follows:—

Luinneag—Horo bi stop againn,
An urra ris drobhairean,
B' iad fhein na daoine coire,
Bheireadh oirnn gum bi'dh sinn faoilteach.

Thoir soiridh gu 'n am Baideanach,
Gur fhada leam an tamh a th'orr',
Tha 'n ceannach air mo sharachadh,
'S tha 'm mal air dol an daoirid.
Horo, &c.

'S iomadh curaidh calma dhiubh,
Ni bunaig dha na h-Albannaich,
'S ann diubh tha 'Fear a Gharbha,
'S cha 'n eil seanchas air a chaochla.
Horo, &c.

Dh-innsinn cuid deth shuaicheantas,
Bhiodh long 'us leomhan uaibhreach air,
Lamh-dhearg 'us bradan stuadh-bhuinneach,
'S an lann bu chruaidhe faobhar.
Horo, &c.

Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath,
Tha buaidh air nach coir a chleth,
Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath,
Bu mhath la teth 'us fuar e,
Bu math la reota 'us gallionn e,
Gu cuir air chul na greannaige,
Gu traoghadh an lus analaich,
'S gu t-fhagail, falain, fuasgailt.
Horo, &c.

Oh! 's iomadh fear a dh'oladh e,
Na ceannaichean 's na h-ostairean,
Luchd fhearainn shaoir 'us drobhairean,
'S cha toireadh seoltair fuath dha.
Horo, &c.

Am fear a bhios na thuraban,
A cuimhneachdainn a chunnartan,
B, fhearrd e lan a ghuraich dheth,
Gu cuir a mhulaid uaithe.
Horo, &c.

B, fhearrda 'fear bhiodh euslan e,
Gu fhagail sunntach speirideach,
'S bu leigheas dha'n fhear dheididh e,
'S ni e feum a dh, fhear na cuairtich.
Horo, &c.

Tha cuid a their le anabharra,
Nach math a chaithe-aimsir e,
Na'm faigheadh iad gun airgiod e,
Cha 'n fhalbhadh iad as aonais.
Horo, &c.

Bi' stop againn, 's bi' botal ann,
Olaidh sinn gu socrach e,
'Fear aig am bi na topachan,
'S ann da bhi's brod na prise.
Horo bi' stop againn,
An urra ris na drobhairean,
B' iad fhein na daoine coire,
Bheireadh oirn gu 'm bi'dh sinn faoilteach.

(To be Continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"WILD IRISHMAN."—(1st), The "Prophecies" enquired after by "R. M'L." and "P. M'K." in the March number are the same which appeared in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness." A new and (very much) enlarged edition is in preparation, which, after passing through the pages of the *Celtic Magazine*, will be published in small book form by Mr Noble, bookseller, Inverness. (2d), At present we have no intention of giving an English translation of the Gaelic poem "Muirthralach," which appeared in our last, of the Gaelic paper on "Iona," or of the other Gaelic papers and poems. We are of opinion that, generally, it is impossible to do justice to Gaelic poetry in a translation. (3d), The "Title Page" and "Table of Contents" *will* be issued with No. 12 of the *Celtic Magazine*, which is to conclude volume I. (4th), Macpherson's Ossian, edited by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, and advertised on our back page at 3s, *is* the Gaelic edition.—(ED. *C.M.*).

THE FAIRIES AND DOMHNULL DUAGHAL.

—o—

MANKIND in all ages have been prone to superstitious beliefs, and hero-worship. The most enlightened nations of ancient or modern times have not been more exempt from them than the most ignorant. The ancient Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Egyptians were grossly superstitious, believing in magic, omens, and dreams. The Jews possessing intimate knowledge of a Supreme Being, universally ruling, were not free from similar practices acquired during their four hundred years contact with the Egyptians while sojourning on the banks of the Nile. The Greeks and Romans were not a whit better; they deified their heroes, put faith in oracles, divinations, and dreams. They imagined that bees, ants, and various birds, beasts, and reptiles had the power of giving omens of good or bad fortune. They had gods celestial and gods terrestrial, and subterranean gods. The appearance of eclipses and comets were to them ominous of public disasters. The Scandinavians had their own fanciful mythology, their Odins, their Thors, their Balders, their Niords, their Triggas, and their Treyas, and a vast dread of the Elfin, Dwarf, and Great tribes. The Anglo-Saxons, in common with the Scandinavian, believed in these deities, and in others peculiar to the Goths. They had idols emblematical of the sun, moon, earth, and the various seasons. The Easter festivals of the Christian Church is supposed to have been derived from the name of the Anglo-Saxon goddess Eastre, to which they made sacrifices in the month of April. The burning of the log of wood in December was a sacrifice to the sun, as an emblem of returning light, the days then beginning to lengthen; and from this ancient practice may be traced the custom of burning the yule log at Christmas, a practice still common, I believe, in parts of England. They had also their beliefs in giants, elfs, and dwarfs, which haunted the fields, woods, mountains, rivers, and lakes, alike in character to the demi-gods and other imaginary spirits of the Grecian and Roman superstitions; but worse still, to the Anglo-Saxon is ascribed the introduction to England and Scotland of the more dangerous doctrine of witchcraft and divinations, before which the reasoning power of the people quailed, and all intellectual advancement was impeded.

The Celts are credited with originating the fairy superstition, though it is unknown from what cause. In Scotland and other countries in which Celtic traditions predominate, the fairies were regarded on the whole as little given to malevolence; on the contrary, ready to help mankind at times, though when offended they exhibited an admixture of the malignant spirit of the elf and the dwarf of the Scandinavian who introduced the belief in them to the Celts. Most spirits were supposed to have the attribute of enlarging or contracting their bulk at will; the fairy alone was regarded as essentially diminutive in size, the miniature of a human being, perfect in form, clad in pure green brilliant and rich beyond conception, inhabiting subterranean palaces of indescribable splendour, and in innumerable numbers. They were represented as continually feasting,

dancing, and making merry, or moving in procession amongst the shady green grass and verdant lawns of earth, entertained with the most harmonious and melodious music that mortal ear ever listened to, observant of the doings of mankind, and not unwilling to help them to overcome such unusual or extraordinary difficulties, if called upon, as my story tells.

Donald Duaghal having returned from the wars in Germany to his own country, where his fame preceded him, was a great hero, in the estimation of his retainers. His extraordinary valour, his feats of daring, his fearless conduct, his escaping comparatively scathless of wounds out of all the skirmishes, sieges, and battles in which he took a leading share; all this magnified by the stories related of him by the few retainers who survived and returned home with him into the Reay country, threw around the man a halo of romance that gave rise to the belief that he must have had a charmed life, and it might be, some occult relations with the "Droch Spioraid," and acquired the "Black art" in his travels abroad. "*Nach robh e san Edailt fa an d,iunnsaich e an sgoil dubh?*"—Italy being the country above all others in which the "Black art" was to be acquired. But Donald was never in Italy. It did not matter to *Clann Mhic Aoidh*. They did not trouble themselves much about correct geography; their chief was abroad; he might have been in Italy; and that was sufficient for the unsophisticated and unlettered people surrounding their beloved chief who had seen much in his travels and campaigns in Norway, Sweden, Germany, and Poland. He had crossed rivers and estuaries, and transported his soldiers over them by bridges of boats constructed by Swedish and Danish military engineers in very little time, even while his soldiers were taking a hasty meal, Donald himself urging on the work and lending a hand—all this was related in Tongue much to the astonishment of the natives around who could not believe it. They could not understand how an estuary like the Kyle of Tongue could be bridged in half an hour. The feat was too marvellous to be true, and if true there must have been some supernatural assistance. But could he not do anything? Did he not learn the "Black art" in Italy? Rumour went and was magnified, till in the long run it was believed that nothing was impossible to Donald. It was rumoured that he intended to throw a bridge over the estuary from Tongue to Melness. This report got wings and was believed. The knowing ones were incredulous, but the credulous had no doubt he could and would do it. Has he not the "Black art?" besides, can he not send to the "Cailleach Mhor" in Dornoch? get her to send him the fairies, and the bridge will be built before morning. This was so much talked about that it became a received opinion that Donald Duaghal was supposed to have actually attempted the feat. He sent his *Gille* to Dornoch to the *Cailleach* requesting her as a special favour to send him fairies to construct a bridge across the Kyle of Tongue. The *Cailleach Mhor* consulted the fairy queen, and she was willing to do anything for so brave a man as Donald Duaghal, and gave the *Cailleach* a box to be conveyed to Donald. The *Cailleach* gave the box to the *Gille* with strict and peremptory injunctions not to open it till he had delivered it into his master's hands. Alas! for weak humanity, always prying into secrets, always doing the forbidden—the greater the restriction the greater

the temptation to disobey. In an unlucky moment, going over the Crask, he opened the box, when lo! in an instant, around him and about him on all sides were myriads of tiny creatures, hammer in hand, shrilly clamouring "*Obair, obair, obair*" (Work, work, work). Non-plussed with the extraordinary sight, confounded for a moment with the effect of his disobedience of orders, Mackay's man was equal to the occasion. Rapidly recovering his presence of mind and appreciating his position, he ordered his importunate companions to set to work and pluck up the heather off the whole hillside upon which they were. No sooner ordered than it was done, and the same clamour was resumed of "*Obair, obair, obair.*" Driven by this almost to desperation he ordered his little companions to fly away to Dornoch Firth opposite Tain, and there build a bridge for the accommodation of the lieges of Dornoch and *Baile Dhuthaich*. Instantly they went, and commenced operations, throwing up the sand in clouds to form an embankment, but as ill-luck would have it, some person passing the way about cock-crowing time, hearing the noise and uproar exclaimed "*Dhia beannaich mis, ciod e an obair tha 'n so*" (God bless me, what work is this). Work was instantly suspended never to be resumed, in consequence of God's name being mentioned, and a blessing asked on the work; and well would it have been, had it never been commenced, for the sand accumulated by the fairies in that night's work form the dangerous shoals between Dornoch and Tain to this day, the sea roaring over them at every tide, and the noise of the waves heard at the distance of many a mile, portends to the natives the advent of foul weather. To this day the place is called *Drochaid na h'Aogh*, or the Elfin Bridge.

It is lamentable to contemplate how such vain imaginations as these should have so long weighed upon the intelligence and perception of the people; but it may be asked, were they not fostered in a great measure after the introduction of Christianity? when, through persecution, religion assumed the garb of gloom and fanaticism, when belief in the personal appearance of the Devil was universal, and continued till within recent years in the vulgar mind? Volumes could be filled with tales such as these, and with narratives of Satan's pranks in assaulting "ministers and men," waylaying lone travellers, and disturbing families when engaged in family worship.

Ignorance is justly termed the mother of superstition; want of knowledge and appreciation the mother of prejudice. Wherever mankind are least accustomed to trace events to natural causes superstitious notions most luxuriantly flourish, and prejudice abounds. When the mind once allows that matters of ordinary and natural occurrence may take place by the interference of the supernatural, there is obviously no limit to the actions they are supposed to perform. In the present age of comparative intelligence it is difficult to comprehend how human beings could be so deplorably ignorant of natural causes and effects as to entertain for a moment such gross notions of the supernatural, and yet, in this nineteenth century, we can observe similar forces at work even in the most respectable ranks of society—Mormonism, Southcotism, spirit rapping, table turning. The Saxon of modern days has more superstitious notions in

his composition than the Celt, notwithstanding his boastful superiority and pride in being more enlightened and freer from prejudice than any other. He calls his superstitions "customs," and so reconciles himself to them. Does he not turn to the east when repeating the Creed? Does he like to sit down the thirteenth person at the table or festive board? Does he believe in lucky and unlucky days? Does he believe in the appearance, as a good or evil omen, of two or three magpies when setting out upon a journey? Does he like a hare to cross his path? or the upsetting of salt on the table? the howling of dogs, the cracking of furniture, the tickling noise of an insect in old furniture, the putting on the left shoe first? and many other vagaries that could be mentioned. When he relinquishes these he may hurl his stone of scorn at the Celt for his belief in the *Sithichean*.

ALEX. MACKAY.

EDINBURGH.

"THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS."—A Poem in Seven Cantos, by Principal Shairp of St Andrews University, will be commenced in our November number—the first number of Vol. II.—and continued from month to month until it is concluded. It is an historical poem; the scene of the first canto is in Lochaber, and Lochiel of the '45 is the principal character. The state of feeling in the clan during the 40 years the chiefs were in exile; and the Restoration of the Chief, in the person of Donald, grandson of the "Gentle Lochiel," is graphically described.

TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

—o—

AIR—"*The Standard on the Braes o' Mar.*"

The standard of the Celtic clans
Is up and streaming rarely,
And held aloft by gallant hands
Of one we lo'e sae dearly.
The Hielan men frae hill and glen,
Ayont the braes, where Cluny stays;
The southron too, they a' do lo'e
Professor Stuart Blackie.

He lo'es the Scottish Hielan hill,
The men sae braw and hardy,
Whose noble hearts he kens fu' weel
Are sometimes mourning sadly:
With cheerful voice to them he says,
Go bravely on, your time will come,
There's one who shares your joys and cares,
Professor Stuart Blackie.

Our noble hearted Southern friend
Has pled their cause most nobly,
And got both North and South to lend
Their aid to raise so boldly
The Celtic Chair, which will compare
With any one in Oxford town,
We all will cheer whene'er we hear
Professor Stuart Blackie.

The Gaelic tongue shall be upheld,
And ancient lore of Scotia,
And olden customs be unveiled
With all their vast minutiæ:
On hill and loch, our grand pibroch,
With lively airs, shall banish cares,
Both Inverness and all shall bless
Professor Stuart Blackie.

Hail! noble chief of clansmen all,
Thou'rt loved through all the country,
In future days men shall recall
Thy words and deeds so worthy:
Thy name shall long in verse and song,
With joyful glee remembered be,
And Scotland's boast shall be the toast
"Professor Stuart Blackie."

THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

PART FIRST.

THE first volume of the *Celtic Magazine* is destined to be distinctively Ossianic in the character of its contents. We have already published the views of George Gilfillan, J. F. Campbell of Islay, Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, Dr Hately Waddell, Professor Blackie; and in order to complete the Ossianic character of the volume we now lay before our readers, with the consent of all concerned, the following able and learned correspondence between Hector Maclean of Islay and Dr Hately Waddell of Glasgow, which recently appeared in the *Coleraine Chronicle*. The first letter is a review of Dr Waddell's now famous book—"Ossian and the Clyde"—by Hector Maclean, in the form of a "Letter to the Editor." The second part of the correspondence will be given in our next—the concluding number of Vol. I.—and we venture to think that within the compass of this small volume, when completed, will be found an amount of information and learned disquisition, by the greatest living authorities, on the subject of the authenticity of Ossian's Poems to be got nowhere else. Almost all that can be said on the question, for and against, by those most competent to judge, may be seen in these and in the preceding pages. Mr Maclean writes:—

When so much light has been, of late years, thrown on matters regarding the poems of Ossian, such as the old poems and tales which Macpherson used as a substratum for his fictions, it is truly surprising that a man of learning should, in this age, write a book maintaining that those romances are genuine translations of original Gaelic poems, as well as authentic historical narratives. "Ossian and the Clyde," however, is such a book. And now, Mr Editor, as I know that, as a Highlander, you take a deep interest in the subject, though, I daresay, you may differ from my views, I will, with your permission, make a few remarks on this work.

According to Dr Waddell, those so-called translations of Macpherson's are genuine; Fingal, Ossian, Gaul, and Oscar are as truly historical as Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and Tiberius; the kingdom of Morven and the Fingalians had an existence as real as Canaan and the Israelites; and King Fingal, in the third century, obtained glorious victories over the Roman legions! Dr Waddell imagines that his cultivated instinct had guided him surely to the truth of these matters; but however much a cultivated instinct may be relied on, so far as the merit of literary composition is concerned, it is, assuredly, a very uncertain and unsafe guide, when the antiquity, genuineness, and authenticity of poems ascribed to an author who is supposed to have flourished more than fifteen centuries ago, are to be taken into consideration.

To bear out his views Dr Waddell has recourse to geology and archæology, believing that these poems allude to geological conditions, in Ireland, Scotland, and Iceland, that bring us back to the third century; and that, certain passages in them have enabled him to identify the tombs of the heroes and heroines in Arran and various other localities. On comparing "Ossian and the Clyde," however, with Macpherson's Ossian, the cool and unbiassed inquirer can find nothing but vague expressions in the latter to confirm the opinions and inferences that are in the former based on such an unsubstantial foundation. That passages should be found in Macpherson's Ossian, dimly

alluding to localities in the North of Ireland, the Orkneys, and Iceland, of which Macpherson knew nothing, is not at all surprising, as his material for the groundwork of his romances consisted of stories and ballads which abounded in the obsolete names of places in various parts of Scotland, Ireland, the Orkneys, and Iceland. Being ignorant of the topography of the places mentioned in the various tales and ballads that came in his way, and blundering with regard to them in his notes, is no argument in favour of the genuineness of his so-called translations, for the topographical descriptions in the stories might be left intact as they were interwoven into a new narrative.

The intercourse between Ireland and the Scottish Highlands was so close that Highland story usually celebrated everything that was interesting, beautiful, wonderful, or romantic in the topography of the former; the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands might be expected to find a place in North Highland Tales; while Iceland was known to the Irish before it was discovered by the Norsemen; and subsequent to its being colonised by these there was uninterrupted intercourse between it and the Hebrides during the time the latter were under Norwegian sway; as a matter of course, therefore, its wonders could hardly escape finding their way into Highland story. Were it, therefore, certain that Dr Waddell has identified several of the places mentioned in Ossian's poems, with places in Iceland, the Orkneys, and Ireland, it would be no evidence in support of the historical existence of Fingal, Ossian, Gaul, Oscar, and Malvina.

The Ballads which Macpherson used as material for his romances are well known from independent sources, and the manner in which he has worked them up into his stories may be fully ascertained by comparison. Inquirers have failed to discover, in the Gaelic language, any original for Macpherson's English Ossian among the numerous poems that are to be found in manuscript, or that have been transmitted from past ages by oral tradition. The Fionn, Oisein, Goll, and Osgar of the latter bear but a faint, shadowy, and superficial resemblance to the Fingal, Ossian, Gall, and Oscar of Macpherson. The former are mythical beings performing superhuman deeds, and having much to do with magic, enchantment, and metamorphoses; the latter are, at best, nothing but echoes of eighteenth century sentiment.

Collections of poems and tales, relating to the exploits of a race of giants called the Fianna or Feinn, have been made at various periods, in the Scottish Highlands, from the year 1512 to the present day. Between all these there is a strong family resemblance; but they differ materially and essentially from Macpherson's Ossian.

The sky residence of the ghosts of the heroes and heroines is evidently Macpherson's own invention; for there is no allusion to it in any Scottish, or Irish, Fenian poem or story that can be proved to be genuine. Some of these poems and stories mention an "Island of Youth," to which, if any of the old heroes found their way, they became young again. Accordingly, Fionn and several of his heroes are said to live there still. The Dean of Lismore's collection of Gaelic poems was made in the year 1512. It has been transcribed and translated into English by the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan of Edinburgh. It was published, with an introduction by Mr W. F. Skene, by Messrs Edmonston & Douglas, in 1862. The orthography is assimilated to that of the English; in which respect it differs from the most of old Gaelic manuscripts written in the Highlands, in which the Irish orthography and character are more generally used. In this collection there are nine poems, treating of the Fianna, ascribed to Ossan, Ossin, Osseane M'Fynn, Ossin M'Fynn, Ossein, Ossane M'Finn, for in so many various ways is this name spelt in Dean M'Gregor's Book; two, the death of "Dermit M'O'Zwne" and "cath Zawryth," to "Allan M'Royre"; two, the praise of "Goole," or "Gowlie," and "gath Zawrych," to "Farris Filli"; one, "Conleich M'Nocon," to "Gil-

callum M'Ynnolliag"; one, "No Kinn," "The Heads," to Connil Carnych M'Eddirschol; one, "A Chorymryth Keilta," "Caoiltes," "Rabble," to "Keilt M'Ronane"; and there are ten without name of author. According to tradition, Farris Filli and Ossin were the sons of Finn, Keilt M'Ronane was his nephew, and Connil Carnych M'Eddirschol was contemporary with Cuchullin. Nothing is known of Allan M'Royre. Gilcallum M'Ynnolliag or Gillecolum M'Ynnollew is the author of two other poems in the book,—one in praise of the Clan Donald, and the other an Elegy to one of the Lords of the Isles. As this Elegy refers to the son of the Lord of the Isles, Angus, who fell in the battle of the bloody bay, fought in 1480, the age in which this poet flourished is correctly ascertained. The compositions of this bard and of Allan M'Royre are, in collections made subsequent to the Dean's, ascribed to Ossian; and had the Dean's Book been lost no other author would be found for them. From this fact it may be inferred that had we records sufficiently old, all the poems ascribed to Ossian in the Dean's Book might be traced to other authors, as is the case with Cath Ghabhra, Bas Dhiarmaid, and Bas Chonlaich.

These poems handed down, both in Ireland and the Scottish Highlands, by tradition, are said by Dr Waddell to be the compositions of lying priests and monks; but this assumption is altogether untenable, as they are, for the most part, abridged and versified tales to which the bards that versified them have added but extremely little—tales which are, in fact, older than Christianity, and which are identified by Mr Cox, in his Aryan Mythology, with ancient Greek, Hindoo, Norse, and other Aryan myths. One poem in the Dean of Lismore's Book goes even contrary to the invention of priests and monks; for it ascribes to Finn what these have ascribed to St Patrick, the extirpation of noxious animals in Erin:—"Neir aik pest in locht na arrych in noef, neryn nyn neve ner varve in ser soyve." (Nor left monster in lake, nor venomous serpents in Erin of the saints, that the wise craftsman did not kill.)

In support of his views, Dr Waddell quotes a passage from a letter by a Dr Mackinnon, dated January 1815, in reply to Dr Johnson's objection that there was not a book in the Gaelic language one hundred years old. The following are Dr Mackinnon's remarks:—

"The good Doctor should have been better informed before he ventured to make such an assertion, for in the Duke of Argyll's library at Inveraray there is a book, elegantly printed in the Gaelic language, as early as the year 1567; and, in the 19th page of that book, the author, Mr John Carsuel, superintendent of the clergy in Argyllshire, laments, with pious sorrow, that the generality of the people under his pastoral care were so much occupied in singing and repeating the songs of their old bards, particularly those that celebrated the valorous deeds of Fingal and his heroes, that they entirely neglected the Scriptures and everything relating to religion. The whole of this is composed in very pure Gaelic; but particularly, the dedication to the Earl of Argyll is written with more classical purity and elegance than any composition I ever saw, either written or printed in that language. This is not hearsay evidence, my friend, for the last time I was at Inveraray I read the book from beginning to end, and in the course of the evening repeated to the Duke a summary of its contents, for which his Grace thanked me in his usual mild and polite manner, observing that he never before met with any person who could give him any information with regard to the subject matter of that book, though he had showed it to many whom he thought good Gaelic scholars."

The book to which reference is here made is a translation of John Knox's Liturgy by John Carsuel, Bishop of the Isles, made in the year 1567. It is written in the cultivated Irish of the period; for one cultivated dialect was common at that time, as well as previous and subsequent to it, both to the

land and the Scottish Highlands. It differs widely from the Gaelic of Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian, but bears a considerable resemblance to the language of the Dean of Lismore's book, which was compiled more than half a century before it was published. That peculiar mutation of initial consonants, which Irish scholars call eclipse, nearly absent in Scotch Gaelic, is more frequent than in the Dean's book. The Gaelic of the Dean's book, however, abounds in more obsolete morals and phrases. In that passage in the book to which Dr Mackinnon alludes there is no mention of Fingal (Fionnghal) any more than there is in Dean Macgregor's book, or in any Fenian poem that is ascertained to be genuine. Find, not Fionnghal, is the name there found. Here are Bishop Carswell's own words :—

"Agas is mor an doille agas an dorchadas peacaidh agas aineolais agas intleachta do lucht deachtaidh agas sgriobhtha agas chumhdaigh na gaoidheilge, gurab mó is miàn léo agas gurab mo ghnathuidheas siad eachtradha dimhaoineacha buairdheartha bregacha saoghalta do cumadh ar thuathaibh dedhanond agas ar mhacaibh mileadh agas arna curadhaibh agas fhind mhaccumhaill gona fhianaibh agas ar mhor an eile nach airbhim agas nach indisim and so do chumhdach agas do choimleasughadh, do chiond luadhuidheachta dimhaionigh an tsaoghail dfhaghail doibhfèin, sna briathra disle De agas slighthe foirfe na firinde do sgriobhadh, agas do dheachtach, agas do chumdhach."

The following is Dr M'Lauchlan's translation :—

"And great is the blindness and darkness of sin and ignorance and of understanding among composers and writers and supporters of the Gaelic, in that they prefer and practise the framing of vain, hurtful, lying, earthly stories about the Tuath de Dhanond, and about the sons of Milesius, and about the heroes, and Fionn MacCumhail with his giants, and about many others whom I shall not number or tell of here in detail, in order to maintain and advance these, with a view to obtaining for themselves passing worldly gain, rather than to write and to compose and to support the faithful words of God and the perfect way of truth."

A new edition of this work by the Rev. T. M'Lauchlan, LL.D., was published by Messrs Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh, in the year 1873.

Tales about the Fenes and the Tuatha de Danann are not yet extinct in the Highlands. In Mr J. F. Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, vol. 2d, p. 73, is a story collected in Barra relating a battle fought between these two peoples. Of this story Mr Campbell says that "it is similar to tales in manuscripts about one hundred years, and to tales now told in Ireland."

In Mr Campbell's "Heroic Gaelic Ballads" (London, 1872), are to be found the most of the Fenish or Ossianic ballads, known to be extant, which have been collected in the Scottish Highlands from 1512 to 1871. Of these he has himself collected a considerable number, orally, among the Highland peasantry. Having carefully collated these with the English and Gaelic Ossian of Macpherson, he has arrived at the inevitable conclusion that the former is Macpherson's own composition, and that the latter is chiefly translations from the former. Of the few fragments that he has found resembling Macpherson's Ossian he remarks :—"These fragments of Macpherson's Ossian, when traced back, converge upon the author, his friends, his district, and the date of his early publications. I have placed them last, because I believe them to be later growths, sprung from the older series of traditional, heroic Gaelic ballads, of which I have printed samples. I have arranged these according to their story. That corresponds to romantic Irish history, as written by Keating and others. It does not correspond to the story told by Macpherson."

A careful examination of Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian shows clearly that it has been evolved from his English work. It consists, in fact, of free translation and paraphrase, with here and there something added or left out. It is disfigurged with English idiom, impropriety, and grammatical error. The versification is extremely rugged and irregular; while contrary to the rules of Gaelic verse, ancient and modern, sentences freque[illegible] middle of lines. The language is very unlike that of original [illegible] but resembles considerably that of Gaelic translations from English. [illegible] isms are comparatively few; but an effort to make the language appear old is suggested by the mannerism, obscurity, and ambiguity that so frequently abound. Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian never existed before his own day—never existed before his English Ossian. It amounts to a moral impossibility that it could exist, and escape all the collectors that collected Ossianic poetry for three centuries in the Highlands, except Macpherson.

In an age in which philological science has made such remarkable progress, it is really amazing to find Dr Waddell deal in such forced and fanciful etymologies as he does. Such names as Finard, Finglen, Finlarig, Glenfin, Finnich, Dumfin, and Tomfin, he imagines are so called from Fingal. These places, however, have received their names from their physical aspect. Fionn means "white," and those names respectively signify, "white height," "white glen," "white pass," "white glen," white field," "white hill fort," and "white bush." "Tom" is not a mound, as Dr Waddell asserts, but a bush on a place abounding in bushes. It would appear that he has confounded "tom" with "twaim," an obsolete Gaelic word that means a mound. But what can be more ridiculous than calling Loch Fyne Fingal's loch, when an illiterate Highlander could explain the name. Because Dr Waddell finds it spelt "Loch Fynn" in some books, he fancies that the Gaelic name is Loch Fhinn or Fingal's loch; the Gaelic name, however, is Loch Fiòna, which signifies "Wine Loch." Knoc-Oishen or Knoc-Usshon is not so called from Ossian, but from its position at the mouth of the Girvan. This name is derived from "cnoc," a hill, and "oiseann," a corner, so it means Corner Hill. There is no reason to believe that either Comal or Kyle is so named from Cumhal, Fionn's father. Comhal is a corruption of Cumhal, and the quantity of the first syllable is short, while the first syllable of Còmhal, the Gaelic form of the name Comal, is long. Comhal is pronounced nearly like Comhdhail, a "meeting," and this peninsula is evidently called so from the converging of Loch Fyne and Loch Goil towards each other at its north end. Kyle is more likely to be derived from coille, "wood," than to be so named from the Fenian Cumhal, or the Pictish King Coil. "Dunipace" is not a mixture of Latin and Gaelic signifying "hill of peace," but is entirely Gaelic, derived from Dun, a hill fort, and bes, an obsolete Gaelic word meaning tribute or rent. Dunipace then denotes the rent or tribute fort. These are a few philological blunders out of many to be found in this book, and brought forward as substitutes for facts to support Dr Waddell's hallucinations and untenable theory. Scientific knowledge is in our day far enough advanced to prevent Ossianic fictions from being received as historical truths by an enlightened public. Archæology and anthropology have given us sufficient light to see that Macpherson's Fingalians are not the Caledonians of the third century, any more than Voltaire's Hurons are Canadian red Indians of the eighteenth.—I am, &c.,

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Portaskaig, Islay.

Dr Waddell replies:—

In these days of philology and unbelief, it is satisfactory to know the worst that can be said by a critic like Mr Hector Maclean against an authority like Ossian; and with your permission I shall take the liberty of reply-

ing to what he has recently advanced in your own columns of the 13th inst., on that subject, from the philological point of view alone. But before doing so, I must be allowed to remark with due deference that Celtic philologists above all others are provokingly unreliable. You cannot quote—being yourself a simple Lowlander you cannot quote—Celtic authority for a single word or syllable any day out of the 365, but you will have a dozen or more contradictions of it immediately, all differing from one another, and all claiming to be alike infallible. M'Kinnon contradicts M'Lauchlan, or M'Lauchlan contradicts M'Kinnon, or M'Lean, or M'Kay, or somebody else contradicts them both; and so on, *ad infinitum*. The only thing the majority can now agree about, in their wisdom, is to contradict or calumniate Macpherson, although not one of them seems to understand in reality a word of what Macpherson has written. For the credit of their own science, if not of their mother-tongue, these learned Celts should really endeavour to agree among themselves about vowels and consonants, roots and derivatives, &c., before criticising their neighbours too severely; and their neighbours then—too tolerant hitherto by half—might be a little more disposed, perhaps, or at least better able, to follow their bewildering arguments.

In my own case, for example, to come to the point, Mr Maclean, in the first place, is much surprised that I should have been satisfied with so many false and foolish etymolological derivations in support of my theory about Ossian, when "any illiterate Highlander" could have informed me more correctly on the subject. Such assistance would, no doubt, have been quite invaluable, and it may be duly appreciated at Edinburgh by-and-bye, where a new Professor will soon be wanted. But, in the meantime, would your readers believe that, with one or two solitary exceptions, the whole mass of my derivations had been obtained either from the very best Gaelic lexicons and vocabularies extant, or from Gaelic scholars quite as accomplished as Mr Maclean himself, or from traditions among people living on the spot, handed down to them without variation long before Macpherson was born, and interpreted by them precisely as they have been interpreted by me—in literal conformity with the text of Ossian—although such people never read a line of that text in their lives? Such, nevertheless, is the case. Take the long list of names, for instance, still adhering to the soil, and quoted from my work by Mr Maclean, beginning with Finglen and ending with Tomfin, and which he translates by "white" in the characteristic syllable throughout. Such interpretation may be all according to his system of philology, but it is not according to fact.

1. There is nothing white in any one of these cases to justify such an appellation—quite the reverse; it is all dark moorland or gloomy wood, or dismal whinstone.

2. Where anything white is remarkable in the object or landscape so described, a different word is used for that purpose, at least in the region referred to—from the Tay to the Clyde. In such a case it is "bàn," and not "fin," as Mr Maclean may learn on inquiry.

3. The people in the district, time immemorial, have translated "Fin" in these very words by the substitution of "giant," not understanding the original language, but understanding very well the origin of the term as applied by their forefathers to the fair-haired Celtic raiders who came down long ago upon the lowlands of Stirlingshire, through the identical passes by which the track of Fingal may yet be traced in Macpherson's translation; and

4. In three instances, at least, Mr Maclean himself is seriously mistaken—for what he translates a "field" is a ford or a lake; what he translates a "hill-fort" is not a fort but a mountain; and what he translates a "bush"

is not a bush but a mound; and to the best of my recollection, the people do actually pronounce the word more like "Tamfin" than "Tomfin," as he himself unconsciously suggests. The only white fort in the neighbourhood is Bankier, so called originally on the principal of designation already referred to, and as Mr Maclean will find explained by me, if he chooses again to consult my work. In like manner he either mistakes the facts or contradicts himself amusingly about Loch Fyne, which he translates the "Wine Loch." Suppose I had so explained it, would I not have been laughed at for my ingenuity by all sober persons? Why does he not honestly prefer "White Loch" at once, in this case as in the others, and be done with it? For, according to Mr Maclean, the greater part of Scotland has been a chalk-pit, and the very trees have been whitewashed every spring. But, besides Loch Fyne, there is also a Fyn-loch, where wine probably was never seen, certainly never imported; and only a philologist like Mr Maclean could imagine such a derivation there. But both these lochs—the salt water and the fresh—were on Fingal's route, as I have shown, still traceable in the text; and in the case of Loch Fyne, the traditions of the people are explicit to the effect, that Fingal used that very passage from Morven to Arran, and that its name was so derived in consequence.

There are many other instances of the same sort which I might easily quote, to refute Mr Maclean's assumptions on this point; but why should I occupy your space? Mr Maclean has evidently never studied my work or he would have known all this beforehand.

As for my own humble contributions to Gaelic philology, I remember only two worth speaking of; and they are both mere suggestions of mine, for want of anything better elsewhere. The one is with respect to Knoc-Usshion, for which I suggest Knoc-Ossian; the other is Kyle or Cowal, which I associate on very reasonable grounds with the name of Fingal's father. Mr Maclean asserts, on the other hand, that Knoc-Usshion is a corruption of Knoc-Oisean, the Hill of the Corner. Possibly; but what does Ossian's own name mean? I should like very much to know, for I never heard an explanation of it. Mr Maclean says it has been spelt by Gaelic authors in seven different ways—one of these being Ossein, which has a suspicious resemblance to Oisean. Was Ossian then the man of the Corner, like the hill at Girvan? If so, I may be right after all; and if not, will Mr Maclean tell me which of these seven different styles of Gaelic orthography is the true one; or whether any more outrageous system of spelling was ever heard of among educated men? As for Kyle or Cowal, I maintain it, although it is by no means at all essential to my argument on Ossian; and can give as good reasons in favour of my derivation as any Mr Maclean will ever give against it.

Again, as regards the use of "obsolete names in various parts of Scotland, Ireland, the Orkneys, and Iceland," in old Norse or Irish ballads, and the possible mixing up of these with topographical descriptions from the same ballads in his alleged forgeries by Macpherson, and hence the identification of such localities by me, I might content myself with remarking that it is an assumption like all the rest, utterly without foundation, and therefore utterly inadmissible. I may state further, however—1, that not a single name made use of in Ossian is now to be found either in Arran, in Iceland, in the Shetlands, or in the Faroes, and only two in the Orkneys—which neither Macpherson himself, nor his great antagonist Laing, although a native of the neighbourhood, could recognise; 2, that the identification of localities in all these regions by me was due solely to the geographical descriptions, which no liar could have invented, and not to the use of names which occur in Ossian; and 3, that I am the first and only writer on the subject who has achieved these important identifications. As for Ireland, the identifications there were all made and verified on the same principle of geographical correspondence with the letter of the text; and it was only after such identifications

were made that numerous local designations, still abounding on the soil, and being manifest corruptions of similar designations in Ossian, were discovered, which confirmed beyond doubt the identifications alluded to; all which were absolutely unknown not only to Macpherson, but to every antagonist of his who has yet written on the subject. And now, once for all, if Mr Maclean knows any ballad or ballads—Irish, Norse, or Icelandic—containing similar descriptions and similar names, I call upon him without delay to produce these, and to prove beyond doubt that Macpherson knew them. Nothing less will satisfy me; and if Mr Maclean is the honourable and learned controversialist he is reputed to be, he will set about that little piece of business for my satisfaction immediately.

In conclusion, I have only farther to observe, that although my work on Ossian contains more than 420 quarto pages, and although not more than five pages in the hundred have been devoted to mere derivation of names, Mr Maclean coolly writes of it as if it were nothing but derivation from beginning to end. In point of fact, the substance of the work is geological, geographical, historical, scientific, and antiquarian; and the fundamental argument, in one-half of it, is that the level of the sea, in the Frith of Clyde, must have been 60 or 70 feet higher at the commencement of the Christian era than it now is. This fact, unperceived by Macpherson himself, is taken for granted in his own translation from first to last, and this fact I have demonstrated beyond the possibility of disproof by philologist, geologist, or antiquarian; but this fact, and all that is connected with it, Mr Maclean ignores as if there was really no Frith of Clyde at all, although the very title of the book is founded on it. To believe in this Frith of Clyde as described by Ossian, and to believe in Ossian who described and must have seen it, are my grand "hallucinations"—in which, of course, I rejoice; whilst Mr Maclean sits at home among his books in Islay, to lament or ridicule such faith, without bestowing a single glance either on the Clyde, or the Cart, or the Kelvin, or anything else whatever connected with the subject—a position not altogether creditable for an honest man. In the meantime, it is said, the erection of a Gaelic Chair goes on with much zeal and money. But a Gaelic Chair without Ossian would be like a Hebrew Chair without Moses and the Prophets; yet the very man who has demonstrated the authenticity of Ossian beyond all rational doubt is pooh-poohed or pitied by Gaelic critics like Mr Maclean, as the victim of "hallucination." Alas for Gaelic literature and for Gaelic Chairs, in the grand philological era!—I am, &c.,

P. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow.

P.S.—On the same column of your paper in which Mr Maclean's review of my work appears, I find some beautiful lines, entitled "Lament of the Celt," by Miss Mary Wilson, of Ballymoney. May God bless Miss Mary Wilson! But where did all the sweet pathos of her poetry come from, if Macpherson was but a practised prodigious liar, and Ossian, son of Fingal, a prodigious myth? Let Mr Maclean inform us.

P. H. W.

NOTE.—Letter on "The Cymry in the North of Scotland," by A. C. Cameron, Fettercairn, crushed out for want of space. It will appear in our next, as will also Dr Maclauchlan's article on "Teaching Gaelic in the Schools," and Dr Stratton's article "On the Scotch Word *Law*."

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

COLONEL PHILIPS CAMERON was held in the highest esteem as an officer of superior professional talent. So highly was he valued by Wellington that himself and staff, and all the general officers within reach attended the funeral, which was conducted with military honours; and this at a most critical period of the campaign when they were urgently required elsewhere.* Notwithstanding the pressure of important matter that must have occupied Wellington, he was so considerate towards the feelings of General Cameron (father of the deceased) that he took time to write him *two* letters—the first to intimate the Colonel's having been wounded, and the other announcing his death. The latter is worth quoting and is as follows:—

VILLA FORMOSA, May 15th, 1811.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—When I wrote you last week (7th inst.) I felt that I conveyed to you information which would give you great pain, but I hoped that I made you acquainted with the fullest extent of the misfortune which had befallen you. Unfortunately, however, those upon whose judgment I relied were deceived. Your son's wound was worse than it was supposed to be—it was mortal; and he died the day before yesterday at two in the morning.

I am convinced that you will credit the assurance that I condole with you most sincerely upon this misfortune, of the extent of which no man is more capable than myself of forming an estimate from the knowledge which I had, and the just estimate which I had formed in my own opinion of the merits of your son. You will, I am convinced, always regret and lament his loss; but I hope you will derive some consolation from the reflection that he fell in the performance of his duty, at the head of your brave regiment, loved and respected by all that knew him, in an action in which if possible the British troops surpassed anything they had ever done before, and of which the result was most honourable to His Majesty's arms.

At all events, if Providence had decreed to deprive you of your son I cannot conceive a string of circumstances more honourable and glorious than those under which he lost his life in the cause of his country.

Believe me, however, that although I am fully alive to all the honourable circumstances attending his death, I most sincerely condole with you upon your loss, and that I am yours most truly,

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

To Major-General Allan Cameron, &c., &c., London.†

Comment on this letter would be superfluous. No one will doubt the sincerity of its expressions of sympathy when they remember the character of the man who wrote it. And while it is beyond question, most honourable to the writer, we cannot withhold our admiration for one of whom Wellington could write in such terms of unqualified praise;‡ also our

* Historical Records by Captain Jamieson, p. 29.

† Letter in possession of General Cameron's family. It is also in Gurwood's Select Despatches, No. 539, page 478.

‡ Colonel Gurwood in his compilation of Wellington's select despatches records only five letters of condolence—viz., on the deaths of the Hon. G. Lake, 29th Regiment; Philips Cameron, 79th; Hon. S. Cocks, 79th; Hon. H. Cadogan, 71st; and Hon. A. Gordon (Staff); all of which bear unmistakable proofs of his sympathies, yet the reader would agree with us, that the one quoted surpassed the rest in its tone of sorrow.

regret that his brilliant career, and the distinction he must evidenty have attained, was cut off at the early age of thirty!

Besides the grief expressed for his loss by the Man of War, his lament was not forgotten by the Man of Letters—the Colonel's own illustrious countryman Sir Walter Scott—both in prose and poetry. In the vision of Don Roderick, stanza x., the death is bewailed thus:—

> What avails thee* that for Cameron slain?
> Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given,
> Vengeance and grief gave mountain rage the rein,
> And, at the bloody spear point headlong driven,
> Thy despot's† giant guards, fled the rack of heaven.‡

Chapter XXIV.

Although the stern discipline of Wellington would not permit him to *mention* the daring feat of gallantry performed by Norman Ramsay and his artillerymen, yet the same writer commemorates him in one of the notes to the same poem:—"In the severe action of Fuentes D'Onoro, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position. Captain Norman Ramsay (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman), who, putting himself at the head of his mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall on the French sabre in hand. This unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy." Napoleon was so disappointed with Messena's defeat that he superseded him by Marshal Marmont.

General Cameron was but slowly recovering from the effects of the injuries received at Talavera, and the accident at Busaco, when news of the death of his son reached him. This laid the afflicted veteran completely prostrate—the cup of sorrows was overflowing. Two of his sons had already fallen during the war, and he had also been previously deprived of his wife, who fell a sacrifice to the climate of Martinique. His third son, Nathaniel, was in command of the 2d battalion of the regiment, and his household now consisted of his two daughters. He must have found much comfort in the amount of consideration that was extended to him by the authorities on this occasion. Wellington's letter to him came with other official communications from the seat of war to Lord Bathurst (the Minister for War) and which his lordship forwarded, accompanied by a note expressive of sympathy with the melancholy nature of its intelligence. He also had numerous letters of condolence from other distinguished personages. But the burden of sorrow now uppermost with him was regret that he had survived Talavera, and so have not escaped this domestic and trying calamity.

Almeida having fallen to Wellington, the possession of Badajoz was the next object of that sagacious commander. To effect its capture Marshal Beresford was sent with a proportion of troops, and had com-

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* Messena. † Napoleon.

‡ Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the village of Fuentes D'Onoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, who raised a shriek of grief and rage; they charged with irrestible fury the French grenadiers, being a part of Napoleon's selected guard. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at the Colonel was bayoneted and pierced with wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders.—*Note to Don Roderick.*

menced operations in the usual way. On the 15th May a desperate engagement took place on the ridge of *Albuera* between Soult and himself. On the 19th Wellington arrived with fresh divisions, and the siege of Badajoz was resumed, but the French being reinforced to a disproportionate extent, it was abandoned after two unsuccessful attempts. The following months of the year were not distinguished by any action of much importance.

Chapter XXV.

Wellington opened the campaign this year (1812) with the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, after a fortnight's siege, and Badajoz shared the same fate shortly afterwards (April); but both victories were won only at the expense of thousands of lives.* General Hill had contributed much towards the fall of these fortresses by his operations on Almaraz.†

The next object of Wellington was to attack Marshal Marmont who was at Salamanca, but which he evacuated on the approach of the British. Wellington followed him, and both were desirous to occupy a certain position on the banks of the river Tonnes, during which a series of manœuvres occured, wherein the commanders displayed great skill. Both arrived at the same time. The French Marshal commenced the battle by a display of military tactics to enable him to turn the right of the allied army, through which his own ranks became extended and thus so weakened, that Wellington detecting the false movement ordered his divisions forward, and commenced the battle known as *Salamanca*. The French army was speedily broken, overpowered, and chased from the field. Wellington in his despatch calculated that their loss was not far short of 20,000 men, and adds that the whole of the French army would have been taken had there been an hour more of daylight.‡ The French were pursued to Valladolid, and hence Wellington advanced and took possession of Madrid, which, however, he abandoned for further conquests. He laid siege to the Castle of Burgos. The operations against it were delegated to the light companies of several regiments, including those of the 42d and 79th Highlanders, the whole being under the command of Major the Honourable Edward Cocks of the latter corps, by whom the attack on the advanced *fleches* was carried in a most gallant manner. Notwithstanding that a succession of assaults were continued against the Castle with the intrepidity of British soldiers, they were of no avail, principally through the absence of ordnance and a battering ram. The 79th lost Majors E. Cocks,§ Andrew Lawrie, and Lieut. Hugh Grant, and had five officers wounded, while the party of the 42d had three subalterns killed

* Among the many who distinguished themselves pre-eminently were two Inverness-shire gentlemen—viz., Colonel Elder (Skye) and Colonel Alexander Cameron (Lochaber), both of the Rifle Brigade.

† Colonel Cameron of Fassifern is mentioned in handsome terms by the General for his conduct in the affair.

‡ Colonel Robert Dick (of Tullymet, Perthshire), and the 42d Highlanders were among the distinguished at Salamanca. Sir Robert Dick was killed at the battle of Sobraon (India), 1846.

§ Wellington's letter of condolence to Lord Somers on the fall of his son (Major Cocks) in Gurwoods, No. 691.

and one volunteer officer wounded.* This heavy list of sufferers from *storming* will demonstrate that the failure was in no wise attributable to their exertions.

The British army, after withdrawing from before Burgos, fell back towards the frontiers of Portugal and went into winter quarters. In May (1813) Wellington entered Spain in three divisions, the centre being led by himself, the right by Sir Rowland Hill, and the left by Sir Thomas Graham. The advance was made in the direction of Valladolid, the French retreating till they took up a strong position in front of the town of *Vittoria*. On the 21st June a general action took place named after this place. Joseph (Napoleon's brother) commanded the French, having Marshal Jourdan as chief of his staff. Wellington also had his chiefs (Hill and Graham) with him. The battle was severe and lasted the whole of the day. The French ultimately gave way, were driven and pursued through the town, and for a considerable distance towards Pampluna. The whole of their artillery, baggage, ammunition, together with property valued at a million sterling was taken, and King Joseph himself was nearly seized by a squadron of the 10th Hussars. The Spanish and Portuguese troops, in company with their British allies, are reported to have engaged themselves with great enthusiasm in this battle. In Wellington's despatch only two regiments are mentioned (71st and 87th).† The rest are specified under their respective divisions. The victory of *Vittoria* brought Wellington the rank of Field Marshal.

Chapter XXVI.

Following the outline of the war from Vittoria, Wellington, taking advantage of that victory to effect his mission of expelling the invaders from the Peninsula, directed part of his army to force them through the defiles of the Pyrennees. For the defence of these passes Soult, equally determined for resistance, made extensive preparations. On a day in the last week of July, the opposing forces came in sight of each other, near the *Pass of Maza*, and the first British corps to come in contact with the enemy were the 71st and 92d Highlanders, both under the lead of the colonel of the latter. The French, to the number of four to one, advanced with their natural impetuosity against the pursuers, who were scarcely able to check such formidable columns. Notwithstanding the intrepidity with which the attacks were met, and the obstinate bravery with which every inch of ground was disputed, they were like to be borne down by the overwhelming power of the enemy; but being reinforced, the Highlanders eventu-

* In a novel entitled "Annals of the Black Watch," recently published, its writer attempts to produce a somewhat sensational but unworthy point by alleging that "while a volunteer officer of the 42d lay wounded two soldiers of the 79th were detected ransacking his pockets for their contents." The writer of the present memoir wrote remonstrating with the writer of the novel for the introduction of such a charge against the honour of brave men, and more especially so, when it was detailed with apparent circumstantial evidence, and particularising the No. of the corps. His reply was as unsatisfactory as it was laconic. Its extent was—"Be pleased to remember that my book is a novel!—J. G."

† Colonel Cadogan of the 71st was killed. Letter of condolence No. 784. The 87th Regiment secured the baton of King Joseph, which was sent to England with the dispatch, and its captor, Major Gough, was promoted. He was afterwards commander-in-chief of the Battle of Chillianwallach in India, for which victory he was created a peer as Viscount Gough.

ally maintained the position. The action now became general along the heights, nearly every regiment having had to charge with the bayonet. The 79th stationed in the valley of the *Lanz*, was also attacked by masses of the French, which they resisted with a stubbornness that defied defeat. The series of engagements which took place along these ranges are termed the "Battles of the Pyrennees," and, their result was the repulse of the French at all points. These were the first meetings of the 79th with the French under its new colonel (Neil Douglas), who commanded them in every subsequent action, including Waterloo, and whose gallantry throughout proved him worthy of the martial name he bore. Soult now retired behind the *Biddassoa* and afterwards to *Nivelle*. In the course of the following months (September and October) the two strong fortresses of St Sebastian and Pampluna were carried by assault. Wellington, now on the confines of French territory, after a halt of some few weeks, pushed on in pursuit of Soult, whom he overtook and fought at *Nivelle*. The firm line formed by the Cameron Highlanders when ascending a hill to meet the enemy at this battle excited the admiration of Sir Rowland Hill, who complimented Colonel Douglas on the steady advance of the regiment under fire.*

The whole Continent was again in arms against Napoleon. During his disastrous retreat from Moscow, a sentiment of national degradation impelled the people of Prussia to join in the coalition, to which succeeded the crowning battle (for Germany) of Leipsic. The British, under Sir John Hope, invested Bayonne, and Beresford was directed to occupy Bordeaux. Soult closely pressed, retired across the *Gave D'Oleron*, and subsequently retreated to *Toulouse*. Wellington following, found him posted on the right bank of the broad river Garonne which runs through it. Some days were occupied before the British army could be conveyed to the other side, and which was not finally accomplished till early on the 10th April (Easter Sunday), and on which day was fought the bloody battle that takes its name from that town, and resulted in the termination of the Peninsular War.† Out of the regiments of the Sixth Division Sir Denis Pack formed a Highland Brigade, which consisted of the 42d, 79th, and 91st Highlanders. That being so, and their deeds of that eventful day also having mainly contributed to its successful issue, it may be allowable that they should be recorded in this narrative.

(To be Continued).

* Captain Jamieson's Historical Records, page 41.

† In Mr Carter's "Curiosities of War" (1859), are enumerated the many important battles which have been fought on Sundays.

REMNANTS OF GAELIC POETRY.
No. II.

JOHN MACKENZIE, in his large and interesting compilation—"The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," has scarcely done justice to Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, in assigning so small a space to his poems. Altogether Mackenzie has only published four which he attributes to Mr Macpherson. The first of these, an elegy on Cluny Macpherson, the faithful friend and companion of Prince Charles Edward, he errs, we believe, in ascribing to Strathmashie. The reputed author of it was *Mac Dhonnchaidh*, a native of Badenoch, who composed several pieces of some poetical merit, one of them an elegy on Strathmashie himself. The style of the composition favours the traditional report as regards the authorship.

Besides the poems published in Mackenzie's collection, and three or four to which he refers in a foot-note, but which he has not published, there are several others of Mr Macpherson's compositions which have come down to us by oral recitation, some of them of considerable length, and all of them bearing the impress of genuine poetry. Among these is the one we now subjoin.

Loch Laggan was within a few miles of the poet's residence. That fine inland fresh-water lake had then, as it still has, abundance of natural wood growing on the adjacent hills along its sides, both north and south. Desirous to have a quantity of timber conveyed along the lake Macpherson employed men to construct a raft or float for the purpose. An untoward accident, connected with the preparation of the raft, gave occasion to the humorous poem, the contents of which are substantially as follows:—

The raft in course of being constructed, is suddenly driven away from the shore by a gust of wind, having one of Strathmashie's men upon it at the time. The poet, taken by surprise, endeavours to reach the raft, but is held back by Malcolm, one of his men, who dissuades him from the dangerous attempt, declaring that the loss of one man by drowning is quite enough. Another man asks for a horse that he may go out on the loch, having hold of the horse's tail, in pursuit of the mariner who is afloat. Malcolm, to whom application is made, refuses the loan of his horse, a piebald animal, for the proposed enterprise. The people residing in the neighbourhood having been apprised of the occurrence, some of them express their concern for him who is afloat; others imagining that a trading vessel had found its way to the lake, hope to be supplied with certain commodities of which they are in need. Towards the evening tradesmen, with a variety of tools in their possession, are employed to construct a sailing craft. On board of this vessel, which is not long in being finished, Murdoch and Allan Macdonald, two dauntless heroes, embark, who in a short space of time succeed in bringing to land in safety the mariner who was in danger. The poet, at a late hour of the night, repairs along with his men to a place of refreshment, in which he remains with his con-

gratulating company until the morning light puts him in mind of its being time for him to depart :—

O na 'n tilleadh
Mo robairneach gaolach,
Le 'bhirlinn bhig laghaich
A' dol air aghart 'n a aonar,
'G imeachd na linne
Gun iomairt gun aodach,
B' aighearach sinne
Na 'n tilleadh a' ghaoth e.

Dh' fhabh e uam, 's gu'm bu nar,
Ged bu teann air mo thaobh e,
Thainig Calum 's an am
'S an robh chlambraich 's a' ghaoir ann,
'S thuirt e, "Fhir tha dol dana
Teann a nall 's duine faoin thu,
Cha deic na tha baite,
Fag thall air a' chaol e."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thuirt an sgiobair, "Faigh each,
'S theid mi mach ann a ghaoisid,"
Dh' falbh an t-aon fhear bu tapaidh',
O na chaismeachd g' a fhaotainn,
Thubhairt Calum, "A bhraidein,
Tamh air d' ais cha teid taod ris,
Cha leig mis' an t-each breac ann,
Ged nach faicteadh a chaoidh e."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Bhuail suas air Loch Lagain,
Gu baganta cuanta,
Sgiobair og le luing chabar,
Taobhain fhad' agus cuaille,
A' reubadh luim fhairge nam bradan,
Gus am b' fhada leam uam e,
'S bu mhor m' eagal nach stadadh,
Aon ghad gun bhi tuainig.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Rainig mise 's an am,
Sgiobair ceann-dearg Aird Mheirgidh,
'S dh' fheuch mi 'n geur-fnoclaibh cainnt',
A bhrathair ceird' bhi 'n a eigin,
Thuirt e, "'M maraich a th' ann,
Cinnteach 's ainneart d' an geill e,
Bidh mo bhean-sa 'n a bantraich,
Mu'n caillear leis fhein e.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

"Mo chreach," arsa Muireach,
"An sgiobair bhi 'n cruadal,
B' eolach mise mu 'n duin' ud,
B' e 'n curaidh beag ruadh e,
Lamh stiùiridh a' bhàta,
Ann an gàirich nan stuadh e,
'Us mur faigh sinn a thearnadh,
'S mòr an call do 'n taobh tuath e."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thainig uachdaran chàich,
Thun a' gheafrd fo 'n cuid aitreibh,
Phill e 's thuirt e, "Fhlor ghràisg,
Faigheam gàir agus tlachd uaibh,
Tha long mhòr air an t-sàl,
'S i lom-làn do thombaca,
Thàinig cabhair an tràth,
O mo nàbaidh-se Lachlain."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

"Tha 'n tuath a tha thall ud,
Aig Alastair, seachdain,
Roimh an àm s' air an sgaradh,
Le gainne tombaca,
O nach faiceadh iad cailleach,
No ceannaiche paca,
'S ann a dh' fheumadh fear falamh,
Bhi 'g a fhalach 'g an seachnadh."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Ghlaodh iad uile gu h-àrd,
"Manadh bà agus capuill,
Air an fhear thug á cas sinn,
'N uair a bha sinn air acras,
Cinnteach gheibh sinn 's a' bhàta,
A bhàrr air tombaca,
Aim 'us biorsal 'us madar,
Thun an t-sràth tha gun tachras."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Bhuail iad sios mar luchd cogaidh,
Le sogan gun mhi-ghean,
Gu 'm bu dluith' iad na 'm bradan,
Thun a chladaich 'n an duibh-rith,
"C' uin' a chaidh tu air sàl?"
Arsa ceannard na buidhne,
Labhair Somhairle Bàn,
"Greas a nall 'us thoir dhuinn rud."
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Chuir mi nise gun dàil,
Croisean-tàraidh mu' n cuairt dhomh,
Dh' iarraidh shaor 'us luchd-ceird,
A dheanamh birlinn g' a fhuasgladh,
Thainig m' athair, mo mhàthair,
Mo bhean, mo chlann, 's mo chuid tuatha,
Agus coimhearsnaich chàirdeil,
O sud thall le 'n cuid thuagh oirnn.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Fear le tuagh, fear le tàl,
Fear le sabh, fear le locair,
Fear 'us tora 'n a làimh,
Fear 'us tearr ann am poit aig,
Fear 'us òrd ann a dhorn,
Fear ri còrdaibh gu snasail,
Chaidh sinn uile 'n deadh òrdugh,
'S iomadh sèol tha air fortan.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thòisich sinne gu h-ealamh,
Ro bharantach dìleas,
Chuala mìltean am farum,
Eadar Garaidh 's Loch Lìbhinn,
Chuir sinn crith air a' bhaile,
'S dona 's aithne dhomh 'innseadh,
'S ann a shaoil na bha 's talamh,
Gur canain a dh' inntrig.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Ge do thòisich sinn anmoch,
Cha bu chearbach ar gnothuch,
Rinn sinn ball a bhios ainmeil,
Ann an Albainn air feabhas,
Ged bu tolltach a h-earball,
'S ro mhaith dh' fhalbhadh i fodhainn,
'S fhiach i seachd ceud deug marg,
A dh' aon airgiod air domhain.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

An uair thàinig an oidhch'
Dh' fhalbh clainn 's mnathan tighe,
Dh' fhalbh am muillear gu h-oillteil,
B' fhearr nach cluinnteadh sud roimhe,
Theich Calum le sraonadh,
A chur na taoise dheth lamhaibh,
'S cha d'fhuirich de m' dhaoinibh,
Ach aon fhear 'g am fheitheamh.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Muireach 's Ailein Mac Dhòmhnuill,
Sud na seòid a bha tapaidh,
Leum iadsan air bòrd,
Sud am pòr nach robh gealtach,
Chuir iad aghaidh nan seòl,
Ri luing mhòir an tombaca,
'Us mu 'n cnagadh tu cnò,
Gu'n robh seòladair glacta.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Thainig ormsa gu tìr,
'S cha bu dìblidh r' am faicinn,
Triùir mharaichean mine,
Bheireadh sìth as an aisith,
Dh' fhàg sinn cabhlach na stri,
Ann an sineadh ri acair,
'S bhuail sinn thairis caol dìrbach,
Thun an spìscarnaich bhlasda.
O na 'n tilleadh, &c.

Mu mharbh mheadhan oidhch',
An uair shoillsich sinn solus,
Thàinig botul 'us truinnsear,
Caise cruinn agus bonnaich,
Theann sinn cridheil ri *dringim*,
'S fhada chluinnt' an comh-mholadh,
'S bhuail a' ghrian anns an druim mi,
Mu 'n do chuimhnich mi 'n dorus.
O na 'n tilleadh," &c.

"Aird Mheirgidh," above mentioned, is a small promontory in a most romantic locality on the south side of Loch Laggan. Her Majesty the Queen, and the late Prince Consort, resided in Ardverikie House upwards of twenty years ago, in the autumn season. Great social changes have taken place in the Badenoch district, as well as throughout the Highlands in general, within the present century. In Mr Macpherson's time a considerable population must have lived in the neighbourhood of Loch Laggan, as the ruins of the old church, and the contiguous burying-ground near the north-east end of the lake, still testify.

SEANACHAIDH.

LOCH SLOY!

It is the pibroch's strain,
Loud-rolling up the glen,
It sounds! It sounds amain,
Up! up Macfarlane men!

Come buckle your claymores and let us away,
Up! Up! 'tis the summons for fight,
No cowards are we, let us haste to the fray,
Wild-rushing with conquering might:
Ben Voirlich shall echo our slogan afar,
Ben Lomond shall trembling reply—
Macfarlanes are ever the children of war
Determined to conquer or die:
Hark! sounding aloud in the silence of night,
Our slogan rolls on in its terrible might,
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
Up! Up! ev'ry man, 'tis the music of death,
Our chieftain hath called, we must over the heath:

It is the pibroch's call,
Its war notes wildly stream,
See clansmen marching all!
See claymores flashing gleam!

As dark as the night clouds that sleep on Ben More,
As swift as the bound of a deer,
As fierce as the blast on Loch Lomond's lone shore,
Away through Glenfalloch we steer:
Our chieftain leads on o'er the moon-lighted path,
We follow his warrior tread,
Come foemen a thousand we reck not their wrath
While swung is his death-gleaming blade:
Hark! deep as the thunder that startles the earth,
Our voices as one the dread slogan give forth,
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
On! On! ev'ry man while the echoes peal far,
Our cry is to vanquish wherever we are:

It is the battle crash!
It is the shout of death!
It is one steely flash!
And then, a silent heath!

As shivered the crag 'neath the blue lightning's leap,
As withered the flow'r of the field,
As broken the reed 'neath the torrent's wild sweep,
The foe to the terror-shout yield:
Joy lights up the glance of our chieftain's dark eye,
As hushed is the clash of the fray,
Far over the heather the foemen swift fly,
And proudly he marks their dismay:
Hark! low booming still in each corrie and glen,
The slogan rolls on of victorious men;
Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!
Long, long may each heart ever beat to its charms,
Then, who can o'erthrow the Macfarlanes in arms?

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

OURSELVES.—Generally we are indisposed to publish anything laudatory of ourselves in our own columns. We had ample opportunities of doing so had our inclination been in that direction, for we have received such friendly, appreciative, and commendatory notices from the great majority of the home and foreign press as, we believe, no other such an humble venture ever secured. We begin, in consequence, to think that we actually deserve some, at least, of the laudations so lavishly heaped upon us, and beg to give the following as a fair specimen, from an independent source, and from a paper which cannot, as far as we know, be supposed to have any special sympathy for the *Celtic Magazine*, its promoters, or the views it advocates. The notice is from the *Glasgow Herald* of the 5th ult. :—"*The Celtic Magazine.*—Gaelic students—at least those of them who believe in the authenticity of Ossian—will be glad to have the concluding portion of Professor Blackie's paper—'Is the Gaelic "Ossian" a Translation from the English?' which opens the present number of *this excellent little magazine*. Originally read in a restricted form before the Royal Society of Edinburgh in the early part of this year, the article is the outcome of a 'continuous series of original observations' made by the Professor from his position as a philologer. The principal force of the article lies in the fact that the subject is treated 'systematically as a matter of business' from a philological point of view. Of the five practical tests by which the claim to originality is proved to belong to the Gaelic version, the concluding three are here treated with a lucid cogency from which we can see no escape. Alastair Og continues his 'Highland Ceilidh,' and gives a lengthy Ossianic poem from a MS. in the possession of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. The instalment of 'General Sir Alan Cameron' is full of interesting matter, which, however, appears to have been too severely compressed by the exigencies of space. Mr Allan is as indefatigably poetic as ever, and his 'Macleod's March' rings with genuine lyric enthusiasm. The other articles are short, characteristic, and interesting." We take the following from the *Bateman* of 29th July :—"*The Celtic Magazine* for August.—We are glad to see that the expectations formed regarding this magazine at its commencement are being fully realised. Besides containing many of the legendary and traditional tales concerning the Celts, which are of untold interest to all true Highlanders, the *Celtic Magazine* accomplishes a double and important purpose in ably advocating the claims of the Highlands and the Highland people, educationally and socially, as well as giving a valuable service to history in rescuing from oblivion many of the gallant and daring deeds performed by Highlanders, individually and collectively, as for instance in the European wars which marked the beginning of the present century, and in which they figured so conspicuously. We have repeatedly recommended this magazine to our Celtic readers, and we trust that those of them who have not yet seen it will make a point of doing so, as they will find in it matter which cannot fail to interest them."

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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TEACHING GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

By the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot.

It is remarkable how much opposition there is raised to people in the Highlands who speak the Gaelic language being taught to read it in the national schools. Were this opposition associated as in Russian Poland with ideas of disloyalty among the population speaking the national tongue, there would not be so much to surprise us in its existence. But seeing that in the Highlands the use of the Gaelic language is associated with the truest and warmest loyalty on the part of the people who speak it, it is difficult to account for the existence and, especially, for the intensity, of the feeling in many quarters. The existence of this feeling is, however, not confined to the Gaelic, but extends to all the Celtic tongues. There are still nearly one million of the Irish who speak the native tongue. There is no provision, so far as we have been able to discover, for teaching these people to read that tongue, in the schools supported by the State, and it is a rare thing to find a native Irishman who can read the Irish language with ease and accuracy. The same is true of the Welsh. No doubt the Welsh people can read the Welsh. The knowledge of it is universal—hence the number of newspapers, magazines, and books in the Welsh language. But no thanks are due for this to the national schools. It is all done, and done most efficiently, in the Sabbath schools of several denominations. In the national weekday schools the use of the Welsh is proscribed, and thus their influence is directed to its suppression. With what effect, let the universal prevalence of the language in North Wales testify. In France the same spirit of opposition is shewn towards the ancient language of Brittany, spoken by about one million people. In the public schools the teaching of it is forbidden, and few of those who speak it can read it. Under the government of the late Emperor, the proscription was most resolute. And yet the language lives, and flourishes. The priests favour it. The people themselves love it and cling to it as a relic of their nationality. Men cannot kill a language except by killing the people who use it. They may suffer it to die, but so long as they adhere to it no other earthly power can suppress it.

So is it with the Gaelic. There has been for long a prejudice on the part of other portions of the population against its use. They would put it down if they could. They are not satisfied with not teaching it, they would eradicate it. And yet how does the matter stand? It is still to

this day the language of 300,000 men, women, and children in the Highlands. And not only so, but it seems to be acquiring new life. A Highland woman said to the writer of this paper, not long ago, that she was teaching all her children to speak the Gaelic well, because the language was now looked upon with great respect.

But putting aside altogether the question of sentiment, the question arises, and must be settled one way or other, ought the people of the Highlands to be taught to read their own language? It is strange that there should be any difficulty in answering it. How would Englishmen look if the same question were put about them and their tongue?

For generations past the Gaelic language has been taught in the Highlands, in a large proportion of the schools. There were few sections of the country where the body of the people had not learned to read the Bible and the Psalm book in Gaelic, and even to repeat the questions of the Shorter Catechism. There was one society which directed its whole efforts to the teaching of Gaelic reading—the Edinburgh Gaelic School Society. It would be difficult to overestimate the service that Society has done to the people of the Highlands, especially the Western Highlands, and the day the Highlanders forget its services will be a day of declension among them. We cannot suppose that such a day has already appeared. The experience of the Gaelic School Society is of immense value, as furnishing sixty-five years evidence of the results of their teaching. That experience has impelled them, under a deep sense of duty, to bring the question of Gaelic teaching from their own standpoint before the Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council on Education. They have represented thoroughly to the Committee that it is essential to give the teaching of the vernacular a place in the Education Code, and that without this the education of the Highlands must necessarily be defective. The Committee have already made it lawful for the teachers to use Gaelic as a means of explaining English words. They have also appointed, in some cases, inspectors having the Gaelic language, but they have not given a place to the teaching of Gaelic as a branch of education, and do not in consequence pay the teacher for it. But they have issued a series of queries to School Boards throughout the Highlands with the view of eliciting their opinion on the desireableness of having Gaelic taught. This is an important step, and renders the present moment a critical one in connection with the whole question. Let Highland Boards give an unfavourable reply, as some of them have done already, and there will be no likelihood of the question being ever hopefully raised again before the Committee of the Privy Council. But let them give a favourable reply and there is a prospect of a satisfactory settlement of it being made. The whole matter then is at present, to a large extent, in the hands of Highland School Boards, and it is the duty of all interested in the subject to watch the proceedings of the Boards, and to bring all legitimate influence to bear on them in behalf of the object desired. It is impossible to secure this object without securing the sympathy and support of the Boards. Even were money furnished from private sources it would be impossible to apply it without their concurrence.

It is well that it should be distinctly understood what the friends of

this movement really desire. It is not that so much of the time of the pupil in the national school should be taken up with the teaching of Gaelic as to hinder his instruction in the other branches of a good elementary education. It is quite possible to raise a prejudice on that point, and the prejudice has been raised. Men are heard to say that the friends of Gaelic teaching are simply, for the sake of gratifying a mere foolish Highland sentiment, wanting to present a hindrance to the progress of the pupils in Highland schools. It is very probable that the parties who support the teaching of Gaelic have done tenfold more for the real education of Highland children than their opponents. But prejudice, however, must be nurtured, and the charge must consequently be made. But that is not the desire of the friends of Gaelic teaching. They speak and write in the interest of education so far as their knowledge and judgment guide them; and in that view what they desiderate is that a place be given to the teaching of Gaelic so long as it is the language of the people, and that no Gaelic-speaking child be suffered to leave school without being taught to read it. This could be secured without interfering, except in a beneficial way, with the teaching of English. It may be asserted, as proved by experience, that in the large majority of cases, the child which leaves a Highland school with the power to read Gaelic as well as English, will have a mind more thoroughly educated than that of the child which can read English alone. We demand, and we demand no more, of Highland School Boards, than that Highland children be taught to read the language which they speak. And we think that the demand is a reasonable one, and one that should not be resisted. It is pitiable to see worshippers in Highland congregations, who have no adequate knowledge of English, unable to read the text in the language which they understand.

It is an important question how the object is to be accomplished. For one thing it is clear, that nothing will be done efficiently in this or in any other branch of instruction, that is not paid for. If it is not to count for the teacher it is no cause of surprise if he, unless in the case of some enthusiast, refuse to undertake it. Nor is the teacher to be blamed. Why should he undertake what the nation has pronounced to be needless? In some form or other, Gaelic teaching, if it is to be, must be paid for. The Gaelic School Society have devised a scheme which they have brought under the notice of the Government; but they shall rejoice if a better plan for accomplishing the same object can be devised.

But in addition to that other payment arises the question of the teacher. Must Highland School Boards choose in every case Gaelic-speaking teachers? In the proposal submitted by the Gaelic School Society to Government, the difficulty arising here was attempted to be avoided. It was proposed that the teaching should be effected by means of a pupil teacher, or any other effective assistant where the master was unacquainted with the language himself, and that the necessary examinations might be secured by the inspector knowing Gaelic. The only thing of consequence is that the work should be done. No friend of Gaelic teaching will contend about the manner of doing it. At the same time it is just as well to say that every thing demands that Gaelic-speaking teachers should have the preference in Highland schools. Nor is there any reason

why they should not be equally qualified with teachers from the Lowlands. Far fowls are said to have fine feathers, and we do not know that the Highlands have gained in more things than one by the tendency to disparage what is their own, and to magnify what is imported. Some of the best pupils in our Normal Schools are drawn from the Highlands. And why should not the services of these be secured for Highland schools? They have immense advantages in dealing both with the Highland people and with Highland pupils. Not that an inferior man is to be employed, who will endanger the whole interests of education by his incapacity, but that taking all things together, the Gaelic-speaking man should be preferred among a Gaelic-speaking people.

It will be deeply interesting to observe how Highland School Boards will deal with the Government queries. It is useless to deny that the whole question is in their hands, and that thus Highlanders themselves are called upon to decide it, and it is to secure that all the School Boards give a ready, a favourable, and an emphatic answer that the friends of Gaelic teaching in National schools should direct their energies. Let it be borne in mind, in connection with the whole question, that no man is entitled to be called an educated man who cannot read the language which he speaks.

JAMES MACPHERSON, THE FAMOUS MUSICIAN AND FREEBOOTER.

THE story of James Macpherson is one which has induced much curiosity and inquiry, and short as the time is since he was done to death, shows how soon facts may become garbled and altered in complexion. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, makes Inverness the closing scene of the proceedings. That he was wrong is clearly shown by the the records of the Sheriff Court of Banff.

James Macpherson was the illegitimate son of Macpherson of Invereshie, by a beautiful gipsy girl who attracted his notice at a wedding.

He acknowledged the child and reared him in his own house until he lost his life in pursuing a hostile clan to recover a *spreach* of cattle taken from Badenoch.

Macpherson, who had grown in beauty, strength, and stature rarely equalled, then took his place in the clan, with the chief's blood flowing in his veins, as a young Highland freebooter, who in descending from the mountains

with his followers, believed he was only asserting the independence of his tribe, and when they harried the Lowlands was only taking a lawful prey. Such acts were not in the opinion of the "pretty men" of those times to be confounded with pitiful thieving and stealing, but considered as deeds of spirit and boldness calculated to make a man famous in his country side and among his fellows.

Macpherson excelled in love as in war, and was the best fiddle player and the best swordsman of his name. Tradition asserts that, if it must be owned that his prowess was debased by the exploits of a freebooter, no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or the distressed, and no murder were ever perpetrated under his command or by his knowledge.

His sword and shield are still preserved at Duff House, a residence of the Earl of Fife. The sword is one which none but a man of uncommon strength could wield. It is two-handed, six feet in length, and the blade nearly as broad as a common scythe. The shield is of wood covered with bull's hide and studded with brass nails, and is both hacked and perforated in many places, telling a tale of many a hard fought fight. Tradition also asserts that he often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve the poor, and that his followers were restrained from many atrocities of rapine by the awe of his mighty arm. Indeed, it is said that a dispute with a foiled and savage member of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman's house while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his first being betrayed within the power of the law. From this toil he escaped, to the vexation of the magistrates of Aberdeen, who bribed a girl of that city, of whom Macpherson was very fond, to allure and deliver him again into their hands under pretence of hearing his wonderful performances on the violin. No sooner did the frantic girl understand the true state of the case than she made known, through a tribe of gipsies, the chief of whom was Peter Brown, a notorious vagrant, the capture of Macpherson to his comrades, when his cousin, Donald Macpherson, a gentleman of herculean powers, came from Badenoch in order to join the gipsy, Brown, in liberating the prisoner. On a market day they brought several assistants, and swift horses were stationed at convenient distances. There was a platform before the jail covering the door below. Donald Macpherson and Peter Brown forced the jail, and while Peter Brown went to help the heavily fettered prisoner, James Macpherson, in moving away, Donald Macpherson guarded the jail door with a drawn sword. Many persons assembled at the market had experienced James Macpherson's humanity or had shared his bounty in the past, and they crowded round the jail as if in mere curiosity, but, in fact, to obstruct the civil authorities in their attempt to prevent a rescue. A butcher, however, was resolved to detain Macpherson, expecting a large recompense from the Magistrates. He sprung up the stairs and leaped from the platform upon Donald Macpherson, whom he dashed to the ground by the force and weight of his body. Donald soon resolved to make a desperate resistance, and the combatants in their struggle tore off each other's clothes. The butcher got a glimpse of his dog upon the platform and called him to his aid, but Macpherson with admirable presence of mind snatched up his

own plaid, which lay near, and threw it over the butcher, thus misleading the instinct of his canine adversary. The dog darted with fury upon the plaid and terribly lacerated his master's thigh. In the meantime James Macpherson had been carried out by Peter Brown and was soon joined by Donald Macpherson, who was quickly covered by some friendly spectators with a bonnet and greatcoat. The Magistrates ordered webs from the shops to be drawn across the Gallowgate, but Donald cut them with his sword, and James, the late prisoner, got off on horse back. Some time after he was brought into fatal companionship with gipsies, by the same power which led the old Grecian hero to change his club for a distaff. The Highlander fell in love with a gipsy girl, and with one companion, James Gordon, who eventually paid the penalty with him, he entered for a time into the roving company of the gipsy band. The Banffshire gentlemen, whom Macpherson had plundered of old, heard with delight that the most dreaded of their enemies had come almost unprotected into their boundaries. According to the evidence on the trial he seems to have joined the Gipsies on a rioting rather than on a plundering excursion in Keith market, when he fell into the hands of his watchful foes, the chief of whom was Duff of Braco. He was immediately thrown into prison and brought to trial with three persons, Peter Brown, Donald Brown, and James Gordon, his companions, indited by the Procurator Fiscal as "Egyptians or Gipsies, and vagabonds; and sorners, and robbers, and known habit and repute guilty of theft, masterful bangstree, riot, and oppression." When brought into Court at Banff the Laird of Grant attempted to rescue them from the claims of the law by asserting his right to try them as being dwellers within the regality of Grant, over which he had the power of pit and gallows. The Sheriff, Nicholas Dunbar of Castlefield, however overruled the claim, and sustaining himself as judge ordered a jury to try the prisoners on the next day. This was accordingly done, when they were found guilty and condemned, more apparently from a bad name, than from any immediate crimes of which they had been guilty. The Sheriff passing over the two Browns, the captain of the gipsy band and his brother, sentenced Macpherson and Gordon to death, causing them to be taken from the Court to the Tolbooth of Banff, from which eight days afterwards they were to be conveyed to the gallows hill of Banff, and hanged by the neck to the death on gibbets erected there. This hurried sentence shows the influence which the fear of Macpherson, or private enmity exercised over the minds of Dunbar, the Sheriff, and the jury, and hints at the influence exercised by Braco Duff upon Sheriff, Jury, and Magistrates, especially as the Browns, his companions, were not sentenced; in fact they lay in jail for a year, and afterwards made their escape from prison. Macpherson was an admirable performer on the violin, and the ardent love for music was a fit ingredient in the character of one who could so idly risk his life in the pursuit of romantic love. His musical talent was evinced long before his capture in the composition of a pibroch that goes by his name; and he is said also to have composed the words and music, which, in his last moments, he gave to the world under the name of "Macpherson's Farewell"—

My father was a gentleman
Of fame and lineage high,
Oh! mother, would you ne'er had born
A wretch so doomed to die!
But dantonly and wantonly
And rantonly I'll gae,
I'll play a tune and dance it roun'
Below the gallows tree.

The Laird o' Grant with power aboon
The royal majesty,
He pled fu' well for Peter Brown
But let Macpherson die.
But dantonly, &c.

But Braco Duff in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me;
If death did not arrest my course,
Avenged I should be.
But dantonly, &c.

I've led a life o' meikle strife,
Sweet peace ne'er smiled on me,
It grieves me sair that I maun gae
An' na avenged be.
But dantonly, &c.

The verses of the song above given represent him as a musician, and as determined to display, which he certainly did, a mood of recklessness such as the boldest felon seldom evinces when below the fatal tree. Burns on his tour through the Highlands, it is very probable learned both the air and the tradition connected with it, and it may be that while composing, what Lockhart calls a grand lyric, he had Macpherson's words in his mind. Burns has written:—

Sae rantonly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He played a spring and danced it round
Below the gallows tree.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife
I die by treacherie,
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky,
May coward shame disdain his name
The wretch that dares not die.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring and danced it round
Below the gallows tree.

On the eighth day after his trial he was brought with his companion, Gordon, to the foot of the fatal tree, several hours before the time specified in the sentence for his execution.

It is said that his death was hurried on by the Magistrates, and that they also caused the messenger intrusted with a reprieve to be stopped by the way, in consequence of which acts of injustice it is alleged the town of Banff was deprived of the power of trying and executing malefactors. When the freebooter came to the foot of the gallows tree in

presence of the spectators who had come to witness his untimely end, he played with the utmost pathos the fine tune, "Macpherson's Farewell,' which he had previously composed. When he had finished he asked if he had any friend in the crowd to whom a last gift of his violin would be acceptable on condition of his playing the same tune over his body at his lyke wake. No one had the hardihood to claim friendship with one in whose crimes the acknowledgement might imply a participation, and the freebooter saying that the instrument had been his solace in many a gloomy hour, and that it should now perish with him, broke it over his knee and scattering the fragments among the crowd, immediately flung himself off the ladder. Thus died James Macpherson, who, if he was a freebooter, possessed the heart of an errant knight. Donald Macpherson, his relative and friend, picked up the neck of the violin which is still preserved in the family of Cluny, Chief of the Macphersons. One thing is certain amid all the traditions which have come down regarding this bold and singular robber; his strength and stature far exceeded common men; and this was proved, when his grave was opened some years ago, by the examination of his bones.

TORQUIL.

Correspondence.

THE CYMRY IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

FETTERCAIRN, July 1876.

SIR,—In the June number of your Magazine, Dr Stratton endeavours to prove that the Picts were Celts; and in this month's number Mr Brockie tries to shew that they were Cymric or Welsh. That they were pure Gaelic Celts I am fully convinced, as three-fourths at least of the names of places, from the Frith of Forth to the Moray Firth are of Gaelic origin. To prove this let me give the etymology of a few of the names selected by Mr Brockie and traced by him to the Welsh. I shall confine myself to such as I have observed personally, knowing well that, without a topographical knowledge of places, it is impossible in many cases to do more than guess at the meaning of the names; and besides that, by far the greater majority of Celtic proper names are strikingly descriptive of the natural scenery and surroundings, and are by no means to be explained by incidental and unnatural connections and associations.

First, those in Angus:—Monikie (monadh an uige), the moor or hill of the hollow; Carmylie (caithir a mhaoilinn), the fort on the barehill. In its vicinity there is Carnegie, another British fort, so named from a neighbouring hollow. Lochlee (loch lithe), loch of the tinged water.

Tha lithe 'san t 'sruth (there is a freshet in the stream). We have Leith on the Forth and many other Leiths, as well as Drumlithie, Craigleith, &c. Also the rivers Lee in Ayrshire and in Cork, the Lea in Hertford, the Leven in Kinross and in Dumbarton, the Lyon (liobhainn) in Perthshire, and the French town of Lyons on the Rhone, with many others. Arbirlot (aber-elliot), Arb for Aber, as Arbroath for Aberbrothock; Elliot (eilach), confined stream as of a mill race. Pittandriech (pit an druidhnich), the Druids' hole or sheltered hollow. This locality, in the Parish of Brechin, has furnished Druidical and other ancient remains.

Those in Kincardineshire:—Durris (doire ais), wooded height, or (doire easan) the wood by the waterfalls; Cairnmonearn (carn monadh Bheirinn), the high pile of the Mearns moor or hills. This etymon, which has just occurred to me may be incorrect, but being struck with its significance and probable historical connection, I should like in a future paper to return to the subject. Banchory-Ternan and Banchory-Devenick (bun or ban choire, &c), the foot of, or the fair retreats of St Ternan and St Devenick. The latter flourished about 887 A.D. Fettercairn (leitir or leth tir a chuirn), the side of the valley (How of the Mearns) under the cairn or mouth over which there is a pass to Deeside; Leitir meaning a sheltered side or spot, is used as a common term, and in conjunction with proper names, as Letterfinlay, Coilletter, &c. In this north-eastern district we have also by the change of the initial letter, Fetteresso, Fetterangus, Fetternear, &c. Gannochy (ganraich dhu), dark place of noisy waters, as descriptive of the deep and narrow gorge of the North Esk. Fordoun (farr dhun), the prominent or detached hill, at the end of which the village stands; Drumtochty (druim an t 'slochd dhuibh), the ridge of the dark ravine. The "Slack of Birnie" and other deep ravines are contiguous. Balmakewan (bail-na-cumhainn), the home on the narrow ground, or point at the confluence of the Luther and North Esk.

In Aberdeenshire:—Kintore (ceann-torr), the end of the hill; Ballater (bail-leitir), the town of the country side; or (beul-leitir), the mouth of the narrow pass leading upward from the same; Mormond (mor-mhonadh), the high hill, which though comparatively low, forms the chief landmark of Buchan; Rosehearty (ros-aird-dhuibh), the promontory of the black height.

By making room for the above in your esteemed publication, you will much oblige.—Yours, &c.

A. C. CAMERON.

[NOTE.—Another Letter to the Editor will be found on page 394.]

THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.

Part Second.

To Dr Waddell's letter in Part I. of this correspondence which appeared in our last issue, Mr Hector Maclean replies:—

As Celtic philologists, by which, I presume, Dr Waddell means Highland philologists are "provokingly unreliable," the best thing he can do is to go to the Celtic philologists of Ireland and Germany, and to view the Highland ones from the standpoint of the latter. I am not aware that M'Kinnon contradicts M'Lauchlan, but he contradicts Dr Johnson indirectly, affirming what the latter does not deny; who admits, as may be seen from Boswell's account of his tour in the Hebrides, that there are old songs handed down traditionally in the Highlands; and old stories, such as those of Robin Hood, and Jack-the-Giant-killer. Dr Johnson denied that there were any originals to be found for Macpherson's English Ossian; and the passage to which Dr M'Kinnon refers I have quoted, I believe, correctly from the book along with Dr M'Lauchlan's translation, which no one, so far as I know, has disputed. The passage, as Dr Waddell can see, does not in the least support Macpherson, but rather confirms the views entertained by Dr Johnson. As the book is now before the public, it can be easily understood what Dr M'Kinnon meant by good Gaelic—viz., that good Gaelic and good Irish were identical; and, assuredly, Macpherson's Gaelic Ossian is not good Irish.

I have shown conclusively that there is no positive evidence to prove that any originals for Macpherson's English ever existed in the Highlands, and that there is none to prove that the traditional poems now extant, and collected at various periods, are spurious variants of more ancient poems, of which Macpherson's English Ossianic poems are translations. There is a reference in Dr Waddell's book to the Rev. William Shaw, native of Arran, who wrote a dictionary and grammar of the Gaelic language. He wrote also a pamphlet on the genuineness of the poem ascribed to Ossian, in which he denies the genuineness, and asserts that whatever poems Ossian wrote died with himself. This pamphlet* is become very scarce now, and Dr Waddell ought to read it, if it is anywhere to be found. I read it upwards of forty years ago, and thought it very able.

I beg to tell Dr Waddell that I have not said that any illiterate Highlander could have informed him on the subject of so many "false and foolish etymological derivations in support of his theory of Ossian," but that any illiterate Highlander could explain to him the name of Loch Fyne. I translate *Loch-fiona*, not the English modification of it, Loch Fyne, the Wine Loch, and I do so because I have always heard Highlanders call it *Loch-fiona* (Loch of Wine); but I could not honestly prefer "White Loch," because I heard it called *Loch Fionn*, the corresponding Gaelic name. In a Gaelic song, older than the Battle of Flodden, composed to Colin, Earl of Argyll, the O'Duibhne Chief is called "*Righ Loch fiona*," King of Wine Loch. Dr Waddell says that had he so explained it, he would be laughed at for his ingenuity by all sober persons. Perhaps he would; and by those who were not inclined to be sober a great deal more! I must say, however, that I believe that it was called *Loch-fiona*, because the quantity of wine imported to Inverara was on a larger scale than was the case with other places farther on the Highland coast, just because the Earls of Argyll were wealthier and more powerful than the neighbouring chiefs; for probably some of them were

* We have this Pamphlet now before us, along with John Clark's (Translator of the Caledonian Bards) masterly and crushing reply.—[Ed. *C. M.*]

not so abstemious as the *Mac Cailein Mor* of our day. If Dr Waddell can prove from facts that *Loch-fiona* is a corruption of *Loch-fionn*, and that we have got Wine Loch from White Loch, he will, certainly, both amuse and enlighten the public, for then *Loch-fiona*, or Loch Fyne, may be classed with such names as Gracechurch Street, Deadman's Place, Cannon Street, Tripe Court, and Leadenhall, which are corruptions of Grasschurch Street, Desmond Place, Candlewick Street, Strype's Court, and Leather Hall.

With regard to the three words Dumfin, Tomfin, and Finnich, I deny that I am wrong. Dr Waddell speaks of our lexicons and vocabularies. These were good in their day, but so much light has been thrown upon the Celtic languages of late years that the most of them are not reliable. So far as primary principles are concerned, O'Reilly's dictionary is now rejected by the best Irish scholars; and the best Welsh scholars treat Pugh's in the same manner. I refer Dr Waddell to the Irish-English dictionary in Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, an authority which still holds its ground. There he will find "dun and dunna, a fort;" "dunam, to shut;" more literally, "I shut;" "dunadh, an house an habitation;" "dunadh, a camp." A comparison of these words show clearly that the radical part, *dun*, means to "shut" or enclose;" so when *dun*, or its modification *dum*, happens to be the first part of the name of a hill or mountain, it implies there is, or that there was an encampment or fortification on it. Dr Waddell informs us that the people of the place pronounce "Tomfin" more like "Tamfin." Tamfin as a contraction *Tuaim-fionn*, "fair mound," is perfectly transparent. In this case Dr Waddell's ear is better than the Gaelic authorities which he has consulted, and that define "Tom" a round hillock, an artificial mound. According to the authority quoted already, "Tuaim" is *a dyke, a moat*, and "Tom" is *a place full of Bushes*. With regard to Finnich, it cannot be resolved into any Gaelic words meaning ford or lake. *Nigh*, is to wash; from which *nigheadh*, washing. *Aite nighidh*, means washing-place; but *Fionn nigheadh* denotes white washing. *Ath* is a ford; but there is an obsolete word, *oiche*, which means water. Were we to suppose that the suffix *ich* is from this word, then Finnich would signify water; since *fionn* means "clear" when applied to streams or lakes. It appears to me, however, more probable that it is applied to the plain described by Dr Waddell in the following passage:—"To Finnich and to Finnich haugh, a grassy plain among the moors, on the very banks of the Carron, but across the stream." *Fionnachadh*, "fair field," would be applicable to such a field from contrast.

Dr Waddell remarks, in regard to the names quoted by me from "Ossian and the Clyde," in which the syllable *Fin* is to be found, and which he believes to mean "Fingal," in reference to the places named, that it is all dark moorland, or gloomy wood, or dismal whinstone. Now, I rather doubt that Dr Waddell has minutely examined the landscape, for *fionn* is applied to places where the amount of white, greyish white, or whitish grey is inconsiderable, and even to places where green grassy plots appear among black heather. *Bàn* is used in a less extended sense, and requires that the white should preponderate. So far as I examined localities, I have found this to be the case. At the Sound of Islay, about a couple of miles from me, *Traigh bhàn*, "White Strand," a beautiful white beach and near it is Fionnphort, white or fair port, so called from the greyish white rocks that peer up, here and there, through a dark surface; about a quarter of a mile from me is *Creagh Bhàn*, white rock, covered over with white lichens, and on the north-west of Islay is Fionn-traigh, fair strand, which has a piebald appearance from the masses of black seaweed that are scattered through the white sand. Finlagan, "fair hollow," about a mile off, is so named from the patches of faded white meadow grass that abound there. Killin, of which Dr Waddell speaks so much, is simply white church, *Cill-fhionn*; the silent *fh* represented

by *in*, points to the gender of *Cill*, which is feminine. The heap of meadow grass and the grey headstone may, perhaps, explain why it is so called.

I have not said that Dr Waddell has identified any place mentioned in Macpherson's Ossian. I am convinced that no one has, or can identify them; for like all men of genius Macpherson created but did not copy. It is as an artist that he is true to nature. Macpherson's places and characters may bear a resemblance to characters or places that he knew from observation or from hearsay, but his characters had never any real individual existence, and all his places belong to his own ideal world. He modified or invented names to suit his purpose, and whatever poems or stories came in his way he used as material. With regard to Norse ballads or stories, that is by no means essential to the present argument. It is enough to know that such material was to be had. A smuggling trade was carried on between the Highlands and the Faroes in Macpherson's own time, to which reference is made by a Highland comic poet, who was nearly cantemporary with Macpherson, in a satirical song called "John Roy's Resurrection." The use that was made of the timber and nails that were to make John's coffin is told in the following lines :—

As we have got timber sawn,
And that the blacksmith has made nails,
We'll build a boat, and off we'll sail
To Faroe for good brandy.

In the southern Highlands a similar trade was carried on with the Isle of Man. The following is a translation of a couplet of a song composed to Port-na-haven, a fishing village in the south-west of Islay, some eighty years ago :—

Port-na-haven goes on grandly
With fine rum and Manks brandy.

These Highland seafaring smugglers no doubt spun long yarns about the wonders they had seen ; and that was quite sufficient for any resemblance, that any descriptions in Macpherson's English Ossian bears to anything Norse, Manks, or Gallowegian. Can Dr Waddell prove that Macpherson never met with any of them or never listened to their tales ?

Dr Waddell speaks of the romance of "Dermont and Grania" as very incoherent, incredible, outrageous and often indecent rubbish ; and remarks —"Fingal, in the meantime, however, being transformed into a blood-thirsty besotted monster, Roscrana into a shameless trolloping quean, and Ossian into a fool." This description that Dr Waddell gives of the romance of Dermont and Grania is rather evidence in favour of the antiquity of the romance. What accounts have we of Indian, Greek, and Roman gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines ? Is not the same description applicable to them ? According to Julius Cæsar, in the fifth book of his commentaries, fathers, sons, and brothers had wives in common in Britain. Aelian tells us that the Caledonians had women in common, some classical authors state that there were cannibal tribes in North Britain ; bloodthirsty Fingals and rollicking Roscranas were, therefore, according to classical writers, numerous in those days ! Gaelic tradition, classical history, and ethnological researches converge to one point as regards the morals and manners of ancient Britons ; and the sum of this cumulative evidence justifies us in inferring that those were diametrically opposite to the morals and manners of Macpherson's heroes and heroines.

According to Dr Waddell, Ossian of the third century is not a myth, and Macpherson of 1762 was not a deceiver, because Miss Mary Wilson, of Ballymoney, has written some beautiful English lines, which do not resemble the poems of Ossian at all, and which were reprinted from the *Dublin Uni-*

versity Magazine by the *Coleraine Chronicle*, of May 13, 1876. Geologically, Ossian is authentic because of various beaches; philologically he is so, because all things "fair" take their names from *Fionn*, who was so named because he was "fair." Ossian may mean "corner," therefore all corners prove the authenticity of Ossian's poems.

I should be extremely sorry were it to be thought that I had an entirely unfavourable opinion of Dr Waddell's book. Quite the contrary. His book abounds in much valuable information, and his criticism of Macpherson's Ossianic poems is truly good. I deeply regret that a gentleman of so much superior learning and ability should be carried off by such a dreamy and untenable theory. It is much to be deplored that shallow and erroneous criticism has helped, to a great extent, to consign such noble prose poems almost to oblivion. Dr Waddell, certainly, shows that he thoroughly feels the beauty and sublimity that abound in these works of genius. Those who have not yet read them, but have taken it for granted, from the unfavourable opinions of prejediced critics, that they contain nothing but bombast and morbid sentiment, should do well to look through the pages of Dr Waddell's "Ossian and the Clyde," where they will find such able exposition of those poems, and such elucidation of their superior merits as are sure to divest them of the false impressions received from the denunciation of writers of great repute, whose peculiar mental constitution hindered them from perceiving or appreciating the merit of these writings. Like the alchemists of old, Dr Waddell has not succeeded in making those discoveries at which he aimed, for the same reasons that the former did not succeed, because such discoveries were impossible; but as those enthusiasts helped greatly to advance physical science, although they discovered neither the philosopher's stone nor the *elixir vitae*, so, it is to be hoped, Dr Waddell, although he has failed to prove that a Highland Ossian of the third century composed poems, which were the originals of Macpherson's Ossian, has helped materially to make the latter more read than it is at present, as it truly deserves to be.—I am, yours truly,

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Islay.

Dr Waddell replies in the following letter:—

If I had not heard of Mr Maclean as an honourable and accomplished controversialist, his letter of the 5th inst. would have given me a very different idea of him. Having read it carefully twice over—which is, perhaps, a greater amount of attention than it deserves—the result of that perusal has been to satisfy me that what is not altogether irrelevant in it is either self-contradictory or evasive; I might use a stronger word, and say disingenuous, but for the present I restrict myself to the mildest form of condemnation in that respect consistent with the interests of truth. Ignoring in the meantime what is purely irrelevant, which is nearly one-third of the entire communication, I must trespass on your space so far as to give a specimen or two of the self-contradictions and evasions which characterise the remainder. Thus, for example:—

1. In my former reply to Mr Maclean I complained with reason of the incessant contradictions among Celtic philologists in their own science, which Mr Maclean says he is not aware of; yet, in the same breath, with almost incredible simplicity, he informs your readers that there is not a single authority in Gaelic now worth looking at but Lhuyd's Irish-English dictionary in the *Archæologia Britannica*; ignoring thus, as coolly as if they never had been written, not only Pugh's and O'Reilly's, but such other works as the Highland Society's magnificent Dictionary—edited successively, I believe, by Dr Mackay, Dr Macleod, Dr Dewar, and others, and confessedly

one of the finest works of its sort in modern lexicography. All these have disappeared, swallowed up by one another, and Lhuyd alone survives; yet, in all this there is no contradiction! But Lhuyd's own day is coming. In due time Mackinnon, or Maclauchlan, or the "illiterate Highlander," or the new Professor will get hold of him, and then— Indeed, some sanitary provision of this sort seems to be already in Mr Maclean's mind, for he seriously suggests that I should consult the Rev. Mr Shaw's remains, who was a native of Arran, and who wrote a dictionary and grammar of the Gaelic language; whose name also happens to be incidentally mentioned in my own work, and who, if Lhuyd goes down, will likely be triumphant. Of Lhuyd I know little, although I have once quoted from his text; but of Shaw and his literary performances I know rather more, perhaps, than Mr Maclean will relish; and it is unfortunate for Lhuyd that their names should be thus associated together, but the fault is not mine. Shaw, then, who was a native of Arran—born, indeed, on the very spot where Ossian died—pretended to have some infinite discriminating knowledge of Gaelic, both Scotch and Irish, and wrote a grammar on the subject, which proved, however, to be principally a theft, for which he was deservedly exposed as an impostor. Shaw espoused the cause of Ossian when it was popular, and wrote enthusiastically in favour of its authenticity; but Shaw projected also a Gaelic dictionary, for which he required the patronage of Dr Johnson; Shaw therefore abandoned the cause of Ossian, and with multiplied falsehoods denounced its authenticity. Shaw in the meantime adopted the clerical profession, and got himself foisted into some charge, for which he had neither moral nor intellectual qualifications; and finally, Shaw, having possessed himself, on false pretences, of certain valuable literary documents touching the Ossianic controversy, made dishonourable use of them, and when detected in the act swore himself out of the scandal. In short, Shaw seems to have been one of the most superficial, shameless, time-serving, lying scoundrels that ever put pen to paper; but he served Dr Johnson's purpose all the more effectually by such qualifications, as against Macpherson; and if his authority, after this exposure, is of the slightest use to Mr Maclean, I make him welcome to it a thousand times with the profoundest congratulations.

2. As to the list of local designations in dispute between us—what I say, for instance, is that *nich* or *nigh* is washing or a washing-place, not a field, and must therefore imply a lake or the ford of a river—which, in point of fact, it does; what the Highland Society's dictionary says is the same, and Mr Maclean himself now says the same—with an if. Again, what I say is that *Tom* or *taim* is a mount or mound, and not a bush; what the Highland Society's dictionary says is the same, and Mr Maclean himself now says the same—with another if, because he dared not say otherwise; and so on. What the "illiterate Highlander" would say I do not know, but the point on which we are chiefly at issue is the sense of the prefix or affix *Fin* in such words, which Mr Maclean persists in translating by white, in direct contradiction both of fact and tradition; and which I translate by Fingal, in manifest harmony with both. Mr Maclean, of course, is determined to maintain this translation of his at all hazards, although he should be under the literal necessity of maintaining that black was white, in so doing. But to put this matter, as I hope, beyond further controversy with reasonable readers, I shall specify another fact which I think should be conclusive. In the region to which I refer, and where these words are found, that is from the Campsie range south-eastward to the Clyde, we have consecutively—

Finglen, Torfin, Tomfin, Carfin,
Torban, Banton, Bankier, and Bantaskine.

Why, then, should these two distinctive syllables—*fin* on the one hand and *ban* on the other—be interchanged after this unquestionable fashion, at the same

time and in the same place, if they both signified the same thing? The only rational explanation of their interchange in such circumstances is, that they do *not* signify the same thing; and the people of this region, learned and unlearned, from time immemorial—long before Mr Maclean was born, or Macpherson either—maintain that view of it. *Fin* with them was a giant, and *ban* with them, and *ban* alone, was white. As for Lochfyne, I have the same sort of authority, both in fact and in tradition, to support me, and decline to attach any such ridiculous signification to the name as Mr Maclean and his "illiterate" think proper to suggest.

And now, as to what I am under the painful necessity of calling deliberate evasions—

1. In respect to Iceland and the Orkneys, which I haye identified with Inisthona and Carricthura, I called on Mr Maclean, if he knew anything corresponding in Icelandic, Norse, or Irish, to produce it. In reply, Mr Maclean rehearses a line or two of some drunken doggerel about smuggled cargoes of rum and brandy, and asks whether Macpherson had never read these or the like? Whether he had or not, is not the question. The question is whether such stuff could by human possibility be converted into the *War of Inisthona* or the *Siege of Carricthura*—above all, by a man who did not know where to locate them? Nobody, in his conscience, knows better than Mr Maclean the impossibility of this; and if there was a single line in such rubbish to justify the supposition, he would be the first to quote it.

2. He chooses, with rather questionable taste, I think, to represent my faith in Ossian as founded partly on the fact that a lady in Ireland* "has written some beautiful English lines which do not"—he says—"resemble the poems of Ossian at all." As the lines in question appeared in your columns, where I first saw them, only a few weeks ago, and as my own work was published more than a twelvemonth before, any such conclusion, he must be well aware, is absurd; and his own good taste might have prevented such an allusion. I do not believe in Ossian because a modern lyrist writes a pathetic Irish lament; but I believe in the writer's poetic gift, because the lament she has written *does* resemble Ossian, whatever Mr Maclean may say to the contrary; and I hope the young lady will accept this acknowledgment at my hands, as some apology for the re-introduction of the subject.

3. He asserts, as if I had said it, that because Ossian may mean the corner, therefore I hold philologically that every corner in the Island will prove the authenticity of Ossian! I never said or suggested such a thing, except in ridicule. What I did say was that, as Mr Maclean gives us no fewer than seven different styles of spelling for Ossian's name, he should both specify the proper one and explain the meaning of the name itself; which Mr Maclean, however, sagaciously declines to do.

4. And finally, for present quotation, he represents me as maintaining "geologically, that Ossian is authentic because of various beaches"—by which he means various levels of the beaches, or rather of the sea upon the beaches.—Certainly, I do; because it is only from Ossian that the date of such levels can be ascertained. But Mr Maclean forgets to state what such levels on the coast imply, and that I am the only writer hitherto who has ascertained them. These levels imply that the Clyde was a fiord to Ruther-glen or Bothwell, and that all confluents of the Clyde were corresponding fiords; that the Rhinns of Galloway in Scotland, and that Isle Maghee in your own neighbourhood, were literally islands; and that Loch Fyne was a navigable arm of the sea from Arran to Morveni—n the third century of the Christian era. Macpherson, who is alleged to have fabricated all this, did not even understand it; Johnson, Pinkerton, and Laing did not see it;

* Miss Mary Wilson of Ballymoney.

Smith of Jordan Hill, Hugh Miller, Murchison, and Lyell did not recognise it; yet all this, and much more of the same sort, has been proved by me to demonstration from the text of Ossian alone within the last twelvemonth, and proof to this effect is every day accumulating. No wonder, therefore, that I should believe in Ossian both geologically and philologically, and should claim, in some degree at least, to understand his poems.

In conclusion, I should have to thank Mr Maclean for the compliment he addresses to me at the end of his letter, for having afforded "such an able exposition of these poems, and such elucidation of their superior merits," &c.,—but as that compliment is founded on the supposition that the poems themselves are a series of prodigious falsehoods, I have some scruples of conscience as an honest man about accepting it. I shall accept, however, the will for the deed, and shall not trouble Mr Maclean any further on the subject. But I am not quite done with the subject itself; and with your permission, Mr Editor, shall forward you one other communication in connection with it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

P. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow.

BALCLUTHA'S DOOM.

"ALL IS DESOLATE!"

—o—

Balclutha's dark-haired daughters danced by Clutha's peaceful stream,
Far rose their merry shout of joy and mirthful maiden scream,
Reuthamir's grey-haired harper swept his chords with youth's delight,
While round him stalwart warriors sat and crooned their songs of fight:

On sped the dance of innocence and evening's pleasures sweet,
Flow'rs laughed beneath the tender kiss of nimble maiden feet;
Dark Clutha ceased awhile its lay, and slowly swept along,
Nor rose the evening chant of bird to mar the jocund throng:

Reuthamir lonely, heard their shouts, and sadness dimmed his eye,
As darkling rose the sorrow clouds of distant years of joy,
Why trembles he as ring their cries? Why fall his burning tears?
The echo of a dead love's voice he weirdly sounding hears:

Why sinks the sun so red to-night? blood streaks his western path,
Why lour the clouds with angry brows of fire-descending wrath?
Wolves yell not in the forest on their hungry trails of death,
Nor hunter's shout is heard to break the wind's portentous breath:

The dance and song had ceased as crept night's shadows down the vales,
Grim warriors sat around the hearth, but hummed no battle tales!
Strange silence reigned amid them when, loud pealing through the hall,
Reuthamir's studded shield and sword fell from the trophied wall:

With frenzied eye and pallid cheek the startled warriors leapt,
While o'er each heart a deep'ning chill of sudden terror crept,
Nor dared they e'en to lift again the deedful weapons bright,
That dimly flung with scornful gleam the embers' waning light

No battle shock or bloody strife Reuthamir's warriors quailed,
Smart conquerors they backward hurled Italia's legions mailed,
Some mighty deed by sword or spear each could rejoicing tell,
Yet sunk their valour and their strength beneath the omen's spell:

Ere died the baleful sound away with tremor burdened breast,
Each sought his heather-covered couch and laid him down to rest,
Some slumbered with their sword in hand, some fearful visions saw,
And half arose in haggard fear and agony of awe:

Why start the stag hounds at the sound? why rise their fitful growls?
Why gaze they to the oaken roof and pour their piteous howls?
Dim-gliding near they see descend a form of times of old,
Then wildly high their ling'ring yells in shudd'ring echoes rolled:

Fair Moina's voice spake gently from the heroes' cloudy land,
Reuthamir's clammy brow e'en felt the softness of her hand,
One icy kiss fell on his cheek, then rose a hollow sigh,
As passed her dim mysterious form in solemn sadness bye:

"Reuthamir Come!" wailed from a voice in tearful tones of love,
Fond uttered by a thousand tongues in airy realms above,
In agony he quiv'ring knelt and marked amid the gloom
Pale hands of warriors outstretched to ward a coming doom:

As fade the valley'd mists of night before the eye of day,
Back to their spheres unknown, the Shades in whispers passed away,
With stricken heart Reuthamir rose, then feebly tott'ring reeled,
And fell, to wildly clasp his sword and kiss his dented shield:

His grey hair swept his doughty blade, his tears bedewed the shield,
The battle deeds of fifty years before him were revealed;
His days of old renown and love, in hallowed shadows crept,
Till 'neath the rush of memories the anguished warrior slept:

Night from her darkest cave stalked on, strange sounds hung in the air,
Dark Clutha's song seemed rolling from the bosom of despair,
As stood a haughty warrior, or wave-defying rock,
Balcutha's towers loomed heedless to the dire-impending shock:

As when a chieftain's shout is heard ere rolls the battle fray,
Or as the sound of rising waves in some rock-girded bay.
So pealed the distant sullen tones of heaven's vast gath'ring breath,
And lower drooped the lab'ring clouds o'er forest and o'er heath:

Stars fled into the womb of space! the moon untimely died,
Heaven's deep unutterable gloom low hung on every side;
Weird whisperings of wrath arose on every fiftful blast,
Oaks quivering bowed their leafy heads in terror as they passed:

Lo! from the clouds, dark thunder-throned the monarch of the storm,
Came forth and o'er the trembling hills his red terrific form [sprung,
Far stretched, while from his angry hands heaven's living lightnings
That swept in awful majesty the startled earth along:

Pale sat the spirits of the brave on every ridgy cloud,
And shrieked with dread, yea wept with fear, when burst his voice aloud;

Green Crathmo's hills shook at the shout, and Clutha hissing fled,
Then backward rushed in surges wild along its rocky bed:

Far o'er its bosom tongues of fire illumed each foamy crest,
And lit with an unearthly glow the mountains of the west,
That loomed afar as giants grim in lurid armour garbed,
Scorning the battle wrath of heaven, or arrows thunder-barbed:

Swifter and brighter flew each flash till all the vault of Heav'n
Seethed with the tempest anarchy of rolling clouds fire-riv'n;
Deeper and louder burst each tone, reverberating far
Destruction's awe-inspiring sounds of god-directed war:

Fierce as an army's battle rush 'neath vict'ry's smiling face,
So rushed the angry thunder king athwart the shivered space,
So furious flew his darts of rage, so rung his baffled wrath,
That loudly, distant, hovered round his all infinite path:

Far o'er the mountains rose his shouts, fainter each flash he threw,
Evanishing in haughty ire to battlefields anew,
As when a heart unfettered is from woe's encircling fears,
So burst the o'erfraught clouds amain in joy's relieving tears:

Balclutha's maidens trembling clung to startled warriors pale,
Nor slept they while the thunder dance of terror did prevail,
Wild throbbed each heart elate as died the voice of Heav'n away,
And silently all slumber sought as dawned the coming day:

Reuthamir dreamful, slumbered on, while pealed the mighty blast,
Childhood and days of youth's renown before him brightly pass'd,
Love's happy hours again he saw, he saw a blushing bride,
A fair-haired daughter he beheld in all her virgin pride:

He saw the grey stones reared above a daughter's lonely grave!
He saw the Clutha rolling on, he heard the low winds rave!
He saw war's lurid fields again, he led his warriors on!
He heard the ringing clash of steel! he heard the wounded groan:

He heard a voice, "Reuthamir Come!" then burst the vision's bands!
Up! up he sprang and grasped his sword and shield with deedful hands;
On to the ramparts swift he rushed and through the dawn's dim grey,
Morven's mailed warriors he saw in panoplied array:

"Ho! meteors of the forest dark! sons of the western heath,
Come ye to quaff the shell of peace! Come ye on wings of death!"
Swift sped a feathered messenger which war's dread answer flung,
And struck Reuthamir's forward shield that long and shrilly rung:

"Ho! Children Ho! Ho! Warriors Ho! up from your slumbers deep,
Arouse! behold around our towers night's wand'ring warriors leap,
Up! Up! the conquering Comhal comes! Grasp now your swords and spears,
Their vengeful shouts of blood arise, Death on their path careers:"

"Arouse! Balclutha's sons arouse! Arm! Arm!" Reuthamir cries,
"The faggot's flame around our halls leaps to the morning skies, [fire!
Hark! Hark! our gates yield to their brands, They come! Their wrath is
We'll drive them back or gloriously as warriors expire."

Steel crashed on steel, man fell on man, fierce raged the battle din,
Matrons' and maidens' shrieks arose the lordless halls within,
Nor ceased the bloody strife nor failed Reuthamir's warriors' blows,
Whose flashing swords victorious cleft their still increasing foes:

Firm-footed on the foemen dead they valorously stood,
Nor quailed in eye or arm that swung the deadly blade of blood,
Reuthamir like a hoary king, his grey hair streaming red,
Undauntedly repelled each shock, unconquerable led:

Why falls his erst resistless sword? Why reels Reuthamir now?
Lo! quivering stands an arrow sheathed deep in his furrowed brow,
Then from his warriors arose fate's agonising yell,
Then sunk their swords to clasp their Chief, who foremost fighting fell:

Then rose a shout of victory from Comhal's ruthless hordes!
Then murder's shrieks resounded far beneath their cruel swords!
Then higher rose their flaming brands in every hall elate!
Then fell Balclutha's ancient towers, *and all was desolate.*

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

ON THE SCOTCH WORD *LAW* AS APPLIED TO HILLS; AND ON THE NATION OF THE PICTS.

By THOMAS STRATTON, M.D. Edin.; R.N.

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PART SECOND.

IN the *Celtic Magazine* for July, 1876, is an instructive paper by Mr Brockie on this subject. It is to be wished that he would give a more extended list of places in Pictland or Eastern Scotland, whose names are perhaps to be explained by referring to Welsh. I should like to have time to attend to Welsh, and also to visit all the localities, to compare the natural features with the descriptive meaning of the name. A reader who agrees with Mr Brockie will be willing to allow that the Picts were Celts; further, I fancy, he (the reader) would agree that *law* was Celtic.

In the *Celtic Magazine* for August, is an able paper by Mr Jerram, on the same subject. I admit that, by an oversight, I did not observe that *sliabh* is masculine. It would only happen if the word was feminine, that in the nominative case the definite article followed by euphonic *t* might lead to the inaccuracy of leaving out the article, and also the eclipsed *s*—this would only occur when persons were speaking English; but along a border-line where two languages meet, such mistakes would be likely. In the *Grammar* prefixed to his *Dictionary*, Armstrong says —" Gaelic is very anamolous in its distinction of nouns by gender, and perhaps no set of rules can be devised to ascertain the gender of every noun in the language. The gender is not determined by termination, or

any circumstance, but by sex, and by custom." In the *Dictionary* edited by Macleod and Dewar, speaking of *capull* (a mare), it is said that this word "though naturally feminine is construed as a masculine noun." (Perhaps at first it meant a horse generally, and afterwards the general meaning became obsolete, and the word was applied to mares only.) In sound and meaning, *sliabh* is like Gaelic *lub* (to bend) and English *slope*. *Lub* (a bend) is feminine. Was *sliabh* at one time both masculine and feminine, and did the first become obsolete? There is no harm in looking at all the possibilities of the case. Speaking of foreigners not understanding about the definite article, makes one remember that at one time the Koran was called the Alcoran, from its not being known that *al* was the definite article. Of the hills called *law*, there are two kinds: one, where the names are incorporated, as Sidlaw; the other, where they are separate, as Dundee Law. The former plan is much to be preferred, as with the latter there is great risk of some persons exercising their bad taste by modernising *law* to *hill*.

Gaelic has a great many words meaning *hill;* these describe its appearance as fully as three or four English words would do. Diminutives ending in *an* are masculine; diminutives ending in *ag* are feminine; after separating these, of what gender are these words for hill? Would it not be likely that one idea would rule the matter? that the first word invented for *hill* being of a certain gender, all the others would be the same. On examination it is found that this is not the case. Of words meaning *hill* there are in Gaelic no fewer than eighty; of these fifty-seven are masculine, and twenty-three are feminine.

MASCULINE.—*Ard, aoineach, aonach, at, ardan, ais* (obs.); *barr, barran, beannan, binnein, biod, biorran* (obs.); *bot, brugh, bruighinn, cnap, cnoc, cnocan, creagan, calbh, ceann, cabar, ceap, crogairneach, dun, dunan, druim, droman, duc, fireach, gnob, gnoban, meall, meallan, maol, nam, monadh, mur, maoilean, ord, ros, ruigh, tom, toman, tula, tulach, torr, torran, sith, sithean, sgor, sliabh, sturr, stor, stac, stacan, uchd, uchdan.*

FEMININE.—*Alp, aill* (obs.), *aisgeir, aird, bruach, bruachag, creag, carraig, clithach, croit, cruaidh, cruach, cruachan, dronn, gailbheinn, learg, lurg, leitir, maoile, stuadh, stuaichd, stuc, stuchdan.*

In Macleod and Dewar's *Dictionary, ard* and *aird* are called masculine in one place, and feminine in another; this may be a misprint.

Sliabh means a hill, a sloping hill; looking at it from below, the ground bends upward; it is akin to *lub* (to bend). Although there is proof enough that there was or is such a word as *liabh*, from the Gaelic way of dropping initial *s*, or of prefixing *s*, and from the existence of *lub*, still there is no harm in calling in the help of our Irish cousins. In his *Irish Names of Places* (1871), page 377, Joyce says that *lagh* is an Irish word meaning a hill; he observes, "it is not given in the dictionaries, but it undoubtedly exists in the Irish language." Perhaps it would be better spelt *labh*, and the pronunciation given as *lā*, or *laa*, or *law*. The letters *bh* sound like English *v*; this was softened into English *w*; to spell it with *g* is misleading.

If Mr Jerram will refer to my paper he will see that *scriob* is not paired with *gearr* but with *garbh*; it is *sgor* which is paired with *gearr*. Mr

Jerram asks what is the connection between *spairn* and *obair; p* and *b* are nearly the same, the final *n* may be formative or emphatic.

Mr Jerram incidentally refers to an etymology that has been offered for *Rome;* instead of that, what I have to suggest is this. In Gaelic *ramhar* and *reamhar* mean fat, big, great, projecting, prominent; *reamhar* points to a probable ancestor in such a word as *ram* or *rame*, meaning high. I have looked in Pryce's *Cornish Vocabulary*, and Prices's *Welsh Dictionary* (1867), but *ram* is not there. However, I am certain that there is such a word in Cornish and Welsh. Rame Head in Cornwall (near Plymouth), and Ramsey an island off the Welsh coast, and which has high cliffs, have their name from *rame*; no doubt, at one time, our Scotch Gaelic also had such a word which is now represented by its descendant *reamhar;* in future lexicons why not insert *ream* and *reamh* as meaning *high?* mark them as obsolete, and if the reader wish it, as ideal forms. Akin to our Celtic *rame* (high) are the following Hebrew words:—*rom*, high: *room*, high; *romoh*, high; *room*, to lift up; *roam*, to elevate; *Rimmon*, the Rock of Rimmon (Judges xx., 47).

With regard to the word *aber*, I humbly think that in the lexicons, it ought to be given as meaning, first, a mouth; secondly, the mouth of a river; say that the first meaning became obsolete, and afterwards the second also, and that the word is now found in Scotland only in composition with the name of the river. (The town of Havre is thought to be *Aber*). Some one may say, if *aber* at one time meant mouth, how was it that the name of such a useful part of the body passed out of use? The answer is that *beul* meaning the same thing came into more general use, and at last drove out the opposition-word. From *aber* comes *abair* (to speak), and *labhair* (to speak).

In drawing up a paper for the *Celtic Magazine*, the plan I go on is to do my best, and having done that to do nothing further. If it has the compliment of being alluded to by others, and if they correct any errors, the reader will be satisfied and will take his choice of the views offered for his consideration. The readers are the jury.

I have alluded to nearly all the remarks in Mr Jerram's communication. In my former paper (*Celtic Magazine* for June) I intended not to go outside our Gaelic area. In the Highlands, when we put up a cairn we do so with stones taken from the surface of the adjacent ground; we do not require to import stones from the southern parts of Britain, or from the Emerald Isle, or boulders from Scandinavia. I do not know if Mr Jerram is English, but I fancy he is; if he be, we Scotch are gratified that one of his country has given his attention to Gaelic, and we wish that there were more like him.

Postcript.—To the above eighty Gaelic words for *hill*, let me add other eight, of which five are masculine:—*A (obs.), aoi (obs.), brudhach, innean, leathad, tulachan;* and three feminine:—*Diong (dun: beag,* small), *mala, sgoirm.* Perhaps the list might be made longer.

The Island of Rum, one of the Hebrides, has lofty pyramidal mountains; it is named from our long-lost Gaelic *ream* or *reamh* (high), and matches the Welsh *Ramsey*, or the Cornish *Rame*.

Stoke, Devonport.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE following letter from General Cameron to his son, and found in the pocket of the latter when he fell at Fuentes D'Onoro, not received in time for its place in the Memoir, is, however, considered entitled to precedence in this chapter :—

London, February 20th, 1811.

I arrived at home some few days ago after rather a rough passage to Falmouth. Captain Stanhope favoured me with his best cabin, for which I was thankful.

I am glad to say that I found your sister quite well ; and now my own health has so much improved, I begin to regret having resigned my command in the army. Let me, however, charge you to appreciate your own position at the head of a fine regiment : be careful of the lives of the gallant fellows, at the same time that you will also hold sacred their honour, for I am sure they would not hesitate to sacrifice the one in helping you to maintain the other. I will not trouble you with more at present, but write when you can.

Soult, having arrived at Toulouse several days before Wellington, was able to make choice of his own ground, which he selected to be on a height running parallel with the Canal of *Longuedoc*—having in the interval fortified the position with lines of intrenchments and several redoubts. It is admitted that, as an exception, the contending parties were nearly equal on this occasion, but in artillery the French were much stronger. Of these redoubts, two, named respectively *Colombette* and *Augustine*, were raised in the centre, both heavily armed with men and guns. On the order being given to proceed the Sixth Division moved towards the position of the enemy, its Highland Brigade in the van. Sir Denis Pack assigned the attack of the redoubt *Colombette* to the 42d, and that on the other to the Cameron Highlanders. Both redoubts were carried at a run in the most gallant style, in the face of a terrific fire of round-shot, grape, and musketry, by which both regiments suffered severely. Two companies of the 79th advanced from the captured work to encounter another force of the enemy on the ridge of plateau ; but fell back again on the redoubt on perceiving that the 42d had been attacked in its own redoubt by an overwhelming force. Alarm communicated itself from one regiment to the other, and both for a moment quitted the works. At this critical juncture Colonel Douglas having rallied the 79th, it again advanced, and shortly succeeded in retaking, not only its own former position, but also the redoubt which the 42d had left. For this service Colonel Douglas received, on the field, the thanks of his Brigadier (Sir Denis Pack) and of General Clinton, the commander of the division. The 91st in conjunction with some Spanish regiments (hitherto in reserve) now moved up and drove the enemy from the smaller redoubts, thus leaving the British army in possession of the plateau and its works. The 79th occupied the redoubt *Colombette* during the night of that day (Sun-

day)* Wellington, in his dispatch alluding to the gallantry of General Pack and his brigade in driving the French out of their redoubts, adds, "But we did not gain this advantage without severe loss, particularly in the Sixth division. The 36th, 42d, 79th, and 61st regiments lost considerable numbers, and were highly distinguished throughout the day.†

The 42d had four officers and eighty men killed, twenty officers and three hundred and ten wounded. Their Colonel (Macara) was honoured with K.C.B., having commanded the regiment in three general engagements. The 79th had five officers and thirty men killed; fourteen officers and two hundred men wounded (official returns).

The Colonel (Douglas) and Brevet-Colonel Duncan Cameron of the 79th received marks of distinction for the conduct of the regiment at this decisive engagement. In the course of the forenoon of 12th (Tuesday), intelligence was received of the abdication of Napoleon; and had not the express been delayed on the journey by the French police, the sacrifice of many valuable lives would have been prevented. A disbelief in its truth occasioned much unnecessary bloodshed at Bayonne, the garrison of which made a desperate sortie on the 14th. This was the last action of the Peninsular War, and in the course of a couple of months afterwards the British army embarked for home (some of its regiments having previously been ordered to augment our forces in America).

Before parting with them, Wellington issued a general order, part of which is quoted, viz., "The share which the British army have had in restoring peace, and the high character with which it will quit this country, is most satisfactory to the commander of the forces, and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last. Once more, he requests the army to accept his thanks"

General Cameron received the following letter from Lieut.-Colonel Duncan Cameron, giving him information about the battle.

Toulouse (France), 13th April 1814.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I take the very first opportunity I could command since our coming to this place on the 10th to write you. We fought a heavy battle with Soult that day (Sunday) which we fervently trust will finish this interminable contest. I am sorely grieved at the loss of so many dear relatives and comrades in this action—in which I know you will join—your two nephews (John and Ewan), my cousin (Duncan), and Captain Purves were killed, and Lieut. Macbarnet is not likely to outlive his wounds. Adjutant Kenneth Cameron‡ is also severely wounded, indeed I think Colonel Douglas and myself are the only two among the officers that escaped. We buried Captain Purves, John, Ewan, and Duncan in the one grave in the Citadel of Toulouse, and I have ordered a memorial slab to mark their resting place. News is about that Napoleon has abdicated, but not confirmed. I will, however, write again and acquaint you of anything. I hope your own health is improved. My best regards.—I am yours, ever sincerely,

DUNCAN CAMERON, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel.

To Major General Cameron, Gloucester Place, London.

* This account is that in the Historical Records, p. 45. It is substantially the same which Captain Ford gives of the battle in the *United Service Magazine*, 1843, and the accuracy of which he was particular to get certified by officers of the other regiments of the brigade. His correspondence with Sir William Napier respecting these *redoubts* is included by Lord Aberdare in his life of that General. He states his reason for recurring to a subject so long past, was that Lieut. Malcolm, of the 42d, suppressed the fact that the 79th held possession of the *Colombette* all night. Captain Ford was for many years secretary to the United Service Institution.

† Wellington's dispatches, No. 894.

‡ This gentleman is referred to by the Rev. Dr Masson, as Colonel Cameron of Thora, in his address before the Gaelic Society of Inverness (Transactions, page 37). He is also referred to in chapter xxii. of this memoir.

At a congress of nations held in Paris, Napoleon was ordered to be sent to the Island of Elba as a prisoner, and in charge of Colonel Neil Campbell.* King Louis the XVIII., who had been exiled in England during the previous twenty-one years (1793 to 1814), was restored to his throne, and Wellington was created a Duke with a grant of £400,000! These were a few of the advantages to nations and individuals, resulting from a cessation of hostilities. Notwithstanding the rejoicings consequent on the victory at Toulouse, the grief which the loss of so many lives brought to the homes of families was great indeed, and to no quarter of the dominions more than to the straths and glens of the Highlands. Among the general officers on whom the Prince Regent (George IV.) conferred the honour of knighthood, and to whom the Houses of Parliament accorded their thanks, General Cameron was included, "in acknowledgement of long and meritorious services."†

Chapter XXVIII.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate here Napoleon's imprisonment in Elba, his escape in spite of the vigilance of his guardians, his arrival at Cannes on the 1st of March, his entry into Paris on the 20th, at the head of an army, and the consternation among the representatives of the allied Powers assembled at Vienna to regulate the dismembered state of Europe, when the astounding intelligence reached them that their imperial captive had escaped, and was already in possession of the Tuilleries. Nor is it necessary to refer in detail to the arrangements made by the Powers to meet their enemy again in the field, and the events which led to the battle of Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June. The history of the ball to which the Duchess of Richmond (sister of the Duke of Gordon) invited Wellington, his generals, and other officers on the evening of the 15th, is already well known to the reader. At midnight, in the midst of revelry and mirth, from which, however, the generals and other officers had quietly and secretly retired, the bugles were sounded throughout the city of Brussels, summoning the troops to assemble for further orders. Sir Thomas Picton's division was the first to march. It was composed of Kempt's Brigade (28th, 32d, and 79th), and Pack's (42d, 44th, and 92d). The Colonels of the Highland regiments were Neil Douglas, Sir Robert Macara, and John Cameron (Fassifern). At two o'clock A.M., the generals were informed that the troops were assembled and ready under arms. Perhaps no portion of British history has engaged so many writers, as Wellington's campaign in Flanders. Three of our poets—Southey, Scott, and Byron have devoted several stanzas to Waterloo. One stanza celebrates the gathering of the troops on that eventful morning. And its first line would appear to have been intended for the "Cameron Highlanders." We include it notwithstanding that it is so well known:—

* Of the Campbells of Duntroon.

† Two officers, not included among the order of K.C.B., were disappointed, and one of them (Colonel John Cameron of the 92d) wrote Wellington to that effect. The Duke's reply is in Gurwood's (page 833, No. 922), which states, "the regulations for that distinction were restricted to those officers who commanded at not fewer than *three general* engagements."

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard too, have their Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Ewan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of Friday the 16th June, Kempt's Brigade was the first to start—its two senior regiments, 28th and 32d, leading, and after them the 79th. To these succeeded Pack's Brigade and the Hanoverians, taking the road to Waterloo by the Forest of Soignes, where they rested at mid-day and refreshed. The Duke appeared among them at this hour, upon which he issued orders to proceed direct to Quartre Bras (twenty-one miles from Brussels).

Soigne waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's teardrop as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave, &c., &c.

Picton and his division, with the Hanoverians and a corps of Brunswickers, arrived there at two o'clock, every man of which became immediately engaged with more than double their number, and continued so until six o'clock, when Sir Colin Halkett's Brigade most opportunely came to their aid; still it was an unequal conquest. The British had no cavalry present, except a few Brunswick and Belgians, but which were soon scattered like chaff before the veteran French Cuirassiers. We read how a regiment of Lancers galloped into the midst of the 42d, and how the latter stood back to back, every man fighting on his own ground, till they repulsed them, but with the loss of their intrepid Colonel (Macara) who fell pierced and mortally wounded with lances. And when the Duke ordered the 92d to "charge these fellows," how they sprung over the ditch and cleared them out of their position. It was in this charge their colonel fell also mortally wounded.* Leaving Pack's brigade, the Duke rode off to Kempt's position, where he directed the 79th "to cover the guns and drive these fellows from their places." The regiment accordingly "cleared the bank in front at a bound and charged with the bayonets, drove the French with precipitation to a hedge, where the latter attempted to reform, but were driven from that with great alacrity, and a third time scattered them in total confusion upon their main column." Their comrades of the 32d and 28th were at the same time performing heroic feats of gallantry, the latter sustaining the reputation won in Egypt. The enemy failed in every attack, and at nightfall withdrew to a considerable distance. The action of Quartre Bras would have been sufficient of itself to be sounded by the trumpet of fame, but it was overshadowed by the subsequent and greater victory of Waterloo.

Wellington, in a paragraph of his dispatch, pays his tribute of praise to Picton's men for their valour at Quartre Bras:—"The troops of the

* It is singular that Colonel Cameron received his mortal wound in a manner similar to that which his namesake fell at Fuentes D'Onoro, by the deliberate aim of a French soldier.

Fifth Division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 79th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of the Hanoverians." Napoleon in person was at Ligny from which he compelled Blucher and the Prussians to retire on Wavre. This retrograde movement necessitated a similar one on the part of Wellington, in order to keep up the communication of the allied armies. On Saturday (17th) the Duke made a leisurely retreat, undisturbed except by a few cavalry skirmishes, to the plains of Waterloo, which he had previously selected for a battlefield.

On the same day Napoleon formed a junction with Ney, when their united forces amounted to 78,000—Wellington's effective strength on the morning of the 18th was 68,000. The two portions of the field which appear to have claimed the greatest desire on the part of Wellington to preserve were the house and gardens of Hougoumont (an advanced post situated on the right), and the other was the village Planchenoit, on the left. The importance to hold the latter position will be understood when it is stated that it held his line of communication with Marshal Blucher. The first of these posts was occupied by the brigade of guards among the commanding officers of which were, Colonels James Macdonell (Glengarry), D. Mackinnon and Lord Saltoun. The defence of the second *(Planchenoit)* was entrusted to Picton's division, but more immediately to Kempt's brigade, a wing of the Rifles under Major Alexander Cameron, the 28th under Colonel Belcher, the 79th under Colonel Douglas, and Royal Scots, under Colonel Campbell. Although during the Peninsular War, Wellington had met and fought almost all Napoleon's Marshals, yet the two principals had not hitherto contended. Napoleon is said to have been confident, and to have expressed his gratification that he was "to have an opportunity of measuring himself against Wellington." At about ten o'clock the respective combatants were marshalled ready for action, and near enough to see each other. The scene must have been imposing —Napoleon the Great at the head of the chosen troops of France, against those of Britain* and her allies, under the renowned British hero! The Emperor was observed with his staff to be passing along the lines, the troops hailing him with enthusiasm, and loud shouts of *Vive l'Empereur;* the infantry raising their caps upon their bayonets, and the cavalry their *casques* upon their swords and lances! "The force of the two armies," said the Emperor, "cannot be estimated by a mere comparison of numbers; because one Britisher might be counted for one Frenchman; but two of their allies were not equal to one Frenchman." The first attack was made by Prince Jerome with a strong force upon Hougoumont, which continued more or less persistently throughout that day,† but the gallant guards defended it successfully till the last, even when the whole place was in flames!

The enemy's next move was to wreak its vengeance on the British

* The majority of the British regiments were composed of young men drafted from their reserve battalions. The Peninsular regiments had not returned from America.

† This day of terrible strife was Sunday, and it was on the same sacred day, fourteen months before, that the battle of Toulouse was fought.

left position (Picton's). Ney with four massive columns made towards it, and meeting with some Netherland troops, which he dispersed easily, was descending upon a portion of Kempt's Brigade (28th and 79th). The artillery on both sides were blazing away at each other, regardless almost of friends or foes. There was a hedge between the combatants, and Picton, seeing the impetuosity of Ney's columns, ordered these regiments to give them a meeting, which was obeyed with a volley that stemmed their further progress, and then with a cheer rushed through the hedge, receiving a murderous encounter in return. This caused but a momentary delay as the leading regiment (79th) quickly rallied, and, levelling their bayonets, charged Ney's columns back to their position. It was during this repulse of the enemy that Picton fell—he was struck in the right temple and died almost immediately. His life had been spent in the rough service of his country; and no officer on the field that day was held in more admiration than this immortal son of Wales. His last words were, "Thornton (his *aide-de-camp)* rally the Highlanders" (the Camerons).* During the battle of Waterloo, Pack's Brigade was not so hotly assailed as that of Kempt's. The 92d was, however, an exception, but that occasion alone was sufficient to immortalize their bravery. It was when some one of the foreign corps gave way,† before a column of several thousand French, who, in consequence, came directly in front of the 92d, whose strength did not then exceed three hundred. Sir Denis Pack rode up calling out, "Ninety-second, you must charge that body." The regiment formed four deep, and in that compact order advanced until within twenty paces, when it fired a volley, and instantly darted into the heart of the French column, in which it became almost invisible. The Scots Greys seeing the desperate situation of their countrymen, galloped up to the rescue, shouting loudly, "*Scotland for ever.*" The impetuosity of the Greys broke up the column, and in pursuing it Sergeant-Major Ewart captured two of their standards. After this brilliant affair Sir Denis, complimenting Colonel D. Macdonald, added, "Highlanders, you have saved the position, retire and rest yourselves." Neither the 92d nor 42d, from the nature of the ground they occupied, were molested to any extent at Waterloo; but not so with Kempt's Brigade, inasmuch that Ney did not relax his utmost efforts to annihilate the devoted band that composed it, in hopes of interposing the co-operation of the Prussians expected from that quarter. The desperate trials they were exposed to will be understood when it is stated that the 79th lost all the superior officers, and their command, for the last three hours of the day, was conducted by a lieutenant (Alexander Cameron),‡ and that of the 28th and Rifles to captains. While Ney directed his energies towards this part of the field, Napoleon and his generals ordered their resources on the whole line of

* Captain Seborne's detailed account of Waterloo.

† Some writers say they were Belgians, others that they were Germans.

‡ Lieutenant Cameron was another nephew of Alan Cameron by his sister. His father was Cameron of Scamadale in Lochaber, who died in Inverness 1833. When the gallant conduct of this junior officer was reported to Wellington, he recommended him for promotion, in obedience to which his name appeared in the *Gazette* of June 30 as Captain, and in that of September as Brevet-Major. Reports describe him as a picture of one of Ossian's heroes.

the allies, but more directly on their centre. This demonstration brought the contending forces into general conflict — more especially so the cavalries. It would be superfluous to record the brilliant charges of Ponsonby, Vivian, Anglesey, and Somerset with their respective brigades. It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and the Prussians made their appearance, after which they attacked the French right (Planchenoit). Napoleon's chances were growing desperate, and as a last effort he ordered the advance of his magnificent old guard against the British position at La Haye Sainte, Napoleon himself and his Lieutenant Ney at their head. They went up a gently sloping ridge, at the top of which the British Guards were lying down (to avoid the fire of the artillery), but, as the columns approached, Wellington give the word, "*Up Guards*," which was instantly obeyed, and at the distance of about 50 yards delivered a terrible volley into the French ranks. This was followed by a charge which hurled the Old Guard down the hill in one mingled mass with their conquerors. The result of that repulse threw the whole French line into confusion. Napoleon galloped to the rear, and Wellington availing himself of their dismay ordered a general advance. The French was now in complete rout; Blucher followed and overtook Wellington at La Belle Alliance, by whom it was agreed to leave the pursuit to the Prussians, who were comparatively fresh.

Many prisoners were made, and Napoleon himself narrowly escaped. It was computed that during the two days' engagement the French lost 30,000 men, while it was also estimated that nearly one-half of the allies were either killed or wounded. Among the killed, besides Picton, were Sir William Ponsonby and the Duke of Brunswick.

Chapter XXIX.

The battles of the 16th and 18th may be well described as having been a succession of assaults of unabated fury, which put the steadiness of the British to severe tests. Every attack diminished their numbers, and still their survivors yielded not an inch of ground. No other troops would have endured for so long a period so terrible a struggle with an enemy of undaunted courage, and hitherto much accustomed to victories. It is a fact well authenticated, that Napoleon repeatedly expressed admiration of the incomparable firmness of his opponents.

The wounded were in most instances conveyed to Brussels and Antwerp, while the remnant of the survivors bivouacked that night (Sunday) on the ground which had been the French position. Thus closed that eventful day, in a conflict, the first of which had commenced upwards of twenty years before its date, and which has resulted in peace between the British and French for now more than half a century. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the three previous days, the allied army marched off the field at an early hour the following morning to *Nivelles*, and where they remained till joined by Wellington on the 21st, who had been to Brussels to see to the care of the wounded. After some inconsiderable interruption they entered Paris on the 7th July. Napoleon had, meanwhile (22d June), abdicated in favour of his son under proclamation with the title of "Napoleon the Second;" but the submission was of no

avail—the terms of the conquerors being the unconditional removal of the Bonapartes and the restoration of the Bourbons.

For many years the field of Waterloo continued to be visited by men most eminent in the arts and sciences, civil and military, and of every nationality. Among the earliest visitors to it were Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, and both have commemorated their pilgrimages in verses that will co-exist with the memory of the battle itself.* Therefore as the commencement of this sketch of the campaign was prefaced by a stanza from Byron, it is fitting that the closing scene be graced with a few lines of Scott's, of which the following (slightly altered) is selected—viz. :—

Well has my country stood the fight,
In a just cause and in its native might;
Period of honour, as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas Wellington's to close?
Saw'st Miller's failing eye
Still bent where Albyn's banners fly,
And Cameron in the shock of steel
Die like an offspring of Lochiel.†

After the wounded reached Brussels, and were recovering somewhat, General Cameron received the following communication from Major (Brevet-Colonel) Duncan Cameron of the 79th Regiment :—

Brussels, June 26th, 1815.

My Dear General,—You will have heard of our great battles and our losses at them. I am here under the doctors, suffering rather severely from two wounds, and it is only with difficulty I can write these few lines. Our division was desperately engaged on both days, in fact I believe we suffered more than any of them. The colonels of the 42d and 92d were killed, besides heavy losses among their officers. I understand that our own regiment exceeded even them, in fact all our superior officers are either killed or wounded, and Colonel Douglas among the latter. You will understand *that* when I mention a Lieutenant (your nephew Alexander) commanded it for the last two or three

* Sir Walter and Byron met each other for the second and last time on this occasion. The former was on his way back, and the other was leaving the following day (15th September 1815) for Waterloo and Paris. And this was Byron's *last* in England as he never returned.

† "Colonel Cameron, 92d Regiment, so often distinguished in Wellington's dispatches from Spain."—*Note to Waterloo* (*a Poem by Sir Walter Scott*, 1816). This note must be accepted as more or less figurative, inasmuch that, as a matter of prosaic fact, Colonel Cameron is not mentioned twice in the Duke's dispatches. The poet must have mistaken him for other general officers of the same name. Half the Peninsular War had been through before the Colonel arrived, and during the remainder, he was only present at one of its great battles (Vittoria). *Arroyo, Molinos, and Maya*, gallant actions as they were, and so written of by Napier, yet these are ranked only as *desultory affairs*. Absence from its principal engagements was the cause ascribed for not including the Colonel of the 92d among those who received K.C.B. (Gurwood, page 833). No officer of the army was more ambitious respecting his reputation than Colonel Cameron, and the same might be said of his family. After his death at *Quatre Bras* the father applied for a baronetcy, which the Government did not think it gracious to refuse; on receipt of which he erected a monument. The brother afterwards engaged the parish minister to write a memoir of him (1858), and Professor Blackie volunteered a poem, wherein he innocently places him as head of the "Cameron Men" (79th Regiment); therefore the gallant Colonel has had no lack of posthumous fame. The reverend compiler of the memoir filled it with needless hyperbole. At page 83 he says, "The author of 'Romance of War' knew the Colonel well." Mr Grant (the author) was *not* in the flesh till seven years *after* the Colonel was in his grave! Page 81—"The funeral at Kilmalie was attended by three thousand persons;" and at page 110 he adds, "There lives in our vicinity one of the soldiers who joined the 92d at its embodiment in 1794, and down to 1815 he has been present with her at no fewer than *forty four* engagements." If one-half the numbers in these quotations are relegated to fiction and the other to fact, the statement will be nearer truth.

hours. Both himself and your other nephew (Archibald) escaped being seriously wounded, as they have continued with the regiment and are off with it to *Nivelles*. This will be gratifying to you, and also that I can add, they conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry and coolness throughout the terrible attacks made on us, notwithstanding that it was the first time either had faced the enemy. This town is quite an hospital, and what between prisoners and invalids, it is crowded. Medical gentlemen both from London and Edinburgh have generously come to our aid, and I have been fortunate enough to have had the attentions of Mr George Bell of the latter, who gives me hope of recovery, after which it is my intention to follow the regiment.—Meanwhile, believe me, yours, very sincerely, DUNCAN CAMERON.

To Major-General Cameron, 28 Gloucester Place, London.

On receipt of this letter General Cameron, accompanied by one of his daughters, started for Brussels to see his suffering countrymen, where he remained a fortnight, and shortly after his return to London received letters from his two nephews from Paris (one of which we transcribe)—

Head Quarters, Clinchy, near Paris, July 15th 1815.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have to ask your indulgence for not writing sooner, but I was so closely on duty ever since we left Brussels on the 15th ult. that I really had not a moment to think of anything but to attend to it. I had a note from Colonel Duncan to say that you had been to see them there, and that he told you about Archie and myself. We both escaped getting badly hurt, which was a miracle, and we are thankful for it. In consequence of all my superior officers being either killed or wounded, the honour of taking the 79th out of the field devolved on me. We got frightfully attacked in getting through a hedge, the only time we got somewhat disordered. Our brave Colonel was seriously wounded on the 16th; but during the day he was always reminding us of *Toulouse*, and General Kempt rode up saying, "Well done, Douglas," and then added, "79th keep together and be firm;" and *we did*. Archie and myself are very anxious to have a look at Paris, but cannot get leave. Our strength is reduced very much—we do not number over 220 effectives out of 700 the night we left Brussels. We lost on the 16th (Quatre Bras) 304 men, and on the 18th (Waterloo) 175. (I don't know *how many e killed*). I am sure your visit to Brussels was welcome to the poor fellows, and that it more good to them than the doctors. I beg now to conclude with my dutiful affection to our cousins and yourself, and believe me to be your faithful nephew,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

General Cameron, London.

On Napoleon leaving Paris he meditated proceeding to the United States, but finding all hope of escape cut off by the numerous cruisers, he surrendered himself to the Captain of a British frigate, and was afterwards conveyed, for better security, to the Island of St Helena, where he died after an exile of six years. He has been esteemed the greatest General of modern times; and during his military career of twenty years is said to have occupied every capital of importance in Europe, except that of Great Britain.

One of the conditions of the Treaty of Paris (negotiated at the end of the war) was that an "army of occupation" should remain in France for a period to be afterwards determined. Of the portion of British troops selected were the 71st and the 79th Highland Regiments. The rest of the British army had evacuated French territory, and arrived in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland before Christmas, where enthusiastic ovations awaited their attenuated ranks, the 42d receiving the greater share from their luck in being ordered to the capital of their native land. The "occupation" continued for three years (1818), by which time the British *occupants* acquired a considerable acquaintance with the French language, and of which the men of the regiments named were not at all loath to exhibit on their return among their rustic countrymen by whom they got in consequence the nickname of *Na Gaidheil Fhrangach* (the

French Highlanders). During their stay in France they became so enamoured with the charms of its females that many of them married, and after getting their discharges and pensions returned to that, henceforward their adopted, country.

We will now bring our memoir to a close, and as a fitting conclusion give (abridged) the notice by a writer on the occasion of his death :—*

"Died at Fulham on the 9th ult., at an advanced age, General Sir Alan Cameron, Colonel 79th Regiment. By birth a Highlander; in heart and soul a true one; in form and frame the bold and manly mountaineer. His adventurous career in early life, and subsequent distinguished gallantry in the field, gained him considerable celebrity, together with the unbounded admiration of his countrymen. The son of a private gentleman, but ardent and determined in accomplishing whatever he undertook, he brought to the ranks of the British army more men, and in less time than any other, who, like himself, were commissioned to raise regiments in 1793-4. During the American war he had the misforture of being taken prisoner, but from which he escaped after two years' confinement, by an act of desperate daring. Fate, however, brought him, in the course of his life, the rare distinction of being successively Commandant of the Capitals of two Countries (Denmark and Portugal, 1807-8). Although of late years he was not able to go among his friends, yet they were always, and to the last, found at his house, and around his hospitable table. The number of this man's acts of friendship to his countrymen cannot be estimated, therefore the blank his death has created, will be understood, better than described."

* Colonel (Sir William) Napier in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1828.

AN T-ORANAICHE; OR, THE GAELIC SONGSTER.

A Collection of Gaelic Songs, most of which have not hitherto appeared in print, is to be issued in a few days in five monthly parts, by Archibald Sinclair, Gaelic publisher, Glasgow. Few have any idea of the quantity of really good Gaelic Poetry which is floating about the country, and we trust—indeed we have no doubt—Mr Sinclair has been successful in procuring a really excellent collection of unpublished Gaelic Songs. We wish him and all others engaged in the Celtic field a rich harvest. Patriotism which does not pay its own expenses can hardly be expected to last long.

OTAGO is sacred to Scotchmen. Here is a story which, besides being good, is true, in illustration of the fact. The other day tenders were called for some public work in Otago. One Macpherson was successful. Mr Macpherson was accordingly invited to attend and complete his contract. To the amazement of all the officials, a full-blooded Chinaman with a noble pigtail put in an appearance. "Where's Mr Macpherson?" asked the clerk. "Me!" replied John. "How came you to be called Macpherson?" "Oh, nobody get nothing in Otago if he is not a Mac," answered the unabashed Celestial.

THE TRANSLATOR OF OSSIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

14th September 1876.

DEAR SIR,—The just pride which all Highlanders take in the work performed by Macpherson will, I trust, be sufficient apology for my sending the *Celtic Magazine* the enclosed obituary, which I copy from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1796, where it appears under the heading—"Obituary of Remarkable Persons, with Biographical Anecdotes."—Believe me to be yours very faithfully,

DENIS A. O'LEARY.

Kilbolane Cottage, Charleville, Co. Cork.

"17th Feb. 1796.—At Balville, in Badenoch, Inverness-shire, in his 59th year, James Macpherson, Esq., M.P. for Camelford. His remains were brought to Highgate, Middlesex, and were eighteen days on the road. At that place the hearse was met by eight gentlemens' coaches and six mourning coaches, and with this attendance the corpse was on Tuesday the 15th March, brought to Westminster Abbey, and interred in the Poet's Corner, near the monument of John, Duke of Argyll, and not far from the bust and tablet to the memory of the late Dr Goldsmith, which, we believe, was erected at the expense of Mr M., who wrote the epitaph inscribed on the marble. Mr M. made some noise in his day in the literary as well as in the political world. The first publication by which he was distinguished, he called a translation of the poems of Ossian the son of Fingal, which appeared in the year 1762. This performance excited a long and acrimonious controversy, in which Dr Hugh Blair early distinguished himself. It produced some severe animadversions from Dr Johnson, which the author resented, and added to his resentment some menacing expressions, which produced from the Doctor that very spirited and intrepid letter which Boswell has published in his memoirs. In 1773 he published a translation of the Iliad of Homer, in the same heroic prose with which he had dignified the son of Fingal; to this work the late Sir John Eliot was so extremely partial that he preferred it to Pope's, carried copies of the book round to all his patients. Not satisfied with the laurels he gathered in poetry, Mr M. next embarked in the character of an historian, and in 1771 published an 'Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland;' and in 1773 a 'History of Great Britain from the Restoration in 1660, to the Accession of the House of Hanover,' in two volumes quarto; the chief merit of this collection lies in original extracts from the private memoirs of King James the Second, and their

leading error is partly prejudice. In 1775 he published a pamphlet, intituled, 'The Rights of Great Britain over her Colonies asserted,' which divided the approbation of the Royalists with Dr Johnson's 'Taxation no Tyranny.' It has been said (with what truth we know not), that he obtained a pension of £700 per annum from Lord North. He was first elected to Parliament in 1780, and was appointed to the lucrative office of agent to the Nabob of Arcot, which he held to his death."

To THE READER.—This number of the Magazine concludes Vol. I., and we trust our efforts to provide healthy and instructive Celtic Literature has quite come up to the expectations of the large number who, at the outset, placed so much confidence in us, by becoming subscribers, and paying their annual subscriptions in advance. We would rather refer our friends to the "Opinions of the Press," printed on another page, and would only say for ourselves that we are quite satisfied in having secured such a gratifying and favourable reception for a magazine, conducted and printed, in the Capital of the Highlands—*the only monthly magazine published in Scotland.* We feel that we have now established some slight claim to the support of our patriotic countrymen at home and abroad; and, thanks to contributors, subscribers, and critics in the press, the *Celtic Magazine* has already in every respect become a complete success; so much so, that, beginning with the November number, we are enabled to enlarge it permanently, by the addition of eight pages, without any extra charge, beyond the necessary additional postage. This will enable us to devote a little more attention to the mother tongue than we have been doing in the past. Let our friends kindly continue their support by bringing the Magazine under the notice of their acquaintances, and we assure them that our second volume will contain matter quite equal, if not superior, to the first. The Subscriptions must still continue to be paid in advance to enable us to do greater justice to the Magazine and give additional satisfaction to the reader. A Table of Contents for Vol. I. is issued with this number.

In consequence of the *additional* postage the price will now be:—In Great Britain, 7s; in Canada, 9s; Australia, India, and the other British Colonies, 10s; United States, 8s; *in advance.* Credit price by post in Great Britain, 8s 6d. *All Foreign Subscribers must pay in advance*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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" . . . This excellent little Magazine. . . . The articles are short, characteristic and interesting."—*Glasgow Herald*, Aug. 5, 1876.

"Every Scotchmen and scientific enquirer into language, early literature, and antiquities must wish it success. . . . If that [Professor Blackie's translation of 'Mairi Laghach'] is a typical specimen, it is calculated to revolutionize the ordinary idea of Gaelic Poetry. The lines are so erotic as to savour of the Persian rather than of the cold North."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

"The *Celtic Magazine* is clever—and Scotch."—*Fun.*

"This admirable little Magazine . . . cannot fail to do good. . . . Such able publications as the one before us must prove invaluable. It will tend to *popularize* Celtic Literature and Traditions. There are many interesting papers in it, and we most heartily recommend it to all Scotchmen, and to those who take an interest in Celtic Literature, Tradition, and Superstition."—*The Shrewsbury Journal.*

"There is here made an admirable beginning of the work, and the subjects cannot fail to be of prodigious interest to intelligent Gaels desirous of being informed as to the Language, Tradition, Legends, and Poetry of the Celt. . . . Altogether the work promises to win, as it deserves, a very extensive circulation, which its variety and excellence of contents deserve."—*Greenock Advertiser.*

"The first number of this new candidate for public favour is now before us, and by this time thousands of readers have, or ought to have, welcomed it right heartily. . . . It may yet be the medium of laying before the reading public valuable information on Social, Philological, and Literary topics. . . . The aims and objects of its editors have our thorough sympathy."—*Greenock Telegraph.*

"No. IV. quite maintains the position secured by its predecessors."—*Ibid.*

"Gratitude is due to the conductors of the *Celtic Magazine* for this month."—*Ibid.*, July 8, 1876.

"This increasingly popular journal."—*Ibid.*

" . . . The excellent little Magazine. . . . By any one having a regard for the old culture of the Gael, the *Celtic Magazine* will be found very interesting, and we heartily wish the publication a long and successful career."—*The Nation*, Dublin, May 20, 1876.

"Its healthy appearance is a pretty good sign that lovers of the Celtic character and literature are appreciating the efforts to establish a thorough characteristic Magazine. The past five parts have contained interesting articles in prose and verse, Celtic and English."—*Newcastle Chronicle*, April 8, 1876.

"The *Celtic Magazine* comes this month radiant in a new dress, which is as appropriate as it is tasteful. Its contents are varied and fully up to the mark. . . . All the articles are very interesting.—*Ibid.*, June, 1876.

"It is well conducted, and should meet the approval of every Highlander possessed of a spark of patriotism. We are glad to see such a vigorous monthly issuing from the metropolis of the Highlands."—*Leith Herald*, June 24, 1876.

"Things are really looking up with our Celtic brethren. The latest novelty is a *Celtic Magazine* devoted to the Literature, History, and Traditions of the Celt. Literary contributions are promised by many influential and well-known writers to its pages, which should serve to give it a standing among its many competitors. . . . There is no doubt the Magazine will supply a want, and meet success in its own particular field."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"The second number of this tastefully got up periodical shows a very decided and gratifying improvement on the first number."—*Ibid.*, Nov. 24, 1875.

"This Magazine (No. VI.) continues to be capitally conducted, and the promoters can with confidence refer to the general excellence of the contributors as ample justification for having called the periodical into existence. The Editor has gathered round him a number of gentlemen whose names are well known in the literary world, and whose tastes and predilections peculiarly fit them for dealing with Celtic subjects in a fresh and attractive style."—*Ibid.*

"A hasty glance over its pages discloses a host of able writers."—*American Scotsman.*

"The beautifully got up and well written *Celtic Magazine.*"—*The Irishman.*

"We have seen enough to justify us in asserting that it is perhaps the most interesting periodical of the kind that has yet appeared. . . . It supplies a want that has long been felt, and is well worthy of a place among periodicals."—*Buteman*, Dec. 4th, 1875.

"We again heartily recommend our Gaelic readers to the perusal of this periodical, which, for its general excellency, has exceeded our expectations."—*Ibid.*, April 29, 1876.

"We are glad to see that the expectations formed regarding this Magazine at its commencement are being fully realized. Besides containing many of the Legendary and Traditional Tales concerning the Celts, which are of untold interest to all true Highlanders, the *Celtic Magazine* accomplishes a double and important purpose, in ably advocating the claims of the Highlands and the Highland people, educationally and socially, as well as giving a valuable aid to history in rescuing from oblivion many of the gallant and daring deeds performed by Highlanders, individually and collectively, as, for instance, in the European wars which marked the beginning of the present century, and in which they figured so conspicously. We have repeatedly recommended this Magazine to our Celtic readers, and we trust that those of them who have not yet seen it will make a point of doing so, as they will find in it matter which cannot fail to interest them.—*Ibid.*, July 29, 1876.

"A very able monthly periodical, published in Inverness, as the exponent of Highland literature and philology.—*Coleraine Chronicle*, May 20, 1876.

"The Magazine (No. I.) is fairly well got up, . . . and if it continues to be well conducted, it may fill a useful place among periodicals."—*Inverness Courier.*

"A bright new cover is a decided improvement, and there is a good bill of fare for the present month.—*Ibid.*, June 1, 1876.

"To the list of periodicals we must add our own *Celtic Magazine*, which is keeping its place."—*Ibid.*, Aug. 3, 1876.

"The *Celtic Magazine* makes a very promising beginning, and deserves an extensive circulation amongst those interested in the welfare of the Highlands and Highlanders."—*Aberdeen Herald.*

"This Magazine, taking it all and all, is highly creditable to its promoter, Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Secretary to the Gaelic Society of Inverness. . . . It is printed on good paper; and, if the promoter can carry out his intentions as stated in the introduction and prospectus, the Magazine should succeed, not merely among Highlanders, but among others who take an interest in our political and social welfare.—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

"The *Celtic Magazine* continues to improve."—*Ibid.*, Jan., 1876.

"Altogether the *Celtic Magazine* starts under excellent auspices, and deserves all success."—*East Aberdeenshire Observer.*

"While its outward appearance is enormously improved, its internal character is well maintained."—*Ibid.*, June 6, 1876.

"The contents of No. X. are of a kind which all who take an interest in the History of the Highlands, and in the mother tongue, will peruse with pleasure."—*Ibid.*, Aug. 4, 1876.

"It is carefully got up."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

"The Rev. Alex. Macgregor treats of the 'Present Position of the Highlanders' in a trenchant article.—*Ibid.*, July 7, 1876,

Quoting the introduction in full—"With such a programme, which the first part fairly justifies the hope of its being carried out, the promoters of the *Celtic Magazine* are warranted in calculating on public, and specially Celtic, support. The part just issued is in all respects creditable. The contents are judiciously varied; the writers are well-known, and the subjects taken up are discussed with ability and earnestness. We shall take an early opportunity of vindicating this opinion by extracts."—*Northern Ensign.*

"The aim of this publication is the promotion of the Literature, History, and Traditions of the Celt. The articles are those in which Highlanders take delight, and are treated in an able and painstaking manner."—*John O'Groat Journal.*

"It contains very readable matter, and its narratives of Old Highland blood feuds and frays will, no doubt, be very interesting at many firesides in the Straths and Uplands."—*Ibid.*

"We are of opinion that there is plenty of room for the *Celtic Magazine* if it continues to be well conducted, without in the least degree encroaching upon the territories of any periodicals interested in Celtic affairs."—"*Nether-Lochaber.*"

"In our opinion a Magazine dealing with such subjects can hardly fail to be interesting to the inhabitants of the North of Scotland, and to Highlanders in all parts of the world. That it will be conducted in a way to reflect credit on all connected with it we cannot doubt, when we find the names of such well-known writers on Celtic subjects in the list of contributors."—*Invergordon Times.*

"This is a very good number, . . . the various articles cannot fail to be interesting to all who love the Highlands."—*Ibid.*, June 7, 1876.

"We have before us the first number of this Magazine, which is conducted by Mr Alex. Mackenzie, late Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, a gentleman whose enthusiasm in Celtic matters is well known, and the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., of Inverness, one of the most accomplished Celtic scholars of our day. With such editors, we augur a successful career for this local periodical. The contents of this number are varied and interesting, not only to the different branches of the widely-spread Celtic race, but also to all who take an appreciative interest in Celtic subjects. . . . The Magazine is well got up, and *should* be supported by Highlanders."—*Ross-shire Journal.*

"The December number fully sustains the expectations formed by a perusal of the first number."—*Ibid.*, Nov. 26, 1875.

"This number (III.) far outstrips the former two in the interesting nature of its contents."—*Ibid.*, Dec. 31, 1875.

"The interest is fully sustained in this number (9)."—*Ibid.*, July 7, 1876.

"This month's number of the *Celtic* is replete with interesting matter regarding Highland affairs, and it must be gratifying to all the Highlanders to see the interests of their race so ably and so vigorously defended as it is by the many talented gentlemen who contribute to this Magaziue. . . . There can only be one opinion as to the desirability of having such a periodical devoted to the interests of the Celt at home and abroad.—*Ibid.*, Aug. 4, 1876.

"This periodical we hail with pleasure, and wish it 'God speed'—always providing it fulfils the promises set forth fully and concisely in its very clear and well-written introduction. The perusal of the first number has afforded us considerable gratification. The information is well arranged, pleasantly put, and judiciously assorted. The Magazine is presented in an agreeable and readable form. Altogether, it is creditable in every respect to the printer, the editors, and the contributors. . . . We recommend it to our readers, assuring them that it is well worthy a perusal, and we wish it all success."—*Inverness Advertiser.*

". . . The first number is exceedingly good—is excellent.—*Oban Times.*

"We have perused them (Nos. I. and II.) with unmingled pleasure.—*Huntly Express.*

"The fifth number of this Magazine is a real storehouse of information on Celtic matters."—*Ibid.*

"This (No. VII.) highly interesting and instructive Magazine is well worthy the attention of those fond of antiquarian lore."—*Ibid.*

"There are a number of articles in Celtic and English in prose and in verse thoroughly interesting."—*Ibid.*, June 3, 1876.

"The *Celtic Magazine* for July is more than an average number."—*Ibid.*, July 1, 1876.

"It promises to be of great interest, especially to those who hail from the Highlands."—*Guelph Mercury* (Canada).

"The numbers before us fulfil the promise made. The Magazine has really a place to fill and it bids fair to fill it well."—*Forres Gazette.*

*** Surely we have strong reasons to be specially gratified and pleased. The only exception to the general rule of encouragement and commendation came from that great entity who, in his own peripatetic manner, exhibiting his borrowed plumes for the admiration of the world, would have us all believe that he, and he only, is a mighty prophet who, mainly by the mere change of his outward habiliments, is to turn the Highlands into a "land flowing with milk and honey." He would also, in his own humble way, be considered *the* very embodiment of Highland opinion; and, as a matter of course, he *preaches* that *everything Celtic* should be encouraged. Here is his *practice* as regards our humble but apparently pretty successful efforts. His encouragement, of course not from personal motives, consisted of *a deliberate attempt to crush us at the very outset*, but finding himself unequal to the task, he has since, with a dignity which only a great man could assume, left us unmercifully to our fate. We survive it !!!

"Oh ! would some power the giftie gie us," &c.

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